THE

BRITISH THEATRE.

THE

BRITISH THEATRE;

OR,

A COLLECTION OF PLAYS,

WHICH ARE ACTED AT

THE THEATRES ROYAL,

DRURY LANE, COVENT GARDEN, AND HAYMARKET.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS FROM THE PROMPT BOOKS.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL REMARKS,

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

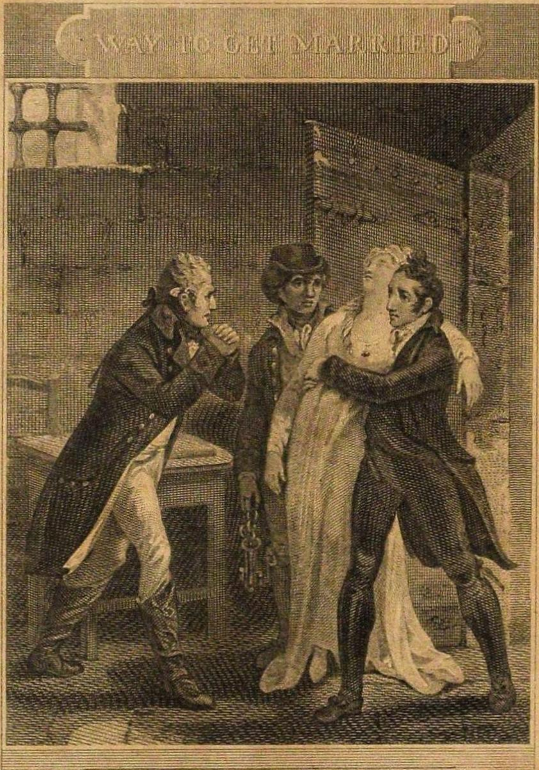
IN TWENTY-FIVE VOLUMES.

VOL. XXV.

WAY TO GET MARRIED.
CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE.
SPEED THE PLOUGH.
SCHOOL OF REFORM.
HONEY MOON.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.
1808.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
BEDFORD BURY.



CAPTAIN FAULKENER. — MY JULIA! OH! GIVE HER TO MY ARMS.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

PAINTED BY SINGLETON. PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO. [illegible]

THE

WAY TO GET M

A COMED

IN FIVE A

By THOMAS M

AS PERFORM

THEATRE ROYAL,

PRINTED UNDER THE AU

FROM THE

WITH

BY M

TANJORE MAHARA

REMARKS.

There was a new comedy produced at Drury Lane Theatre the very evening on which the present comedy was first acted at Covent Garden. This was an unusual occurrence, and the critics were divided in their choice of the house they should attend. Many, as public censurers, hoped to be present at that exhibition, which would afford their talents the most exertion; and each felt himself disappointed, as the scenes of either drama proceeded; for both plays were exempt from glaring faults, and both had a most kind reception.

The following play was not merely well received, but had attraction for a considerable number of nights, and still remains a favourite entertainment.

The variety of characters introduced—the moral tendency of even its most comic parts, in exposing vice to ridicule; and the interest which the fable excites, are all forcible apologies for that favour, which the work has received, and a clear prediction of its continuance.

With all these claims to admiration, this comedy has yet a failing, of which, the auditor and reader,

have both loudly complained; although it be one, common to literary productions, of every denomination, and which lessens but in a slight degree, the amusement they are calculated to bestow.

"The Way to get Married," is a title which has no more reference to this particular drama, than to any other out of that prodigious number, where the reward of an amiable young woman is a husband: of course, no peculiar secret has the author here revealed, such as the name he has given to his piece would indicate.

Certain expectations are, therefore, by this misnomer, left ungratified; nor does the novelty with which the comedy abounds, fully compensate, to a certain description of persons, for the disappointment of promised information, upon the art of speedily entering the marriage state.

But how could a teacher point out to his female reader—for to that sex alone his declared instruction appears to have been directed—the precise path to matrimony, when its ways are just as various as the mind and temper, the wisdom or folly, the vice or virtue, may be different, which append to the longed-for goal—her husband.—The way to get married can alone be discovered through the disposition of a lover.

In lieu of that hymeneal precept then, the knowledge of which has been rashly boasted by the author, and more rashly expected by the maiden auditor, let her reflect—that, to get married, is not to obtain the summit of her wishes, unless in wedlock she gains a friend, a companion, a counsellor, and protector. Let her likewise reflect, that the virtues here,

in one short speech of the play, commended to her practice, in order to become a wife—should they fail of gaining her a husband, they will, at least, yield her the valuable means to bear the loneliness, and other evils of an unmarried life, with perfect cheerfulness: for they will bestow on her that respect from the world, and that joy in her own breast, of which, common-place remarks and false conclusions, have, for centuries past, been studious to deprive all aged spinsters.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

TANGENT	*Mr. Lewis.*
TOBY ALLSPICE	*Mr. Quick.*
CAPTAIN FAULKNER	*Mr. Pope.*
CAUSTIC	*Mr. Munden.*
DICK DASHALL	*Mr. Fawcett.*
M'QUERY	*Mr. M'Cready.*
LANDLORD	*Mr. Davenport.*
SHOPMAN	*Mr. Abbott.*
TOWN CLERK	*Mr. Coombs.*
WAITER	*Mr. Curtis.*
NED	*Mr. Wilde.*
POSTILION	*Mr. Simmons.*
UNDERTAKER	*Mr. Street.*
GAOLER	*Mr. Williamson.*
SOLICITOR	*Mr. Holland.*
OFFICER	*Mr. Blurton.*
ALLSPICE'S SERVANT	*Mr. Rees.*
CAUSTIC'S SERVANT	*Mr. Farley.*
DASHALL'S SERVANT	*Mr. Ledger.*
BAILIFF	*Mr. Cross.*
JULIA FAULKNER	*Miss Wallis.*
CLEMENTINA ALLSPICE	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
LADY SORREL	*Mrs. Davenport.*
FANNY	*Miss Leserve.*

THE WAY TO GET MARRIED.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Room in a House.—Bells ringing.

Dash. [*Without.*] Landlord!

Enter LANDLORD, *smoking.*

Landl. Here I am—noisy chap this!

Enter DASHALL.

Dash. Where are all your people? Damn it, landlord, is this your attention?

Landl. Who do you damn, eh? if you don't like my house, march,—there's another in the town.

Dash. This rascal now, because he has the best beds and wine on the road, claims the privilege of insulting his guests—Call my servants up.

Landl. Not I—enough plague with my own—why don't you go to the other inn? I'll tell you—because you know when you are well off, ha! ha!

Dash. Impudent scoundrel! but, as I want information, I must humour him.—You're a high fellow.

Landl. An't I?

Dash. And so, old Boar's head, my good friend, Toby Allspice, by the sudden death of his predecessor, enters this day upon the tonish office of sheriff of your ancient corporation?

Landl. He does. And, what's better, by the sudden death of an old maid, Miss Sarah Sapless, he and his daughter will, it is said, enter upon the fingering of about thirty thousand pounds.

Dash. Good news, egad!—Well, old Porcupine, get dinner; and, d'ye hear, none of your ropy champagne—the real stuff. [*Slaps him on the Back.*

Landl. Well, I will.—Ecod, I like you!

Dash. Come, be off. [*Strikes him with his Whip.*

Landl. Ecod, you have an agreeable way with you! [*Exit, shrugging his Shoulders.*

Dash. In the ticklish state of my circumstances, Allspice and his daughter will be worth attending to.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Letters, sir, from London. [*Exit.*

Dash. Now for it! this makes me a bankrupt, or a good man. [*Reads.*] *Dear Dashall, all's up.*—As I thought.—*Transfer swears if you don't settle your bear account in a week, he'll blackboard you.*—Pleasant enough!—*Affectionate inquiries are making after you at Lloyd's; and, to crown all, hops were so lively last market, that there is already a loss of thousands upon that scheme. Nothing can save you but the ready.*

Yours,

TIM. TICK.

N. B. Green peas were yesterday sold at Leadenhall market, at ninepence a peck; so your bet of three thousand pounds on that event is lost.

So! lurched every way; stocks, insurance, hops, hazard, and green peas, all over the left shoulder; and then, like a flat, I must get pigeoned at faro by ladies of quality; for the swagger of saying, "The duchess

and I were curst jolly last night;" but, confusion to despair! I'm no flincher.—If I can but humbug old Allspice out of a few thousands, and marry his daughter, I shall cut a gay figure, and make a splash yet.

Waiter. [*Without.*] A room for Lady Sorrel!

Dash. What the devil brings her here?—Old and ugly as she is, I'll take decent odds but 'tis an intrigue.

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady S. Inform my cousin Caustic, I'm here.—— Ah, Dashall! I suppose the warm weather has driven you from town.

Dash. True; London was certainly too hot for me; but how could your ladyship leave the fascination of play?

Lady S. Hush! that's not my rural character.— I always assimilate.—The fact is, Dick, I have here a strange, plain-spoken, worthy, and wealthy relation; he gives me considerable sums, to distribute in London to the needy, which I lose in play, to people of fashion; and you'll allow that is giving them to the needy, and fulfilling the worthy donor's intention!— Ha! ha!

Dash. Then you are not here because your favourite, young Tangent, is arrived? eh!

Lady S. What, Dick, have you found out my attachment there? Well, I confess it: and if my regard be not, I'll take care my revenge shall be, gratified; and 'tis a great consolation that one is nearly as sweet as the other.

Dash. And I'll be equally candid. The miserable fact is, I am completely broziered, cut down to a sixpence, and have left town.

Lady S. Like a skilful engineer, who, having laid his train for the destruction of others, prudently retires during the blow-up.

Caust. [*Without.*] In the next room, do you say?

Enter Caustic.

Caust. Lady Sorrel, I rejoice to see you, and have provided at home for your reception.

Lady S. Then I'll order my carriage and servants there.

Caust. No; I can depend on your prudence, but not on your servants.—'Sdeath! were any of your fashionable London servants to get footing in my family, I suppose in a week my old housekeeper would give *conversationès*, a little music, and two-penny faro.

Dash. Vastly well.—By no means contemptible.

Caust. Sir!

Lady S. Cousin, this is Mr. Dashall, one of the first men in the city,—sees the first company,—lives in the first style——

Caust. This a merchant of the city of London?

Dash. Curse the quiz? I'll throw off a little.—Perhaps you've not been in town lately?

Caust. No, sir.

Dash. Oh, the old school—quite gone by—I remember, my old gig of a father wore a velvet night-cap in his compting house—what a vile bore!—Ha! ha!

Caust. And pray, sir, what may you wear in your compting house?

Dash. Strike me moral if I've seen it these three months. If you wish to trade in style, and make a splash, you must fancy Cheapside Newmarket, and Lloyd's and the Alley faro tables; for De Moivre has as completely ousted Cocker's Arithmetic with us, as Hoyle has the Complete Housewife with our wives, egad.—Talk of Brooks's, or Newmarket, chicken hazard to the game we play at Lloyd's—monopoly's the word now, old boy; hops, corn, sugar, furs—at all in the ring.

Caust. Amazing! Sir, your capital must be astonishing to be—at all in the ring. [*Mimicking.*

Dash. Capital! an old bugbear—never thought of now; no, paper—discount does it.

Caust. Paper!

Dash. Ay; suppose I owe a tradesman, my tailor, for instance, two thousand pounds——

Caust. A merchant owe his tailor two thousand pounds! mercy on us!

Dash. I give him my note for double the sum—he discounts it—I touch half in the ready—note comes due—double the sum again—touch half again: and so on to the tune of fifty thousand pounds. If monopolies answer, make all straight; if not, smash—into the gazette. Brother merchants say—"damn'd fine fellow—lived in style—only traded beyond his capital."—So, certificate's signed—ruin a hundred or two reptiles of retailers, and so begin the war again. —That's the way to make a splash—devilish neat, isn't it?

Caust. Pretty well.

Dash. How you stare! you don't know nothing of life, old boy.

Caust. Vulgar scoundrel!

Dash. We are the boys in the city. Why, there's Sweetwort, the brewer—don't you know Sweetwort? dines an hour later than any duke in the kingdom—imports his own turtle—dresses turbot by a stop watch—has house lamb fed on cream, and pigs on pine apples—gave a jollification t'other day—Stoke-hole in the brewhouse—asked a dozen peers—all glad to come—can't live as we do. Who make the splash in Hyde Park? who fill the pit at the opera? who inhabit the squares in the west?—Why, the knowing ones from the east, to be sure.

Caust. Not the wise ones from the east, I'm sure.

Dash. Who support the fashionable faro tables?—

Oh, how the duchesses chuckle and rub their hands, when they see one of us!

Caust. Duchesses keep gaming tables!

Dash. To be sure! how the devil should they live? Such a blow up the other night! you were there, Lady Sorrel!

Lady S. I at a faro table!

Caust. No, no.

Dash. [*Aside.*] Upon my honour, I beg pardon.—You see, sir, the duchess was dealing, and Mrs. Swagger was punting.—"Oh, ho!" cries Mrs. Swagger—"that was very neatly done."—"What do you mean," says the duchess—"Only, madam, I saw you slip a card;"—"Dam'me," says the duchess—

Caust. Says the duke.

Dash. Says the duchess.

Caust. No, no! "Dam'me," says the duke.

Dash. Psha! the duchess I tell you. It's her way.

Caust. Her way! O Lud!

Dash. Where was I?—Oh, "Dam'me" says the duchess, "but you turn out of my house;"—"And curse me," cries little Miss Swagger, (a sweet amiable little creature of about fourteen,) "if we stay here to be swindled."—Words got high, and oaths flew about like rouleaus; but, as they had plucked me of my last feather, I got up, and, in imitation of my betters, twang'd off a few dam'mes, and retired.

Caust. The world's at an end—all is sophisticated!—nothing bears even its right name!—Whoredom, is gallantry; swindling, running out; female debauchery, a *faux pas.* The murdering duellist, has a nice sense of honour; the cuckold-maker, is a dear delicious devil; and the cuckold, the best-humoured creature in the world!

Dash. Well said, old one—you've some *nous* about you.

Caust. Foul-tongued blockhead!

Tang. [*Without.*] Tell Counsellor Endless I'll be in court presently.

Caust. I think I know that voice!

Lady S. [*Tenderly.*] So do I! [*Aside.*] 'Tis your darling nephew—your adopted Tangent!—I saw him come out of a chaise with two barristers.

Caust. Psha! Barristers! you forget he's in the army.

Lady S. Mayn't I trust my eyes?

Caust. Why, at fifty-nine cousin, eyes are not always to be trusted.—Pray, Mr. Dashall, do you know this nephew of mine?

Dash. Oh, yes; but he associates with authors and wits, quite out of our set;—we in the city, don't vote them gentlemen—you'll never find no wit at my table, I'll take care of that.—But you expect company, and so I'll be off to my friend Allspice's.—By the way, I hear his daughter will touch to the tune of thirty thousand pounds.

Caust. Very likely; but I don't know any good it will do her.

Dash. Not do good! I beg pardon. Riches give wit—elegance—

Caust. Do they? I'm sorry you're so poor.

Dash. Eh! what! oh, neat enough! and what do you say riches give, queer one?

Caust. Generally, vulgar impertinence.

Dash. I congratulate you on being so rich!—Ha! ha!—Rat me! but at last I've said a good one!—Lady Sorrel, your devoted.—Good b'ye, queer one!—What a superlative gig it is! [*Exit.*

Caust. Was that my nephew's voice?

Enter TANGENT.

Sir, your most obedient!

Tang. Ah, my dear uncle! who could have expected to have seen you in this part of the world?

Caust. This part of the world! why, tis the town I live in, is it not? and have not you come on purpose to visit me?

Tang. True, uncle; I was—

Caust. At your old tricks, castle building: fancying yourself Tippoo Saib, I warrant, or empress of all the Russias.

Tang. No, no! you wrong me.—Ah, Lady Sorrel, how could you leave town, where you were the ton?

Caust. The ton! ha! ha! Then I suppose grandmothers are the ton?

Tang. You have hit it, uncle. [*Aside to* CAUSTIC.] —I never saw you look so well. [*To* LADY SORREL.

Lady S. Dear sir, you flatter.

Caust. He does, he does. Come, sir, no more of that. Age is respectable, and you ought to be above making a jest of an old woman.

Lady S. Mr. Caustic, your behaviour is intolerable. Mr. Tangent, do you dine with us?

Tang. Nothing can afford me greater felicity—

Caust. Than to dine with an old woman.—Nonsense! Go home, cousin; go home.

Lady S. Brute! Mr. Tangent, good morning.— Sweet, elegant youth! how my heart dotes on him! [*Exit.*

Caust. Frank, leave that cursed trick, that—

Tang. I know what you mean—I believe I used to indulge in little flights of fancy.

Caust. You did, indeed.

Tang. Ah, that's all over. My life passes in a dull, consistent uniformity.

Caust. I'm glad on't.—Well, how goes on the regiment?

Tang. The regiment?—Oh, I've left the army.

Caust. Oh, you've left the army! [*Imitating.*] And why, sir?

Tang. I don't know—I imagine I was tired of the routine, field days, parade, mess dinners, and so

Caust. And so what, sir?

Tang. I determined to adhere to the law.

Caust. I've no patience with your folly. But, sir, are you sure the law has brought you here?—Is it not some ridiculous love affair—some jilting tit from Exeter?

Tang. [*Aside.*] I'll humour his dislike to the sex. Women! Gewgaws for boys and dotards.

Caust. True.—He has a fine understanding!

Tang. What are they all?

Caust. Ay; what are they all?

Tang. The best of them are virtuously vicious, and impertinently condescending.

Caust. He's a fine youth!—Go on.

Caust. All a contradiction.

Caust. True, Frank; Pope himself says so—

"Woman's at best a contradiction still;"

then he goes on—

"A fop their passion, and their prize, a sot."

Tang. "Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot."—Sir, I've the whole epistle by heart.

Caust. Have you? Come to my arms. Now, stick to this and the law, and my whole fortune is your own—when I die.

Tang. And, in the mean time, I'll thank you for a thousand pounds.

Caust. Thank me! I dare say you will. A thousand pounds! But how is it to be employed?—What fashionable scheme?

Tang. A very unfashionable one, uncle—in paying my debts.

Caust. You know, Frank, you once disgraced yourself, and deeply offended me, by borrowing money of M'Query, a knavish money lender. If your debts are of that description, you become my antipathy—my detestation.

Tang. On my honour, no.

Caust. Well then, as I can better afford to lose it than an honest creditor, I'll give it you on conditions —first, that you adhere to the law.

Tang. Granted.

Caust. Secondly, that you leave that hair-brained folly, which makes me mad—that castle building.

Tang. Oh, granted.

Caust. And, lastly, that this thousand shall be the sum total of your extravagance.

Tang. With all my heart; and here's my hand.

Caust. But, Frank, what say you to thirty thousand pounds down on the nail?

Tang. I say, sir, that no particular objection to it strikes me at present.

Caust. Then I'll tell you.—Here's a will, by which it is supposed Miss Clementina Allspice will be heiress to that sum. Now, I'll introduce you: and if, on seeing her, you agree with me that she is grossly vulgar, and extravagantly affected,—in short, should you thoroughly dislike her, I can see no rational objection to your marrying her.

Tang. Certainly not—I'll attend you! But first I must go to the courts.

Caust. Ay, stick to the law—stick to that—stick to any thing. You remember your pranks! this hour writing a satire on the frivolity of the age—the next, riding a hundred miles to shoot at a target.— One day dressed in solemn black, for the purpose of ordination—the next in a pink jacket and jockey cap, riding a match at Newmarket. So, no more of that, but stick to the law.

Tang. To be sure! what expansion of intellect it occasions! What honours does it not lead to.

Caust. True.

Tang. Think of the woolsack.

Caust. Yes.

Tang. There's an object to look to!

Caust. Tremendous!

Tang. My ambition anticipates my honours, and I see myself in the envied situation.

Caust. Eh!

Tang. Dressed in my robes, I bow to the throne.
[*Sits down with dignity in a Chair.*

Caust. Zounds! now he's at it!

Tang. [*Rises, and puts on his Hat.*] Order! Order! Is it your lordships' pleasure this bill do pass?—As many as are content, say, " Ay"—Not content, " No."—The Contents have it.

Caust. Now, would it not provoke the devil?—I humbly move that your lordship may leave the woolsack, and that your brains may cease to go a woolgathering.

Tang. My lord!—Eh!—Oh!—I beg your excuse, uncle—I was just indulging a little flight.

Caust. Yes, I know you were—But where are you going?

Tang. To the courts.

Caust. Pray stick to the law.

Tang. And to the woolsack. Does not the hope of that fill our universities with blockheads—and cram our courts full of barristers, with heads as empty as they leave their clients' pockets?—As many as are Content, say " Ay;"—Not content, " No." —The Contents have it. [*Exit.*

Caust. So,—mad and absurd as ever?—But I trust he has a good heart, and I'll give him fair play; for, sometimes, the subsiding opposition of worth and folly produces the brightest characters; even as the beautiful firmament is said to have been formed from the contending chaos of light and darkness. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

FAULKNER'S *House.*

A knocking at the Door; FAULKNER crosses the Stage, and opens the Door.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Captain Faulkner, my master, Mr. Caustic, will wait on you this morning, for the payment of his rent.

Faulk. My compliments, and I shall be glad to see him. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Thank Heaven, enough remains for that! My rent being paid, perhaps I may gloss over the meagre hue of poverty, till my lawsuit is decided. [*A Harp is heard.*] Poor Julia! didst thou know thy father's abject penury, 'twould break thy heart. Perhaps it may be concealed—at least I'll try to think so—Julia! my daughter!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My dearest father!

Faulk. My child! thou art this day of age.

Julia. Yes, sir. [*Averting her Face with dejection, then recovering herself.*]—I beg your pardon.

Faulk. Heiress of penury. My darling girl! Oh, had Heaven so willed it, this had been a morning that pleasure might have longed for. The sad reverse made sleep a stranger to me. I rose, and gave thee, Julia, all a poor fond father could—a blessing at the throne of mercy.

Julia. More rich, more valued, then all the splendour we have lost. Indeed, I grieve not for it.—Pray, sir, be cheerful, as we are above the reach of want.

Faulk. Oh! [*Stifling a Groan.*] True, my love: return to your harp—I expect my attorney—he despatched, I'll come to thee.—Sure, he stays!—What says my watch?—Hold—I forgot I had parted with it. [*Aside.*

Julia. How fortunate! Look, sir, I've made a purchase for you. [*Showing a Watch.*] Since you lost yours, you have been less punctual in coming home, and I have been the loser of many a happy hour.—'Tis quite a bargain—the man will call to-day for the money.

Faulk. How unlucky!

Julia. You are not angry? You cannot be? What, not a kiss for my attention?

Faulk. My only comfort! [*Kisses her.*] Here's a bank note—pay for your purchase, and employ the rest in procuring our household wants. Go in—a thousand blessings on thee. [*Exit* JULIA.] Poor, luckless wench! Oh, how willingly would I lay down this life, but for thy sake, my child!

M'Query. [*Without.*] Captain Faulkner!

[FAULKNER *goes to the Door, and opens it.*

Enter M'QUERY.

Faulk. Ah, my attorney! Speak, tell me, relieve the sufferings of a parent's heart—am I to despair?—[M'QUERY *shakes his Head.*] Is there a hope?

M'Query. Here's a letter.

[FAULKNER *opens it with trepidation, and gives it to* M'QUERY.

Faulk. Pray read it.

M'Query. [*Reads.*]

SIR,

I am sorry, that instead of congratulating you on the recovering your valuable estates, I have to inform you, that by an unlucky and accidental error in our declaration, we were nonsuited. I must trouble you to remit me two hundred pounds, as I cannot, in prudence, undertake the continuance of this important cause, without the costs being secured to me.

Your faithful Servant,

DEDIMUS DUPLEX.

Faulk. Ruin! ruin!

M'Query. Oh, here's a bit of a postscript—*A Mr. Tangent—*

Faulk. Who? [*Alarmed.*

M'Query. What's the matter?—[*Reads.*]—*A Mr. Tangent has been frequently inquiring after you.*

Faulk. How unlucky!

M'Query. That you did not see him?

Faulk. [*With hesitation.*] Y—ye—yes, sir.

M'Query. How unlucky then! for I saw him just now.

Faulk. In this town?

M'Query. Yes; I'll bring him here in a crack. [*Going.*

Faulk. Hold! not for the world!

M'Query. Not for the world! what makes you tremble?—Oh, oh! there's a bit of a secret, and I must be master of it. [*Aside.*] Come, an't I your friend? Did not I come and offer my friendship and assistance, without even knowing you?

Faulk. You did so.

M'Query. And an't I still ready with my friendship and service?—And I will assist you.

Faulk. Will you—will you, sir? Indeed I want it.—Hear then my unhappy story; but swear, by sacred honour—

M'Query. If you've a bit of a bible, I'll take my oath—honour's all moonshine!

Faulk. No, sir!--Honour is the conservation of society: without it, even our virtues would be dangerous. It tempers courage, and vice it puts to shame; it irradiates truth, and mixes up opposing passions in the sweet compound of urbanity.

M'Query. Oh, very true! [*Aside.*] I'll pop that into my next brief. Oh, it will make a flashy speech for one of our fine pathetic barristers. But now for the secret. Whatever you communicate, shall be locked here, upon my honour.

Faulk. It was my fate to marry contrary to my father's will, and I was driven by misfortune to India; where, after a residence of eighteen years, the news reached me of my father's decease, and that, at his death, he had done me the justice he refused me living. I was about to return to England, to take possession of my estates, when the service demanded my assistance, to check the inroads of a powerful banditti that infested the frontier. In a skirmish, Lieutenant Richmond, a brave lad, fell by my side: he gave to my care one thousand pounds, as a bequest to his friend, Mr. Tangent.

M'Query. So far, so well.

Faulk. On my return, sir, I found my wife dying. I am sorry to trouble you with hearing my misfortunes.

M'Query. Don't mention it—'tis a pleasure—you found your wife dying.

Faulk. And my patrimony, as you know, usurped by a distant and wealthy relation.—I endeavoured to find Mr. Tangent——

M'Query. Oh, no!

Faulk. Indeed I did, sir: distresses came upon me—arrears for my daughter's education—the expense of my wife's funeral— [*Weeps.*

M'Query. [*Aside.*] Nobody would 'grudge that, sure!

Faulk. And the hopes of recovering my right, by law, induced me, sir, to—to——

M'Query. Make use of Mr. Tangent's money.

Faulk. Y—yes, sir. I doubted not but I could soon replace it. I had considerable prize-money due—ay, and somewhat hardly earned—but it is not paid. Involved with agents, proctors——

M'Query. Ay—and sweet pretty picking it is!

Faulk. Then, sir, I hoped soon to recover my estates. But the progress of the law is, you know, so very slow—

M'Query. We don't—we don't hurry ourselves, certainly.

Faulk. Now, sir, would you advance the money to pay Mr.——

M'Query. Why, you don't mean to pay it, do you?

Faulk. Sir! [*With indignation.*

M'Query. Don't bother yourself about such a trifle—pay him! pugh! stuff!—Between ourselves, I thought you had been dabbling in a little forgery.

Faulk. Villain! [*Seizes him*—M'QUERY *smiles.*]—Oh, I beg pardon! you are pleasant.

M'Query. Yes, I am very pleasant; and I wish I could return the compliment. [*Aside.*] What a tiger! However, I am glad you have the cash, because——

Faulk. Even now, I gave the last guinea I possessed to my daughter.

M'Query. That's unlucky! Because here's a little bit of a bill for labour, trouble, care and diligence, as we say.

Faulk. [*Taking it.*] This, then, is your proffer'd assistance.

M'Query. Oh, read it, read it. You'll find it right to an eightpence.

Faulk. [Reads.] *Attending you frequently to offer*

my advice and friendship, without being able to meet you, two pounds two. [With severity.

M'Query. That's right and proper, and 'tis all like it; but, as you've no cash, you may as well sign a little bit of a bond and judgment: it will make the debt an even fifty.

Faulk. Ay, any thing. [*Walks about in disorder.*

M'Query. 'Tis a pity you're so poor.

Faulk. Hush! for Heaven's sake—

M'Query. I'm worth twenty thousand.

Faulk. You're a lucky man, sir.

M'Query. Here's a bond ready.

Faulk. Within there! bring pen and ink.

M'Query. Ha! ha! You forget that you have not a parcel of servants now. That's a good one, ha! ha!

Faulk. [*Attempting to laugh.*] Ha! ha! I did so, sir.—Damnation! is life worth holding on these terms? We shall find them in the next room.

M'Query. Now, sir, though you have put yourself in my power——

Faulk. Hah! in your power—shallow fool! mark me! Dare but to hint at what I've told you, and by the honour I have lost, your life pays the forfeit!—Do you mark? in your power! Do you mark, I say?

M'Query. O yes, I was not in earnest.—I was pleasant again. Oh, what a devil he is! 'tis hard to be so poor—I'm worth twenty thousand, every shilling.

Faulk. This way. Unfeeling man! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room at ALLSPICE'S *House.*

Enter CLEMENTINA *and* FANNY.

Clement. How do I look, Fanny? Do you know, Fanny, my dead aunt was quite teazing—I declare and vow, she once sent for me to see her die, and I found her dancing a Scotch reel at an assembly. How horrid provoking! Have you an idea, Fanny, how much one ought to cry for an aunt?

Fanny. I don't really know, Miss.

Clement. Oh Fanny, you lived with Lady Eschallot when her husband died. Did she make it a point to take on?

Fanny. O yes, ma'am.

Clement. Did it tell, Fanny?

Fanny. Exceedingly, ma'am.

Clement. I dare say it would be stylish, 'tis so particular! Oh! I shall have oceans of lovers when I get this fortune. 'Tis so shocking to be constant, I vow—after you have cut your jokes and shown your tricks, it grows so insipid, and you do long for another lover in such a style, you've no idea! Here comes pa—Do you know, Fanny, that pa's keeping a shop, horrifies me to that degree— [*Exit* FANNY.

Enter ALLSPICE, *with his Velvet Cap and Apron on.*

Allsp. Ah, Cleme—what! dizen'd out—expect to touch the mopusses, eh?

Clement. Indeed, pa, I'm reduc'd to despair, to see you out of mourning.

Allsp. First, let's see the will—Time enough to mourn, when I find there's something to rejoice at. I wish Caustic would come—busy day, Cleme. As sheriff, I must usher the judges into the town—as tradesman, must attend my customers: so what between the judges in the court, and the old women in the shop, I've my hands full,

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Caustic, and Mr. M'Query, sir.

Enter CAUSTIC *and* M'QUERY.

Allsp. Ah, friend Caustic, glad to see you—servant, Mr. Attorney—come, bring chairs, read quick,—never mind stops—busy day.

Caust. Miss Clementina, how do you do? These are rather gay habiliments for mourning.

Clement. Mr. Caustic, no observations. As pa says, read.

Caust. With all my heart—except the colour, gay as a bride.

Clement. Don't be impertinent, man.

Caust. And the head too—heigho! Well, here is the will, and thus I break the seal—now for it.

Allsp. Ay, now for it. [*They all seat themselves.*

Caust. [Reads.] *I, Sarah Sapless, spinster, being of sound and disposing mind, do make this my last will and testament. Imprimis, I bequeath to my worthy brother-in-law, Toby Allspice—*

Allsp. Oh, she was an excellent old woman!

[*Pretends to weep.*

Caust. *Toby Allspice, the sum of five pounds*—

Allsp. What?

Caust. *The sum of five pounds, to purchase a ring.*

Allsp. A what?

Caust. A ring.

Allsp. Fiddlededee—Superannuated old fool!

Caust. Silence! *And, whereas my wayward fate has deprived me of the comforts of wedlock; and, as I sincerely believe that nothing can tend more to the benefit of society, than promoting the happiness of faithful lovers* —very extraordinary this—*I do hereby bequeath to Walter Caustic, esquire, all my estates, personal and real*—

Clement. What!

Caust. [Eagerly.] *I bequeath to Walter Caustic, esquire, all my estates, personal and real,—in trust*— [Dejectedly.

Clement. Oh, in trust! [*Nodding and smiling.*

Caust. I hate trust.

Clement. Silence, sir! Go on.

Caust. *In trust, to settle and convey the same as a marriage portion, upon any young woman he may think worthy, who may be about to become a bride, within the space of one month after my decease.*

Allsp. Ecod, it's a queer one!

Caust. *And whereas*——

M'Query. That's all that's material, except a bit of a codicil.

Clement. Mr. Attorney, is not my name in the will?

M'Query. No, miss.

Clement. Pa! [*Weeps.*

Allsp. Cleme!

Clement. Do you know, pa, that being disappointed of thirty thousand pounds, is extremely disagreeable?

Allsp. Very, Cleme.

Caust. All that's material! What's this, and this? [*Turning over Sheets.*

M'Query. That, you know, is description and specification; and saying it over and over again, to make the thing look plump and decent.

Caust. Now for the codicil!—*I, the within named, Sarah Sapless, do make this codicil, which I do order and direct, may be taken as part of my said will, and by which, I do hereby bequeath to Phelim M'Query, my attorney, in lieu of his bill, one thousand pounds*—Very moderate recompense!

M'Query. Very moderate! But 'tis enough—Oh, 'tis enough. [*Rises.*

Caust. This, certainly, is the most extraordinary;—Ha! ha! ha! To select me for the high priest of Hymen, to make me a withered Cupid, ha! ha! ha! [*All rise.*

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shop. The cavalcade is ready to move, and only waits for your honour.

Allsp. Then get my gown and wig, and my white wand. 'Tis very awful!

Caust. You look alarmed! I've seen you before a judge without being frightened.

Allsp. Ay! but then, that was when I was a greater man than the judge—foreman of the jury; and then I'm not afraid of the devil.

M'Query. If you don't think my diffidence may increase yours, I'll attend.

Caust. Oh, no danger!

Allsp. Well, now I commence the perfect gemman. Damn it, stand back, [*To* M'QUERY.] I must go first. Dick, fill this box with backy—Roger, yoke the coach.

[*Exit* ALLSPICE *and* M'QUERY.—CAUSTIC *is going, when* CLEMENTINA *courtesies, and stops him.*

Clement. [*Sobbing*.] Mr. Caustic, you were polite

enough to find fault with my dress—I'll alter my gown any way you please, sir.

Caust. So, here's a change! [*Aside.*] By no means, ma'am.

Clement. But you have discernment, sir.

Caust. I have a little, ma'am. [*Sarcastically.*] Good morning.

Clement. When may we expect the honour of seeing you again, sir?

Caust. Well remembered; Tangent will be here. Miss Clementina, I intend to introduce to you my nephew, Mr. Tangent. Should he come before I return, I hope you'll welcome him.

Clement. [*With Vivacity.*] Dear sir! Oh! oh! Mr. Tangent and I, then, are to be the happy pair! [*Aside.*] Dear Mr. Caustic, I hope you have quite abandoned your gout. I declare and vow, I was horrified at hearing you were ill.

Caust. Indeed, madam, I expected death.

Clement. Do you know that's extremely disagreeable! I hope you will make it a point to keep well, Mr. Caustic. Pray take care of the steps—If you should slip, I should scream in such a style, you have no idea! I must attend you.

Caust. You are too good!—No.

Clement. I shall expire if I don't. Take care, dear Mr. Caustic! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

ALLSPICE'S *Shop.—Two Shop Chairs.*

SHOPMAN *and* WOMAN *discovered.*

Shopm. I'm afraid, ma'am, you'll find the parcel rather heavy—I'll send it home. There's your change, ma'am. [*Exit* WOMAN.

Enter TANGENT.—*Sits down in a Chair.*

Tang. Shopman, is Mr. Caustic here?

Shopm. He's gone, sir, but will return presently.

Tang. Very well—I'll wait for him.

Shopm. You'd better walk into the house, sir:—the shop——

Tang. [*Sits, and eats Raisins.*] I like the shop. Is your mistress, Miss Clementina within, eh?

Shopm. Yes, sir.

Tang. I don't much relish this affair. However, it humours old Caustic so—d'ye hear: Tell her Mr. Tangent wishes to pay his respects—What are you about? [*Rises.*

Shopm. Oh! I dare not go before miss with my apron on—she says it's vulgar.

[*Exit, after having put his Apron on the Chair.*

Tang. Ignorant prejudice! [*Putting the Apron round him.*] By Heavens! 'tis as honest an appendage, ay, and of as much benefit to society too, as many long robes I've seen. [*Sits.*] Tired to death of the courts—either as dull as a country church, or as vulgar as Billingsgate.

Enter JULIA FAULKNER.

Julia. I presume, sir, you belong here.

Tang. [*With surprise.*] I, ma'am! Heavens, what an angel! Ma'am—No—[*Looking at himself.*]—Oh yes—yes, ma'am—I belong to the shop. [*Throwing away his Hat.*] What a lovely creature!

Julia. Is Mr. Richard at home?

Tang. No, ma'am, Dicky has just stepp'd out, ma'am—Interesting beyond description!

Julia. Then I must trouble you for these articles.

Tang. [*Runs behind the Counter.*] Proud to serve you, ma'am—just take down the day-book—now I shall know my angel's name and abode. To be sent, ma'am, to— [*Writing in the Day Book.*

Julia. There's something very extraordinary in this young man—Sir, I'll send for them—Good morning.

Tang. 'Sdeath! I shall lose her—Stop, ma'am. I beg pardon—but here are exactly the articles you want, ready packed, and I shall be happy in attending you home with them, ma'am—exceedingly happy.

Julia. His deportment and dress seem much above his situation—Sir, I can't think of troubling you.

Tang. Trouble, ma'am! Never above my business. I'll attend you.

Julia. But there is none to attend the——

Tang. Oh, ma'am, Dicky is only in the house. What shall I do for a hat? [*Sees a small one hanging up, puts it on.*] Ma'am, I'll follow you—Dicky, mind the shop, Dicky—Oh, an angel! What the devil have I got here? 'tis infernally heavy. I'll follow you, ma'am—Dicky, take care of the shop. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CLEMENTINA, *with her Eyes fixed on the Ground, and* SHOPMAN.

Clement. Mr. Tangent, your most obedient—I declare and vow—[*Looks up, then at the* SHOPMAN.]—Where's Mr. Tangent, fellow?

Shopm. I left him here, ma'am, with my apron.

Clement. Then he's gone.

Shopm. Ecod, and so is my apron.

Clement. Now, whether this is shocking vulgar, or extremely stylish, I've not the minutest atom of an idea. I dare say, 'tis genteel.

Shopm. [*Grumbling, aside.*] Not to take my apron.

Clement. Oh, I'm sure 'tis fine breeding; for there's a certain brutality in high life that's enchanting. [*Huzza without.*] What horrid yell is that?

Shopm. 'Tis my master, the sheriff, miss, come from the show—Huzza!

Clement. Silence, brute!
Without. Room for the sheriff!

Enter ALLSPICE, *with Sheriff's Gown and Wig, wiping his Face.*

Allsp. Thank God, 'tis over! I'd rather throw a hundred sugar loaves into a cart, than go through it again. Well, Cleme, how goes on the shop?

Clement. You know, pa, I hate the shop.

Allsp. Oh fie, Cleme! don't let me hear you say that again. You dog, is that the way to tie up a parcel? [*To* SHOPMAN, *and gives a Box on the Ear.*] Confound these trappings! Get me my apron, Cleme, will you?

Clement. I declare and vow, pa, your vulgarity horrifies me. Suppose you were to go to court with an address, and be knighted, would not your manners—

Allsp. Me knighted! Fiddlestick's end. When such chaps as I go to get dubb'd, if, instead of a sword, his majesty would but order one of his beef-eaters, to lay a stick across our shoulders, it would be a hundred per cent the better.

[*A loud Knocking at the Door.*

Enter SHERIFF'S SERVANT, *dressed in the Absurdity of Lace, large Hat, &c.*

Serv. Maister!

Clement. Mr. Sheriff, brute!

Serv. You see I bes dizened out in new livery, he! he!

Clement. Take off your hat, savage.

Serv. I canna, miss—Man has stuck'n on so fast, he winna come off—he! he!

Allsp. Geoffrey, 'tis hard to tell whether you or I look most ridiculous.

Serv. Ecod, maister, I think you have it.

Clement. Who's at the door?

Serv. Wauns, I forgot. It be Maister Dashall, fra Lunnun. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Allsp. Oh, my friend, Dashall—show him in. But let me get off these trappings—The Londoner will smoke me. [*Pulls off his Gown.*

Enter DASHALL.

Ah, Dashall! Glad to see you. Ecod, you look comical though. Why, Dick, either your head or mine must be devilishly out of fashion—

Dash. Why, friend Toby, yours is more on the grand pas to be sure. But very little head, you see, serves people of fashion. So—there's the thirty thousand pounder, I suppose. I say, Toby, who is that elegant creature?

Allsp. 'Tis my daughter. Don't you remember Cleme?

Dash. [*Addressing her.*] You're an angel!

Allsp. Go, Cleme, and look after the people—To-day I give a grand—ga ga—

Clement. Gala, pa! I've told you the name twenty times—

Allsp. Confound it! Gala then.

Clement. Sir, your most devoted.

Dash. I adore you.

Clement. Oh, sir! [*Simpering.*

Dash. To distraction, dam'me! [*Looking through a Glass.*

Clement. I vow you confuse me in such a style! [*Exit.*

Dash. Oh, I see that account's settled—[*Looking after her.*] and now for the father. Oh, how does it tell? [*Looks at* ALLSPICE *through a Glass.*

Allsp. What, that's the knowing, is it? [*Imitating.*

Dash. To be sure. But, Toby, how did you come on at the courts?

Allsp. Oh, capitally. I made a speech.

Dash. A speech!

Allsp. Yes, I did. Sam Smuggle, you must know, was found guilty of taking a false oath at the Custom-house; so the judge ordered me to put Sam in the pillory. "An please you, my lord judge," says I, "I'd rather not." "Why so, Mr. Sheriff?" "Because, my lord," says I, "Sam Smuggle, no more than a month ago, paid me 37l. 18s. 11d. as per ledger, and I make it a rule never to disoblige a customer."—Then they all laughed—So, you see, I came off pretty well.

Dash. Capitally. But an't you tired of this sneaking retailing?

Allsp. Oh, yes, sometimes of a Saturday—Market day.

Dash. 'Tis a vile paltry bore. What do you make by this raffish shop of yours?

Allsp. Oh, a great deal. Last year 1745l. odd money.

Dash. Contemptible! my clerk would despise it. Why, in a single monopoly I've touched ten times the sum.

Allsp. Monopoly?

Dash. To be sure—the way we knowing ones thrive. You remember that on sugar—a first rate thing, was it not?—distressed the whole town—made them take the worst commodity at the best price; netted fifteen thousand pounds by that.

Allsp. Why, I turned the penny by that myself.

Dash. Turned the penny! be advised by me, and you shall turn thousands,—ay, and overturn thousands.

Allsp. Shall I though? but did you sell all that sugar yourself?

Dash. I sell! never saw a loaf. No, my way is this—I generally take my first clerk a hunting with me; and when the hounds are at fault, we arrange these little matters.

Allsp. How free and easy! oh, you must be gloriously rich.

Dash. I won't tell you my circumstances just now.

Allsp. Oh, you're sly—you've your reasons.

Dash. I have. I'm very expensive in my women, though.

Allsp. Ah! mothers and sisters extravagant?

Dash. Mothers and sisters! no, no.—Curse me if I know how they carry on the war. Take in the flats at faro, I suppose. No, I mean the girls.

Allsp. What! not concubines, do you?

Dash. To be sure. But perhaps you don't like the girls, eh?

Allsp. Oh, but I do though—I'll tell you a melancholy secret. Do you know that people in the country are so precise, and talk so about character, that, my dear friend, in the particular you mentioned, I am a very unhappy man.

Dash. Oh, is it there I have you? then come to town, my gay fellow, enjoy affluence and pleasure, and make a splash.

Allsp. Ecod, I should like it. Even talking about it, gives me a kind of swaggering, agreeable feel: and then the girls—the pretty profligates!

Dash. Ay, you shall have my Harriet.

Allsp. Shall I? I'll do all I can to make her happy, yes, I will: and if she likes almonds and raisins, she shall have—

Dash. Almonds and raisins! pearls and diamonds!

Allsp. Yes; but how am I to get them?

Dash. You've heard of the Alley?

Allsp. Yes; but I don't understand it. Bulls and bears——

Dash. I'll make you up to all—Cons—Rescounters, short stuff, bonus, backwardation, omnium gatherum—

Allsp. Ay; and what's being a lame duck?

Dash. I'll show you the way to be that too. I'll teach you the true waddle—let you into twenty good things besides. We knowing ones have formed a most capital plan for starving the nation.

Allsp. Ay, but you forget that other knowing ones have formed a capital plan for preventing the starving of the nation.

Dash. Still I've a resource.

Allsp. Have you? egad, you're a clever fellow.

Dash. Come here.—If corn market don't answer, ship it coastwise—insure it—vessel leaky—stress of weather—come to an anchor—cut out by an enemy's privateer—all settled before-hand—receive value of cargo there—touch insurance at home—do them both ways—knowing scheme.—The inventors will be immortal!

Allsp. [*Aside.*] And if I had my will, they should be immortal in a week. Supply an enemy! dam'me if I do that.

Dash. Oh, ho! bad voyage this, I must about ship.

Allsp. I love money dearly, and I love the pretty girls, but——

Dash. And Harriet will adore you.

Allsp. Oh, do you say so? I'll tell you what I'll do—I'll start gallant to-day—I'll make a splash among the ladies at my—what's the name on't?

Dash. Gala. But you must get rid of that porcupine frizzle. You must be cropt in this way.

Allsp. Bless you, I've plenty of hair under my wig.

Dash. That's lucky.—[*Aside.*] So—I've got him pretty tight in hand.

Allsp. You'll see how I'll ogle and swagger. Come along. Oh, Toby's the boy to tickle them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in FAULKNER'S *House.*

Enter FAULKNER *and* M'QUERY.

Faulk. Does my attorney in town refuse to proceed?

M'Query. Without cash he does.

Faulk. He knows the law is with me to a certainty.

M'Query. Law and certainty! you really forget what you are talking about.

Faulk. Most likely; for I am mad.

[*Walking about.*

M'Query. I'm sorry for you, captain, indeed I am; though I'm only an attorney, I'm sorry.

Faulk. Oh, sir, don't outrage your tender nature.

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. Captain Faulkner, your most obedient—I called, sir, respecting—but you're engaged.

Faulk. Pray, sir, be seated.

Caust. My business, sir, is of so little importance either to you or myself, that [*He seems agitated.*] I'll take another opportunity—good morning—I'll just take a peep into the courts, and see how Tangent comes on in the law——oh, he'll be chancellor.

Enter JULIA, *followed by* TANGENT, *carrying the Parcel*—JULIA *bows to* CAUSTIC, *in passing.*

Tang. Zounds! my uncle!

Caust. Eh! what!—yes—no—it can't be!

Faulk. Well, my dear, have you made your purchases?

Tang. Yes, sir; the real black hyson—sweet, pretty article—defies the trade to sell more cheaperer than us do—ma'am [*Bowing to* JULIA, *and peeping at* CAUSTIC.] oh—he knows me.

Caust. 'Tis he, by all that's furious.

Faulk. Not quite so familiar, if you please, sir. Well recollected—I want——

Caust. And I want—patience.

Tang. We don't sell it, sir.

Caust. [*Turning him round.*] Oh, you incorrigible—

Tang. Ah, is it you? how do you do, uncle?—must brazen it out.

Caust. 'Sdeath, sir, what's that? [*Pointing to the Apron.*] and what the devil are you at now?

Tang. Trade—commerce, uncle—soul of Sir Thomas Gresham—thou, who in the compting-house of the gods, sittest——

Caust. Stop, stop, I say—have you forgot the woolsack?—think of the woolsack!

Tang. I do—wool is a staple commodity. Commerce, I say—

Caust. I say, law.

Tang. The theory of commerce is abstruse, and very little understood.

Caust. Why, so is law.

Tang. Commerce shows you what money will do.

Caust. So does law.

Tang. Commerce enriches the country.

Caust. So does—no, no!

Faulk. Sir, as father to this lady, I must demand an explanation of such extraordinary conduct.

Tang. With all my heart. Sir, your lovely daughter came to Allspice's shop, when—I don't recollect how—but, some how or other, I had got this apron

round me—she took me for the shopman; and, for the pleasure of beholding her, I became a porter, and, to continue that happiness, would become [*Seeing* M'QUERY.]—an attorney. This is the fact: I can't tell a lie for the soul of me.

M'Query. Can't you? then I would recommend you not to become an attorney.

Tang. Trade's the thing, uncle—understand it all —I'll snip off a yard of ribbon with e'er a six-foot haberdasher in town, return the drawer to its place with a smack—roll up change in a bit of paper—smirk—present it with the counter bow—an't I perfect, ma'am? [FAULKNER *and* JULIA *smile.*

Caust. Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. Ah!

Julia. My father!

Faulk. Tangent! damnation!

Caust. I cast you off, sir, for ever! 'sdeath! were you my own child, your undutiful conduct would be natural and excusable. But you've no right to make me miserable—I'm not your father, and I insist—

Faulk. And I insist that my house may not be made the scene of your buffoonery.

Tan. Upon my soul, sir, I——

Faulk. And that you take leave of it, and that lady for ever.

Julia. Oh, sir, surely——

Faulk. [*Frowningly.*] Girl!

Caust. [*To* TANGENT.] There—I'm glad on't. And now, sir, you may think of the woolsack, sir, or you may snip ribbons, sir, or wrap up halfpence in whitey-brown paper, sir—I have done with you, sir—and there's the counter bow for you, sir. Captain Faulkner, good morning. [*Exit.*

Faulk. Confusion!

Tang. Captain Faulkner! then I may hear of my friend. Sir, though your conduct to me has been

harsh, I flatter myself, unmeritedly so, yet my anxiety to hear of a lost friend induces me to solicit what I should otherwise despise.

Faulk. Be brief, sir.

Tang. Charles Richmond—Charles Richmond, sir—is he no more?

Faulk. He fell by my side.

Tang. Poor Charles! I remember, when we were at college, we agreed, that whoever died bachelor, should make the survivor his heir; but he was too generous to be rich. Did he, sir, leave any money?

Faulk. [*With trepidation.*] Not—not—that I—know of—agony!

M'Query. No, not that he knows of! I'll bring you off.

Faulk. Be dumb!

Tang. No, he must have died poor; for villany itself could not wrong so noble a fellow.

Faulk. Fiends! tortures!

M'Query. Died poor, certainly. Do you suppose now, that if he had given any money to Mr.——

Faulk. Silence, dog!

M'Query. Every dog has his day! [*Aside.*

Faulk. Where are you going?

M'Query. With Mr. Tangent.

Faulk. I'll not trust you. Dare not for your life speak to him.

M'Query. I suppose I may go home.

Faulk. This way then. Remember, I am no trifler. This way, I say. [*Exit with* M'QUERY.

Tan. Madam, am I to conclude so trivial a levity could occasion Captain Faulkner's behaviour, or—

Julia. Sir, I am wholly ignorant. [*Sighs.*] I never saw my father so before.

Tang. And may I hope, loveliest of women, that the sentiments of that tender bosom——

Julia. Sir, the sentiment that governs here, is im-

plicit obedience to a father's will. He is returning. Pray leave me.

Tang. May I not hope, Miss Faulkner, that——

Julia. I beg, sir—

Tang. Only——farewell! [*Exit.*

Julia. How eccentric, yet how interesting! what can my father mean?

Enter FAULKNER, *with Caution.*

Faulk. Is he gone? thank Heaven!

Julia. Pray, sir, has Mr. Tangent——

Faulk. Do you combine to torture?——

Julia. Oh, my father, kill me, but do not frown on me.

Faulk. Kill thee, Julia.—Oh, I'm to blame.—But my mind is in agony.

Julia. May I not share it? may I not alleviate it?

Faulk. No, no.—We must leave this town to-day.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. Thy father, Julia, is a beggar!

Julia. Ah!

Faulk. Worse—He has contracted debts he cannot discharge, and must, like a rascal, fly!

Julia. Bear up, my heart!

Faulk. Nay, worse—Thy father is—But why should I agonize her more?

Julia. Oh, don't despair.—We shall do very well. I can work, indeed I can—I am a strong girl— [*Faints.*

Faulk. Revive, my child—I sheltered thee from misery while it was possible.

Julia. Is what your ancestors left you lost, all lost?

Faulk. Yes, Julia, all—[*Aside.*] for they left me honour.—But we must fly.

Julia. Whither, my father?

Faulk. Any where, to avoid——

Julia. Mr. Tangent?

Faulk. I charge thee, name him not.—Go in.

Julia. Oh, my father, do not leave me—I dread being alone.

Faulk. I will but ruminate a while, then come to thee.

Julia. But presently?

Faulk. Ay, ay.

Julia. But very soon?

Faulk. Yes, my child:—go in. [*Exit* JULIA.] Well, I lied it stoutly—the veriest rascal, that eats the bread of perjury, could not have lied it with more unblushing boldness. Where shall I fly? the poor honest man, e'en in this knavish world, has some few friends, the rich villain more; but the poor rascal—Ha! first a thief, and then a liar—what follows? some devil whispers, a self murderer. But oh! can I leave my girl to poverty, to scorn, to dishonour?—No, no! we part not. What remains?—To go to Tangent—crawl in the dust, and be spurned by him! —rot and damn first!—despair then is only left: for the world's palliations—as degrees of guilt—the law of necessity will not give comfort here. No, to the truly proud, the first step from honour is perdition.

Enter JULIA.

Julia. My father! you said you'd come to me—don't be angry. Oh, do you smile on me? then Julia cannot be unhappy. [*Embraces* FAULKNER.] You frowned just now—'twas the first time: indeed it cut my heart. Come, sir, be cheerful; for poverty cannot chill the conscious glow of virtue, nor dim the celestial radiance of honour.

Faulk. Oh! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in M'Query's *House.*

Enter M'Query *and* Servant.

Serv. Lady Sorrel to wait upon you.

M'Query. Desire Lady Sorrel to walk in.

[*Exit* Servant.

Enter Servant *and* Lady Sorrel.

Your most obsequious, my lady. How am I to have the honour of serving you? Is it your will I'm to make?

Lady S. My will, sir!

M'Query. Oh, what a blunder! Because ladies often make their wills, when they should be making their marriage articles.

Lady S. You gentlemen of the long robe flatter.

M'Query. You flatter, my lady! I of the long robe! No, I'm only, as I may say, a mere spencer of the law—Oh, how I love female clients! They are so easily pleased—[*Aside.*] and so easily imposed on,

Lady S. You are too polite. But that is the characteristic of Ireland—I've been there; and had I remained, it is a country I should have been transported with.

M'Query. [*Aside.*] And had I remained there, it is a country I should have been transported from.

Lady S. Mr. Tangent, who possesses many amiable qualities—in my approbation of men, sir, I always use discernment.

M'Query. Oh, you do—[*Aside.*] For you always approve of young ones.

Lady S. He has fallen in love with a Miss Faulkner, whose father is, I hear, poor and proud. Pray, sir, do you know any thing about him?

M'Query. A little: and one thing I know is, that he owes me fifty pounds, and has not a shilling to pay me.

Lady S. Indeed! If any thing could prevent Tangent's attachment to the lady (a little witch) it would certainly be for their good.—Does it strike you how you could be of service to this captain and his fair daughter?

M'Query. Not at all.

Lady S. What do you think of sending them to—to——gaol?

M'Query. Gaol! [*Aside.*] 'Faith, that's one way of being of service! Why, it's a good place for them to recollect themselves in.

Lady S. And would prevent Tangent's seeing her.

M'Query. And bring down the pride of the father.

Lady S. And, as they are poor, would contract their expenses.

M'Query. Apartment found them for nothing there, you know.

Lady S. Well, then, as Captain Faulkner owes you money, suppose you were to arrest——

M'Query. Oh, I can't—I can't in honour, because —[*Aside.*] I should get nothing by it. Here is his bond. Now, many people take fancies to bonds—for my part, I'd just as soon have ready money—It's a mighty pretty bond; and if you'd purchase it, I'll send him to gaol with all the pleasure in life; for

then, you know, I'm only an attorney in the business; and 'tis no matter what I do.

Lady S. [*Aside.*] How fortunate! Now I shall be revenged. Very well. Assign it to me; and, as we agree it will be for their good, you may as well arrest——

M'Query. Yes; I'll give the captain a wholesome tap on the shoulder. In the next room is parchment, pen, and ink.

Lady S. I am going to Allspice's gala. I suppose you will be there to pay your court to the barristers?

M'Query. No; I go there to have the barristers pay court to me. You'll see the young ones crowd about me, like a plate full of potatoes round a butter-boat, and try to wheedle me out of a light half guinea. Oh, Miss Faulkner is no more to be compared to you, madam, than a little twinkling star is to the full moon.

Lady S. Ah, sir, flattery is another characteristic of your country.

M'Query. My words exactly express my meaning, my lady; and that's another characteristic of my country. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A spacious Suite of Rooms, brilliantly illuminated,—Music playing—Card Tables, &c.

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clement. What a horrid, capricious, old wretch, that Mr. Caustic is! Just now, when, to humour

him, I praised his nephew, he insisted I should not name him. Well, I vow I'm glad of that; for Mr. Dashall is far more tonish. I observed him to-day, with his hands in his pockets, elbowing every body, treading on the ladies' toes, and, without any apology, tearing their dresses in such a style—

Enter DASHALL, *looking round.*

Dash. A gay thing, ma'am, 'faith—all elegance—

Clement. Except pa. Oh, sir, did you hear him at dinner? He rose up—(all the company were silent, expecting a complimentary address) and roars out, "Ladies and gentlemen, pray don't spare the pickles, for there are plenty in the shop." Oh, I blushed in such a style.

Dash. Ha! ha! Upon my soul—and all that—you're a fine creature! and interest my feelings more than any event, since Waxy, the race-horse, won the Derby.

Clement. How flattering! How elegant! will you love me, sir?

Dash. May virtue seize me, if, when we're married, I don't adore you!

Clement. Adore me!

Dash. Yes; that is, fashionably.

Clement. Certainly.

Dash. You would not have us found together like debtor and creditor in your father's ledger, or stuck together like his figs.

Clement. Oh! shocking!

Dash. No; ours shall be a stylish adoration—separate beds—you making a dash with your friend in one curricle; I making a splash with mine in another. You at Bath—I at Newmarket—

Clement. Oh, charming! Hail, connubial love! Oh, here comes Mr. Caustic!

Dash. Then you shall see me hoax him.

Clement. Oh, no. It is he that has the disposal of my aunt's fortune.

Dash. Oh, that's the reason that all the women were paying court to him. I swear, he looked like the grand signior with a seraglio at his heels.

Clement. But it all won't do. I am the favoured sultana.

Enter CAUSTIC, *at the Top of the Stage, bowing to a Number of Ladies about him, who pass off.*

Caust. Ma'am, your most obedient—miss, your devoted. Good day, madam—oh, miss, happy to see you. [*Coming forward.*] Oh, my back, my back! I must go home, ha! ha! But I can't help laughing at the absurd adulation paid me. I, who was yesterday a sour curmudgeon, am to-day the monopolizer of all human excellence. Oh, my poor back! Oh, world! world!

Clement. How do you do, sir?

Caust. [*Bows.*] Your most obedient.

Clement. I hope, sir, you approve of our music and gala.

Caust. To say the truth, madam, I preferred my own.

Clement. Your own, I vow! Pray, when did you give a gala, Mr. Caustic?

Caust. In the last frost, madam, to two hundred paupers, and their helpless families—and we had our dancing too, ma'am: for the little chubby brats, in merry antics, gambolled round my knees: and we had music too, madam; for the widows sung for joy.

Clement. Oh, charming!

Dash. Damned fine, indeed! I think with you certainly, sir, that—what the devil is the word? Benevolence, is it not?

Clement. Yes, there is such a word—

Dash. Ay, benevolence, virtue, and all that, are at times extremely amusing.

Caust. Amusing! sir, virtue is the business of our lives; all else is its idleness.

Clement. I vow, sir, I was shocked to see you so teased by the fulsome attentions of the women. Flattery is not the way to secure the approbation of a man——

Dash. Of your fine feelings and understanding.

Caust. It is not indeed! [*Aside.*] Madam, Mr. Allspice wants you.

Dash. Favour me with your hand.

Clement. Sir, your devoted. Ah, what worlds of feeling!

Dash. What oceans of sense!—[*Apart.*] I fancy we've tickled him in a capital style.

Clement. Very neatly, too! ha! ha!

[*Exeunt, smiling, and nodding Approbation to each other,*

Caust. These excite but laughter and contempt; but my vexatious nephew's tormenting.—But this I'm resolved on,—if ever again he dare to—

Enter TANGENT, *not observing* CAUSTIC.

Tang. Julia Faulkner! Julia Faulkner! By Heaven, her beauty might set the world at war, and make another siege of Troy: and, oh! were I a general at that siege, I'd build castles—

Caust. Ay, that you would!

Tang. 'Sdeath! What should oppose me? Sword in hand, I'd storm the breach—[*Pushing between two Chairs.*] I'd fire the palace, pull down the gates—[*Snatches up a Chair.*] and rush into her arms, [*Is near embracing* CAUSTIC.]—ah, uncle, is it you?

Caust. Keep off! How dare you approach me, you—are you not a pretty fellow?

Tang. So the ladies say, sir.

Caust. And a fool?

Tang. So I say, sir.

Caust. And a libertine?

Tang. So you say, sir.

Caust. And what do you say for yourself?—A professed libertine?

Tang. Sir, I say that I practise what I profess; which is more than you moralists can say.

Caust. Psha! and the world says you're a coxcomb.

Tang. Damn the world, then, for making me one. How the devil can I help being a coxcomb, when I see a flattering fool, like myself, idolized, and modest worth despised? Uncle, the temple of Folly would soon be without votaries, had it not the world for its worshippers.

Caust. But, zounds! did the world clap you on the woolsack? did the world put you on an apron, or desire you to make another siege of Troy?

Tang. Upon my soul, I'm ashamed of myself; but, by future perseverance and diligence, I'll atone for my follies. Come, uncle, forgive the past—shake hands.

Caust. No—well—there—ay, Frank, persevere, and you may soon convert your air-built castle into a solid one of brick and mortar.

Tang. True; then every one will say, his character does not rest on the flimsy basis of hereditary worth, but on the noble exertion of talent.

Caust. That's well said.

Tang. Then I, with conscious dignity, will walk through my hall—my servants ranged on each side—I bend to them with ease, call my agent, and say to him, distribute an hundred pounds to—

Caust. Death and fury, you're at it again!

Tang. No, no—that was only—

Caust. What will drive me mad. 'Sdeath! what is talent without the will and means to exert it? 'Tis Newton without his telescope, or Handel without

his organ.—Remember, this is your last, last warning. [*Exit.*

Tang. He's certainly right. That Handel was a great man; and, though bereft of one sense, how amply was another gratified! For what can strike more gratefully on the heart, than hearing the honourable applause of an impartial public?

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. I'll just take a peep, and see the effect my lecture has had.

Tang. Though Handel was blind, how I envy him his sensations, when, seated before an enraptured audience, he thus began, and charmed all hearts—[*Shuts his Eyes, and plays on the Table.*] Oh, charming! bravo!

Caust. [*Striking the Table with his Stick.*] You villain! if ever I speak to you again, may I——I discard you for ever—for ever—and for ever! [*Exit.*

Tang. Oh, confound this cracked head! What a scrape have I got into!

Enter CLEMENTINA.

Clement. Mr. Tangent!

Tang. So, here's the wife he intends for me. Marry her, and dote on Julia. Sweet situation mine would be! I can very well fancy myself——

Clement. Brute! sir, my pa wishes to speak—

Tang. I'll come to your pa. [*Ruminating, and not looking at her.*] No, Julia, I'll be only thine—I'll come to your pa.

Clement. This way, sir.

Tang. [*Rising, and following.*] I'll come to your pa—I'll be only thine, my Julia.—I'll come to your pa—

[*Follows* CLEMENTINA *to one Side of the Stage, and walks out, absorbed in thought, at the opposite Side.*

Clement. Gone! Well, this is certainly beyond all the fine breeding I ever saw—Miss Faulkner?

Enter JULIA, *in great Agitation, her Hair disordered.*

Julia. Oh, madam, forgive this intrusion—you told me you had a friendship for me. Oh, show it now! my father is arrested—in a dreadful situation. [*Kneeling.*

Clement. So are you, my dear, in a dreadful situation. Never kneel in a public room.

Julia. [*Rises.*] Madam, I said my dear father,—the beloved author of my being is in a prison.

Clement. Well?

Julia. Well! we're ruined, madam.

Clement. That's certainly extremely disagreeable.

Julia. What shall I do?

Clement. Oh, my dear, don't mind it—arrested! Nothing can be more fashionable. I dare say all will be well. Good b'ye! I'm sorry I can't assist you; but the guinea loo table waits for me. Pray, come and see me when your affairs are settled. Good b'ye, my dear! Good b'ye! Good b'ye! [*Exit.*

Julia. This, in prosperity, was my warmest friend! Alas! such friends are as the leaves that clothe the tree in the genial summer, but leave it naked to the winter's blast. Whither shall I go? Heavens! Mr. Tangent!

Enter TANGENT, *musing.*

Sir—hold! did not my father forbid my speaking to him? But is not that father in want?

Tang. Married to a woman I dislike! [*Sits.*

Julia. Married! Oh, my heart! Julia, this is no time for thy sorrows.

Tang. 'Sdeath! if I'm miserable, what signifies my having thousands in my pockets?—

Julia. How fortunate!

Tang. Marry for thirty thousand! Psha! [*Takes*

Box.] With decent luck I'd win it in ten minutes.——Did you say, sir, you'd set me 500l.—done!—Seven's the main, and six I have—off in two throws a thousand—done—six it is! Bravo! Come, gentlemen, a thousand each if you please.

Julia. Mr. Tangent, I want——

Tang. Double or quit? you shall have it. [*Turning round.*]—Heavens! Miss Faulkner! damn this head of mine—it's in such a whirl.

Julia. Oh, sir, pity and relieve!

Enter DASHALL, *at the Back Scene.*

Tang. Madam!

Dash. What's here? fine girl, 'faith!

Julia. I know my behaviour is wild, is imprudent; but my excuse is, a father in prison, and broken hearted—save but him.—For myself I care not.

Tang. By Heaven, she puts herself in my power; and what an exquisite temptation! here's an opportunity to establish my character as a man of gallantry! hold! here's an opportunity to establish my reputation as a man of honour. The father of my love in prison, and I without change for sixpence—I'll go this instant and borrow money at 500 per cent.—I'll——

Julia. I'm sure you'll relieve me—I'm sure you have a generous heart. The debt is but fifty pounds. I heard you say you had thousands in your pocket.

Tang. Yes, yes, ma'am, I said—that—I—that is, I—Oh! curse this cracked head! but I'll get the money instantly. Miss Faulkner, it is with shame and confusion I declare, that at this moment it is not in my power to be of the least assistance. [*Exit.*

Julia. Is it possible? is this the man to whom I've given my heart?—'tis too much [*Is near fainting, when* DASHALL *runs to her Assistance.*]—ah! a stranger!

Dash. Don't be alarmed, young lady—[*Aside.*] I see I must give her a touch of the sober citizen. Madam, I heard your distress; I am inquisitive after sorrow—I possess a large fortune, 'tis true; but only in trust for the worthy who want it. A sober, plodding citizen, as you see, plain in my manners, plainer in my dress—despise powder and embroidery—a mere London merchant!

Julia. The world knows their benevolence.

Dash. Pretty well. But you must not suppose all London merchants like me.

Julia. Will you, sir—will you, then, save my father? I can't express what I feel.

Dash. [*Aside.*] That's very odd, when I can so well express what I do not feel! Madam, I will do it.

Julia. Then, sir, I'll expect you at the prison where my father is.

Dash. No, no!—I can't tell you why; but I have a strange antipathy to prisons. But, in two hours time, at the gate of it, if you please.

Julia. Sir, I'll bless you.

Dash. Upon my soul, I mean it. [*Aside.*] Now, I suppose, I should say gallant things, but I cannot. Suffice it, I will be there.

Julia. Farewell!—happy, happy Julia!

Dash. I will be there ready—[*Exit* JULIA.]—with a post-chaise and four to carry you off, my nice one—then chevy, away for the next town—confine her—swear she's a runaway wife—return—marry Miss Allspice—do old Toby out of the ready. Ha! ha! here he comes—what a gig it is!

Enter ALLSPICE, *his Hair cropped, a full-drest Coat on, singing.*

Allsp. Well, here I am—as gay a dasher as the best of you—snug about the head, eh?

Dash. But what a quiz of a coat you've on!

Allsp. Don't you like it? it was my grandfather's.

Dash. Your dinner was stylish, 'faith.

Allsp. Very; but it had one little fault. There was nothing to eat—grottoes, trees, fountains, sweet-meat shepherdesses, and buttered cupids in plenty,—nothing else. I should have been half starved, had I not luckily looked over my shoulder, and there beheld my old friend, the honoured sirloin, on the side-board.—I could have cried to have seen him so disgraced; but I ordered him to be conducted to the top of the table, and the music to strike up "Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!" and, then, how I ogled the girls, and how they titter'd at me! women give a man's ideas so elegant a turn. I'm as much above what I was, as a hogshead is to a butter firkin.

Dash. Butter firkin! curse it, and sink it, Toby, talk like a gentleman. But, I say, you seem a little damaged.

Allsp. Yes; funny, an't I? I got hold of a little bottle, such as they put ketchup in—by the bye, I can sell you some very fine ketchup, if you want any—it was devilish good—yoyeo, they call it.

Dash. Yoyeo! psha! noyau.

Allsp. Well, well, noyau. Egad, when I found it cost a guinea, and that I was to pay for it—I drank it all, every drop.

Dash. A guinea! bagatelle! I'll put you in a way to drink it every day.

Allsp. How, my dear friend?

Dash. I've had a letter from my clerk.

Allsp. Your hunting clerk?

Dash. Yes; he has a scheme of buying up furs, by which one hundred per cent. must be made in a month.—A trifle—five thousand will do; but at present my cash is here and there. Indeed, at this moment, I can't tell you exactly where it is. But if you should like it——

Allsp. You would not have me lay out five thousand pounds in muffs and tippets, would you?

Dash. Five thousand! I've speculated deeper in darning needles.—But you have not the cash?

Allsp. Yes, but I have though—that sum in the house too. I intended to buy with it half an estate, valued at ten thousand pounds.

Dash. Then defer the purchase one month, and I'll engage you shall buy the whole.

Allsp. Oh, charming! Ah, but should it fail—

Dash. But it can't fail—if it do, then blame me.

Allsp. That's enough.

Dash. All you will have to do, will be to come to town in a month, and hug your ten thousand pounds, as sure as the sweet Harriet will hug you.

Allsp. Oh, the pretty one!—that has fixed me.—When the company is gone, I'll give you bank notes to the amount.—And tell your hunting clerk, if he'll make the five thousand ten, I'll give him a guinea.—Oh, what a rich, jolly dog I shall be! let's go and have another touch at the little bottle—another guinea's worth—damn the expense! and drink confusion to retailing, and Harriet's health in a bumper!

[*Exeunt, singing.*

SCENE III.

M'QUERY's *Office.*

Enter M'QUERY *and* TANGENT.

Tang. Come, come, the money—quick!

M'Query. You'll pay devilish dear for it.

Tang. 'Sdeath, that's my affair.

M'Query. You must give your bond for five hundred pounds.

Tang. What cash am I to touch?

M'Query. Two. I can't afford more, on my honour.

Tang. Your honour!

M'Query. My honour? Yes, honour is the conservation of society—(Oh, I wish I could recollect Captain Faulkner's flashy speech!)—Honour is—upon my soul I can't tell what honour is.

Tang. I believe you. But you mentioned Captain Faulkner's name!

M'Query. Yes. Oh, I could sell you a nice secret about him.

Tang. [*Anxiously.*] Tell me a secret, did you say?

M'Query. No—I said, *sell* you a secret.

Tang. Well, I am a buyer—any thing respecting him is interesting.

M'Query. And you may get a thousand pounds by it.

Tang. Make your own terms.

M'Query. Faulkner has hummed you out of that sum.

Tang. Impossible!

M'Query. Your friend, Charles Richmond, left it to you, and the old sly thief smushed it. He told a palavering story about distresses, and his dear daughter, and his wife's funeral, and a parcel of balderdash.

Tang. [*Aside.*] Poor Faulkner! my heart bleeds for him. This explains his behaviour.

M'Query. Then he has had a lawsuit; but he's nonsuited, as this letter will show you.

[*Gives* TANGENT *a Letter.*

Tang: Come, sir, draw the bond. [*Looks at the Letter.*] What's this? [*Reads.*] *I remit you your share of the bribe for the error in Faulkner's declaration;—have also received, under his power of attorney, two thousand pounds prize money.* Scoundrels! *Which is*

much better in our hands than his.--The more we distress him, the less danger there is of detection.

M'Query. [*Writing.*] You see by that letter how things are, and what care I've taken of the captain's property.

Tang. I'll put this in my pocket, and read it at leisure.

M'Query. No, no, I'm always for vouchers—that letter should not be lost.

Tang. There I agree with you.—Eh, I have it!—[*Tears off the Half Sheet with the Contents of the Letter, from the Half Sheet that contains the Address; wraps that up, and gives it to* M'QUERY.]—So, there's the letter.

M'Query. Let me see [*Looking at it.*]—Now, that's as it should be. [*Putting it in his Pocket.*

Tang. Exactly—Is the bond ready?

M'Query. Ay, sign away.

Tang. [*Signing the Bond.*] But we have no witness.

M'Query. Oh! I have a clerk will set his hand to it at any time.—That Faulkner's a pretty fellow, isn't he? To be sure, the coolness with which some people take others' property, is amazing! [*Taking up the Bond.*]—In two hour's time you shall have the two hundred pounds.

Tang. Very well; I must go and tickle my old uncle, and then away to relieve poor Faulkner.

M'Query. You've got the money very dear.

Tang. 'Tis false. The sensation I feel at this moment is cheap at ten times the sum. [*Exit.*

M'Query. Rather a neat morning's work.

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. Where's Mr. Tangent?

M'Query. This moment gone.

Caust. I hear the fool's in love with a Miss Faulk-

ner,—a female fortune-hunter, I suppose. Ay, like her sex—sharp as a razor.—You've found them so, I dare say.

M'Query. Oh, yes; and, like a razor, I've found strapping a mighty good thing for them.

Caust. And does he think I'll forgive this?

M'Query. He does. He says he'll tickle you.

Caust. Tickle me, will he? we'll see that. Except in the article of money; there, indeed, he has reformed. Thank Heaven, he don't borrow thousands of you now.

M'Query. No—he only borrows five hundreds.

Caust. Eh! what do you mean?

M'Query. There's his bond, you see.

Caust. I'm petrified!

M'Query. I'll sell it you.

Caust. Sell it me!—he owes me thousands, a profligate! I shall be ruined—a beggar! but I'll humble him. He knows the way to tickle me, you know—now we'll see—arrest him—I'll show him I can tickle him —I order you, sir, to arrest him.

M'Query. With all my heart and soul.—You will make the affidavit, and I will touch him up with a bit of a capias.

Caust. Ay, a capias. I'll humble him.

M'Query. Then follow that up with a fi—fa.

Caust. Ay, a fi—fa.

M'Query. If that won't do, tip him a ca—sa.

Caust. Ay, tip him a ca—sa. He can tickle me, can he? a profligate! come along! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Street.

Enter DASHALL *and* POSTILLION.

Post. The chaise is ready, your honour.
Dash. Capital horses, eh?
Post. Like myself— blood every inch.
Dash. Snug, you dog.
Post. Oh, as sharp as my spurs. [*Exit.*
Dash. How surprised the girl will be! ha! ha!— Curse me, if I can help laughing, to think how she'll cry! ha! ha!

Enter NED, *and Another.*

Bailiffs, by all that's——
Ned. Ah, master Dashall, how are you?
Dash. [*Keeping at a considerable Distance.*] How do you do, Ned? how do you do?
Ned. You need not be afraid.
Dash. [*Still keeping off.*] Afraid! no to be sure.— I know that.
Ned. We don't want you.
Dash. [*Hesitating.*] Eh, don't you though?
Ned. Honour!
Dash. Oh, honour!—
[*Coming up, and shaking Hands.*
Ned. Honour among thieves.
Dash. By the lord, you frightened me.

Ned. We are not bailiffs now—we're in the mad line.

Dash. Mad line!

Ned. We belong to Dr. Coercion, and are come after a patient that has escaped—a mad lawyer.

Dash. Mad lawyer! I always thought it was the client who was out of his senses. Well, good b'ye, Ned. 'Sdeath! here comes Tangent—perhaps to relieve Faulkner: and then I lose the girl.—Eh, it would be knowing! he! he! here goes!—So, Ned, you're come here after a mad lawyer.—Do you know his person?

Ned. No.

Dash. I do, intimately; and, by Heaven, here he comes! that's he—don't he look as if he was mad?

Ned. Oh, a clear case.—Now, this is so kind of you!

Dash. You'll take care of the poor fellow.—Ecod, Ned, you frightened me. Be sure, now, you take care of the poor devil! ha! ha!

[*Exit, laughing apart.*

Ned. Tom, mind your hits.

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. Now to poor Faulkner's prison, and restore happiness to my Julia!—Julia! if I don't watch this addle head of mine, I shall certainly go mad. There's something sublime in madness! rolling eye—dungeons—straw—chains——

Ned. Come, come, that will do—a pretty dance you've led us.

Tang. Who are you—and what do you want with me?

Ned. Tom, have you a strait waistcoat in your pocket?

Tang. Strait waistcoat! what are you going to do?

Ned. Take you back to the mad doctor's.

Tang. Be quiet, you scoundrels!

Enter SERVANT *to* CAUSTIC, *and* BAILIFFS.

Serv. That's he you are to arrest. Touch him.

Tang. Oh, here's Caustic's servant. Come here, sir—am I mad, sir?

Serv. Mad, sir?—No, sir.

Tang. Tell these rascals who I am.

Serv. Oh, this is Mr. Tangent.

Tang. Ay, Frank Tangent's my name, is not it? [*To the* BAILIFF.

Bailiff. That it is.

Tang. You're an honest fellow!

Bailiff. Then you shall go with an honest fellow. [*Showing the Writ.*

Tang. A writ! Oh, the devil! worse and worse! At whose suit?

Bailiff. Mr. Caustic's.

Tang. Pretty way I'm in! arrested at this moment! what shall I do?

Bailiff. Pay a visit to my lock-up house.

Tang. I can't—'pon my honour I'm engaged—Eh I believe I'd better be mad. [*To* CAUSTIC'S SERVANT.] Ah! kneel down before your father and mother.

Serv. Where are they?

Tang. I'm your father and mother.—I'm father and mother of all the judges—vanity's father and mother of all the counsellors—the devil's father and mother of all the bailiffs.

Serv. He's mad!

Bailiff. Fudge! that's not madness.

Tang. I am mad, you scoundrel.

Ned. I say he is mad.

Bailiff. I say he an't mad. [*They struggle for him.*

Tang. I'll be off——Ha! I spy a brother. [*Exit.*

Bailiff. Mad or not, we must not lose him: so come along.

Ned. Ay, ay; we must have him. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CAUSTIC.

Caust. By this time he's safe. I think I've given him a tickler. [*Noise.*] What! he resists, does he?

Enter a SERVANT.

Well, sir, have they got him?

Serv. Yes, sir: but he fought them nobly; then I came up.

Caust. And secured the rascal?

Serv. No, your honour: I don't know how it was; but seeing three upon him, ecod, I cou'dn't help, somehow, fighting on his side; so I knocked one down, and he killed another.

Caust. What do you say? killed a man!

Serv. There he lies, bleeding like a pig.

Caust. Has my poor Frank been so rash? I hope he escaped?

Serv. No; they got hold of him.

Caust. I'm a miserable man.—This is all my fault.

Enter BAILIFF.

Is the man dead? oh, my poor boy!

Bailiff. No, your honour;—the cowardly chap swooned at the sight of his blood.

Caust. Then the rascal has not killed him—eh?

Bailiff. A guinea and a plaster will set all right.

Caust. Will it? he kill a man! what an old fool I was! hold, I have it. Let the man be conveyed to my house—give out his life's in danger. I'll have him taken up for a murderer: I'll lay him with the dust. Away with him to prison—I'll be so revenged! and, d'ye hear, put irons on him; [*Going.*] but don't starve him—give him bread and water; [*Going.*] and, d'ye hear, give him straw—give him plenty of straw.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Inside of a Prison.

FAULKNER *discovered,* JULIA *leaning on him.—A Noise without of Chains falling.*—JULIA *starts.*

Faulk. Be not alarmed. These noises, Julia, we shall be accustomed to.

Julia. I hope not, my father. It is the hour I promised to be at the prison gate. [FAULKNER *shakes his Head.*] The gentleman seemed a man of honour.

Faulk. And, perhaps, is called so. Ah, girl! the trickery of this knavish world makes a wide difference between honour to woman and to man. The wretch that robs the father of his child, let him but at a gaming table keep his word with man, and he's of honour. Nay, should this wretch, in aggravation, meet that wronged father in the field, and lay him at his feet a corpse, then who dare deny that he's a man of honour?

Julia. But he's a merchant, sir—a rank of men, whose nobleness and benevolence a.e far above my praise.

Faulk. True; let me not, by vague suspicion, wrong a worthy man. Go then, my child, but only to the gate; and mark, return with speed.

Julia. Shall I not fly, when 'tis to bring a father happiness? [*Exit.*

Faulk. And should it not be so, oh, Faulkner, what horrors will be thine! when, in addition to thy wounded pride, thou hearest thy child ask thee for bread thou canst not give her; see'st her pine daily at

thy feet, and perish; or, what is worse, should the agony which rends this heart, draw on thee a speedier dissolution, and she be left behind, exposed to want, to villany—that shall be prevented! yet I'll cling to hope—perhaps all may be well again.—[JULIA *screams without.*] Ah, she shrieks! It is my Julia's voice! Villain, forbear! hear a father's cries, or take a father's curse. Blast him, Heaven, with thy hottest vengeance! all, all is hushed——she's gone! my child is lost, is dishonoured—dishonoured! no, I wrong her—my girl will die.—[*A Noise again.*]—It approaches—be faithful, eyes! [*Door opens.*

Enter GAOLER *and* TANGENT, *he bearing* JULIA *in his Arms.*

My Julia! oh, give her to my arms!

Tang. Captain Faulkner, after what has passed, some excuse is due for this intrusion. There, sir, is my apology.

Faulk. She revives!

Julia. Where am I? my father! my deliverer!

Gaoler. Ay, that he is.—As this gentleman was coming to gaol——

Tang. Hush! [*Stopping his Mouth.*] Passing this place, sir, I heard a woman shriek, and saw some villains hurry this lady into a chaise——

Gaoler. Then he bravely flew among them, and laid about him, and—

Tang. The conquest was easy, for the rascals fled.

Faulk. Saved by the man I've so deeply wronged. His presence tortures me.—Sir, I thank you.

Tang. Captain Faulkner, a word in private.

Faulk. Ah! am I detected?

Tang. I've been with your attorney, sir.

Faulk. Racks! tortures!

Tang. And have discovered an infernal act of villany.

Faulk. Well, then it is discovered.——Madness! fiends! I would be alone.

Tang. You mistake.

Faulk. I insist on being alone.

Enter SERVANT *to* TANGENT.

Serv. A message from your attorney, sir.

Tang. 'Tis well.—Captain Faulkner, you will be sorry for this behaviour. [*Exit with* GAOLER.

Faulk. My brain rocks! ah, my child, do I hold thee in a parent's grasp, pure, unpolluted? Julia, we part no more—never—never! 'tis time to tell thee thy father is a villain.

Julia. Impossible! perhaps your too keen sense of honour interprets harshly.

Faulk. No, no. E'en now the man I wronged gave it its substantial title—an infernal act of villany.—Horrors accumulate.—On one side, dishonour; on the other, famine. Julia! [*Taking both her Hands, and looking on her.*] though dreadful, it must be so.

Julia. Your words and looks terrify me.

Faulk. In this world we can cherish no hope of happiness.

Julia. But in the next, my father——

Faulk. True, girl; then the sooner we are there, the better.

Julia. Sir!

Faulk. 'Tis in our power, Julia, to expedite our happiness.

Julia. What means my father?

Faulk. Now, heart-strings, hold awhile! collect the exalted resolution of thy soul, and mark.—Out of the wreck of fortune, I have preserved something, my child, to free us from poverty, from dishonour, and to give us everlasting peace.

Julia. Blest tidings!

Faulk. Behold!

[*Taking from each Pocket a Pistol, and presenting one to* JULIA.

Julia. Horror!

Faulk. Ha! hast thou not by miracle escaped dishonour? and is not thus to live, to meet perdition?

Julia. Is not thus to die, to meet perdition?

Faulk. It is too late for thought. Here—ah! dost thou shrink?

Julia. Suicide! my soul sickens at the thought.

Faulk. Then live, base girl, and see thy father die. Live, till scorn shall point at thee, and, mocking, cry, "Behold the violated daughter of the villain Faulkner!"

Julia. There's madness in the thought—give me the deathful instrument. [*Seizes the Pistol.*

Faulk. Hold! oh, let me kiss thee—[*A knocking at the Door.*] we're interrupted.—[*Knocking repeated.*]—Go to the door.—[JULIA *goes to the Door, returns with a Letter, opens it, shrieks, and runs into her Father's Arms.*]—What means this frantic joy? bank notes! a letter! ah, from Tangent—[*Reads.*]—*While I intreat you will do me the honour of employing these notes, it gives me great pleasure to inclose you a letter, which at once exposes the villany of your agents, and restores you to prosperity and happiness.*—[*Looks over the Letter, then falls on his Knee.*]—Omnipotent Providence! humbled with the dust, behold a repentant wretch! but thou art slow to punish, and thy mercies are infinite. Here, too, let me ask pardon—my child!—But where is thy deliverer, the preserver of thy honour, thy life? Within—Has Mr. Tangent left the prison?

Enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. Oh, no, sir. [*Aside.*] Then they don't know that he's a prisoner! [*Exit.*

Faulk. Then fly to him, my child! He is the legitimate son of honour; I the base born slave of pride. Bring him to me, that I may kneel and bless him.

Julia. My father—I'm dizzy with my happiness.—One kiss of rapture, and I am gone.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Prison.

Enter GAOLER, *followed by* TANGENT, *fettered; a* SOLICITOR, *and* UNDERTAKER.

Gaoler. Oh, how they become him! I'm sure your leg was made for them. I'll be hanged if I flatter you.

Tang. [*Sighs.*] Indeed you do not. Certainly, a very neat appendage to a gentleman—heigho!

Gaoler. I declare it gives me pleasure to see you in them.

Tang. You have all the pleasure to yourself.—Heigho! I feel devilish queer. Retire!

Gaoler. A card from the gentlemen of our club.

[*Exit.*

Tang. Your club! [*Reads.*] *The gentlemen prisoners inform Mr. Tangent they have elected him a member of the select club, and solicit the honour of his company to a turbot, haunch, claret, and chicken hazard. The club, to prevent accidents, meet on Sunday, Monday being hanging day.* —Hanging day!—'tis alarming, very!—what do you want?

Solic. I'm a Newgate solicitor; and for fifty pounds will undertake to prevent gibbeting, at least.

Tang. Gibbeting! Begone, you croaking—[*Drives him off.*] And what will you undertake?

Undert. Sir, I'm an undertaker; and if you are not engaged, would be proud to inter—

Tang. Go to the devil! [*Drives him off.*] Leave the room, you infernal——Gibbet! undertaker!—— Heigho!—Pugh! I can't have killed the fellow—his skull must have been thinner than mine, to crack with such a paltry blow.—How has my letter sped with Faulkner!—That's nearest my heart.—Oh, Julia!

Gaoler. [*Without.*] You'll find Mr. Tangent in the next room, ma'am.

Tang. Heavens! 'tis Julia! 'tis herself! and joy brightens her lovely countenance. Oh, let me meet her! Damn these things! 'Sdeath! how shall I conceal my disgrace? What can I do to——

Enter JULIA.

[TANGENT *holds his Handkerchief before his Fetters.*

Julia. Sir, with a heart oppressed with gratitude let me kneel—

Tang. Loveliest creature, rise!—Allow me to—[*Is about to raise her, when he recollects his Fetters.*]—Pray rise, ma'am; you distress me!

Julia. Why should benevolence shrink from praise?

Tang. Angelic excellence! call it love, adoration! I'm your slave—upon my soul, I'm in chains—I beg pardon—but my love is pure as your own thoughts.

Julia. Sir, I believe you noble—above base concealment.

Tang. By Heaven, I would not conceal any thing; that is, not any thing that—that—

Julia. Sir, my father is anxious to see you.

Tang. Happy tidings!

Julia. Will you favour him with your company?

Tang. Instantly!

Julia. This way, then.

Tang. Yes, ma'am. [*Recollecting himself.*] That is, presently—I'll come presently to—to—to his house.

Julia. Farewell! Oh, sir, my feelings would be unworthy, could I express them—But these tears of joy—

Tang. Dry them, lovely creature. By Heaven, they affect me to that—

[*Raises his Handkerchief to his Eyes, recollects himself, then pulls a Chair towards him, and gets behind it, leans over it, and wipes his Eyes.*

Julia. What noise was that?

Tang. I did not hear any noise.

Julia. The clank of fetters. I dread to meet those miserable beings—perhaps, some horrid murderer!

Tang. Very likely, ma'am.

Julia. Yet I must pity them.

Tang. 'Tis very kind of you, ma'am.

Julia. Poor wretches!

Tang. Ah, poor devils!

Julia. Farewell, sir. We shall see you soon?

[*Exit.*

Tang. I'll follow you, and fly—Egad, that's the only way I can follow. Heigho! But away with melancholy. Julia Faulkner is happy; and can I be otherwise? [*Sits down.*

Enter CAUSTIC, *cautiously.*

Caust. There he sits—the picture of despair, poor fellow! This lesson has cured him.

Tang. These decorations are not exactly the thing, to be sure!—Ha! ha!

Caust. How mournfully he looks down on his disgraceful fetters!

Tang. Julia is happy—The thought is ecstacy!

[*Rises.*

Caust. How lucky that I came! His despair might have made him kill himself.

Tang. I could sing—dance for joy. Dance! I remember seeing a man at the playhouse dance a hornpipe in a pair of these things, and did it devilish well too—Let me see—somehow!—Tol de rol, lol, lol! [*Sings and dances, not seeing* CAUSTIC.] My uncle! Confusion!

Caust. I shall go mad! [*After a struggle for breath.*] Oh, you—I can't speak—dancing! But you'll have but one dance more, and that will be upon nothing —you——the wounded man is dead!

Tang. Dead! Heaven forbid!

Caust. Most certain, sir.

Tang. Am I then a murderer? Shall I never see Julia Faulkner more? [*Sits down.*

Enter NED, *with a Patch on his Forehead, and* GAOLER.

Ned. Sir, I must go home;—so, will thank you for the five guineas you promised.

Caust. Go along, you scoundrel!

[*Endeavouring to conceal him.*

Tang. Never to behold—Eh! [*Seeing* NED.] Oh, my dear fellow, how glad I am to see you! [*Embraces him.*] Here, take off these things, will you?—[NED *and* GAOLER *take off the Fetters.*] I thought such a head as this could not be easily cracked!—Ha! ha! ha! [*Exulting.*] Now to my Julia! Farewell, uncle! Here's cash for you both.

[*Gives Money.*

Caust. Then I must kill the dog myself. [*Grasps his Cane.*] Nephew, come here—will you only listen to me?

Tang. Sir, I'll listen to you for a month. [*Exit.*

Caust. I'll murder him—stop that villain!

[*Exit, pursuing.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A Room at ALLSPICE'S.

Enter DASHALL, *with an opened Letter.*

Dash. Now, this is not fair play! What a rascally shame! What the devil does Fortune mean by it?—Zounds! to be bankrupt! My name in the Gazette at this moment, when I was doing them all in such a capital style! And, then, to lose the nice girl!—I suppose I shall have that fellow, Tangent, demanding satisfaction. Oh, my smashing will fly about like wildfire. If I can't, in one hour, humbug old Allspice, and marry his daughter, I must scud.—Fortune, be but kind! Damn her! she's a jade—I'll not invoke her. But thou, genius of swindling! oh, stick by me now, and I'll never forsake thee. She's propitious! for here comes one flat.

Enter ALLSPICE.

Well, Toby, what are you thinking about?

Allsp. London—I never was there: you must show me the sights.—The lions at the Tower, and the bulls and bears at the Stock Exchange; the parliament-house, and the wax work; the bench of bishops, and the maids of honour. And, my dear friend, you'll show me the King's Bench?

Dash. Ay, that I will.

Allsp. And, I say, the pretty girls!

Dash. True, my dear fellow! but about the trifle of money—

Allsp. Trifle! Oh, the halfcrown that I lost to you at all-fours.

Dash. No, no—the five thousand!

Allsp. Oh, dear—that's an enormous sum!

Dash. My letters from Petersburgh, say, the frost has set in there so devilish hard, that furs will be any price.

Allsp. Indeed! I have the money in my pocket!

Dash. Have you? give it me directly.

Allsp. Friendly creature, how anxious you are!

Dash. I am. Upon my soul, I feel just as if I were going to receive it for my own advantage.

Allsp. Good soul! Well, here it is.

Dash. Now I touch.

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shopm. Mr. Caustic, sir, wishes to speak with you.

Allsp. Very well; I'll come to him.

[*Puts up the Money.*—*Exit* SHOPMAN.

Dash. Confound Mr. Caustic! My bankruptcy will be blown, and then——— [*Aside.*

Allsp. Though 'tis for my own advantage, I can't bear to part with my dear notes.

Dash. If I have not the money directly, 'tis all up, I assure you.

Allsp. That would be a pity.

Dash. It would, indeed.

Allsp. [*Taking out the Notes again.*] Why, then, there they are—but let me take leave of them—my pretty ones, good b'ye to you; and be sure, now, you come again, with each of you a companion. One hug, and then we part.

Dash. Now I touch to a certainty.

Allsp. Now, hold your hand.

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shopm. The gazette, sir. [*Exit.*

Dash. Oh, the devil!

Allsp. Stop! [*Returns the Notes again to his Pocket.*

Dash. Never mind the gazette.

Allsp. We'll just take a peep at the bankrupts.

Dash. Here's luck again! [*Aside.*

Allsp. Ah! [*Taking out his Glasses.*] Here they are.

Dash. But don't you see there's great news. *The following despatch was this day received by*——

Allsp. We'll read that afterwards.

Dash. What shall I do?

Allsp. *Whereas a commission of*——

Dash. Why, friend Toby, ha! ha! ha!

[*Taking hold of the Arm that holds the Gazette.*

Allsp. What's the matter?—*Whereas a*——

Dash. [*Interrupting him.*] Ha! ha! What the devil! 'Tis all up with you—can't you see without spectacles? Ha! ha! Oh, then you are dished with the girls, ha! ha!

Allsp. See without them? to be sure I can—just as well without them, as with them. Bless your soul! I only use them because they are knowing.

Dash. Yes, knowing enough for young men with remarkably strong eyes; but——

Allsp. *Whereas*——

Dash. And then such a quiz of a pair as these! How you would be hoaxed! Now, only see what a gig I look in them!

Allsp. First, we'll just look at the bankrupts—*Whereas*——

Dash. No, no—now see. [*Takes the Glasses and Gazette from Allspice, lets fall the Glasses, and in pretending to pick them up, treads on them, and breaks them.*] Zounds, I've broke them!

Allsp. 'Tis of no consequence—they were of no use to me—Thank Heaven, I don't want them.

Dash. But I beg ten thousand pardons. I believe you wished to look over the list of bankrupts—there they begin, you see. [*Gives Gazette.*

Allsp. [*Pretending to read.*] Oh yes, I see.

Dash. Any body there particular? Any body there you know?

Allsp. [*Looking over the Gazette.*] Oh, no, no—a few reptiles of retailers, but none of your fine dashers like us—Ah! They manage their matters too cleverly to let me see them here.

Dash. To be sure they do—[*Takes the Gazette.*] There I am, sure enough—what an escape! Well, now the notes—now I touch, or the devil's in't!

Allsp. Yes, here they are. [*Takes Notes out again.*] Stop—one—two—

Dash. [*Adroitly snatching them.*] Three—four—five. Just the sum. [*Putting them into his Pocket.*

Allsp. Oh dear, I don't like to part with them! My dear friend, I'm afraid I've given you a thousand short—Let me look at them again, will you?

Dash. [*Taking them out.*] Certainly. No—exactly the sum. [*Returning them to his Pocket.*

Enter SHOPMAN.

Shopm. Mr. Caustic, sir, is in a great hurry, and in a great passion, and wants to speak to you about Miss Clementina, and that gentleman's marriage.

Dash. Ha! ha! here's capital luck! Go to him, my dear Toby—let it take place directly. Tell him my affairs are desperate,—my love affairs I mean.

Allsp. Well, I will—I'll say you're a bankrupt in hope. But don't send away all the money to London at once, pray don't.

Dash. Certainly not. Depend on't, if I can help it, I'll not part with a farthing of it.

Allsp. Oh, thank you, thank you—'Tis an enormous sum—I don't know what to think.

Dash. What to think! Think of the profits. Nay, why so dull? where's your spirits, your life?

Allsp. My life! you've got it in your pocket; so pray take care of it; for, indeed, the loss of it would kill me. [*Exit.*

Dash. Here they are! Oh, there goes Lady Sorrel, in a fury! I think she looks as if she were in the gazette—I must be after her.—Well, I've done the old one however. Bravo, my boy, Dashall! All I say, is, you've justified the opinion I always had of you. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Garden and Hot-house.

Enter LADY SORREL.

Lady S. How provoking! I could cry for vexation. Where is that fellow, Dashall, I wonder?

Enter DASHALL.

Lady S. So, sir, you've managed matters finely!

Dash. I rather think I have.

Lady S. Provoking! to have that gipsy, that Julia Faulkner in your power, and then to lose her!

Dash. I could not help it.

Lady S. I believe you could not help running away.

Dash. Nonsense! Will your talking recover her?

Lady S. Yes, if you'll attend to it. I have a plan, if you are not afraid of her——

Dash. Damme! do you think I'm afraid of a woman?

Lady S. That villain, Tangent, has released her father from prison! but I've a scheme—stay, he's here!

Dash. Then I would rather not stay. He's a desperate fighting fellow! [*Aside.*] I say, step in here till he passes.

Lady S. What! running away again?

Dash. 'Sdeath! no. But my affairs are devilish ticklish. I have not time to quarrel and kill people. Here he comes:—If you don't go in, I'll give up Julia. Can't you tell me your plan there, as well as here?

Lady S. But if we should be seen, and my cousin Caustic hear I was shut up with a man, I should be ruined.

Dash. Pshaw! nobody wants to ruin you.—Zounds! only while he passes.

[*They retire into the Hot-house.*

Enter TANGENT.

Tang. That infernal hornpipe has completely ruined me with my uncle; But, be that as it may, if she will consent, Julia Faulkner shall be mine, though this spade were my only portion. And why not this spade? What can more nobly employ the exertion of man, than improving the blessings Providence has sent him? I can fancy myself seated at my cottage fire, with my Julia and thirteen children—the equal serenity of the scene, harmonizing with the tranquil uniformity of my disposition. Happy employment! There we see the art of man even giving climate. [*Pointing to the Hot-house.*] Eh! I thought I caught a glimpse of that hypocrite, Lady Sorrel, endeavouring to conceal herself. I suppose a hot-house suits the warmth of her disposition; if so, she shall have it hot enough.—[*Aloud.*] Confound the carelessness of these rascally gardeners, leaving doors and windows open!—cold as an ice-house. [*Locks Door.*] The grapes will be sour; and I know there's a fine old sensitive plant within, that can't bear being exposed—I'll bring things forward. [*During this, he puts up the*

Glass, opens the Flues, and blows the Fire.] Zounds! My uncle! and as furious as when I left him!—I must be off—I presume, your ladyship begins to feel rather warm and comfortable. [*Exit.*

Enter CAUSTIC *and* ALLSPICE.

Caust. Come, sir, despatch—Let me get rid of this business. Where's this Dashall and your daughter? I must be gone—I would not stay in this infernal town——

Allsp. True; there's no making a splash here. I must reside in a place suited to my elegant ideas. London's the shop for me.

Caust. But, zounds! where's your daughter?

Allsp. How kind of you to regard my Cleme!

Caust. I regard her! Sir, she's a lady I particularly dislike. Do you think I give her thirty thousand pounds, because—No, sir, I do it to revenge myself on that thoughtless, profligate, tormenting nephew, that has teased, has made me mad—but where is she?—Oh, she comes—heyday! what, in tears?

Enter CLEMENTINA, *weeping, holding a Gazette in her hand, and* OFFICER.

Allsp. What's the matter, Cleme?

Clement. Now this is extremely disagreeable.

Allsp. What makes my dear daughter unhappy? Nothing serious, I hope? None of the spoons lost, eh?

Clement. Spoons? Don't talk to me of spoons. My fortune is lost, my husband is lost—this man is come to take him away.—Mr. Dashall is a bankrupt.

Allsp. What!

Clement. His name in the gazette.

Allsp. Where? where? Oh! will any body lend me a pair of spectacles?

Clement. Are you short sighted?

Allsp. Oh very—I've a notion.

Clement. Ah! [*Pointing to his Name in the Gazette.*] There he is.

Allsp. Where is he? [*Jumping round, and seizing* CAUSTIC.] He's a villain!

Caust. I thought he was your friend—the man that cropped you.

Allsp. Yes, he has cropped me with a devil to it! cropped me of five thousand pounds.

Caust. Five thousand pounds! What was he to do with it?

Allsp. To buy tippets.

Caust. Tippets?

Allsp. Ay, and bosom friends. What had I to do with bosom friends? Damn all friends! I was once happy and friendless. Eh! I left him here. I hope he is not gone to make a splash with my dear money—I hope he's in the garden. Mr. Dashall! Mr. Dashall! I want to speak to you, Mr. Dashall. Come here, will you, my dear friend? I only want to speak to you. Oh, if I could but fasten on him!—I want to give you another thousand pounds. I do indeed. Oh, the infernal villain! My excellent friend, don't hide yourself.

[*Goes up the Stage, looking about.*

Caust. Everlasting, everlasting disappointment! will nobody have thirty thousand pounds?

Clement. Mr. Caustic, pray, sir, don't be in such a hurry. If you will but have the kindness to wait till to-morrow, I dare say I can get somebody to marry me.

Caust. I would not stay an hour. Will nobody have thirty thousand pounds?

Allsp. I will; give it to me.

Caust. But on the terms——

Allsp. Any terms.

Caust. Will you marry?

Allsp. Any body.

Clement. You marry, pa! too ridiculous, a vast deal!

Allsp. Hold your tongue, hussy—I feel I shall be miserable without money; so I may as well marry, and be miserable with it.

Clement. Dear Mr. Caustic, only wait till to-morrow.—I'll ask every body to have me. Oh do! lud, I shall be under such a style of obligation!

Caust. Pshaw!

Clement. I'll make it a principle to please—Oh do!

Caust. I won't.

Clement. Won't you? then you're an old wretch, a brute; and I hope, pa, if you marry, you'll be a brute: and [*To* CAUSTIC.] I vow, I wish your gout may return, and shoot up into your withered head, in such a style!—Yes, you may laugh—[*Sobbing.*] but to be utterly ruined, is extremely disagreeable!

[*Exit, weeping.*

Allsp. Oh, he's gone!

Caust. Friend Toby, a lucky thought—I've hit upon a wife for you. What say you to your visitor, my cousin, Lady Sorrel? she's virtuous.

Allsp. I've my doubts.

Caust. Oh fie!—no, she's extremely correct—correct even to appearances. Her good conduct defies suspicion.

Allsp. Then 'tis a bargain.

Caust. With all my heart; and by giving you my hand, I give—[*Going to shake Hands, a Crash is heard in the Hot-house.*]—What's that?

Allsp. More of my property going! I suppose some old blind tabby cat has got into my hot-house. Bring the blunderbuss, will you? [*To* OFFICER.

[LADY SORREL *screams;* ALLSPICE *unlocks the Door, and* LADY SORREL *comes out.*

Allsp. Lady Sorrel!

Caust. Heyday, cousin!

Lady S. I'm quite faint.

Allsp. Rest on me, my lady.

Lady S. The heat of the place—

Allsp. You seem rather warm. Pray, have you seen any thing of my dear friend, Mr. Dashall?

Lady S. I, sir? no.

Caust. This has an odd appearance.

Lady S. I'll explain it. Cousin, I went in to pull a bunch of grapes, and a booby of a servant passing by, locked the door.

Caust. I'm satisfied. Well, cousin, I've got you a husband here.—Nay, no blushing. You are too wise and too old for girlish affectation. With my friend Toby, I give you thirty thousand pounds, and, as times go, a pretty honest man.

Allsp. Yes, my lady, an honest, pretty man.

Caust. And, friend Toby, with my cousin you have neither youth nor beauty, to be sure; but abundance of chastity, virtue, and benevolence, so Heaven——

[*Another Crash is heard.*

Allsp. Zounds! what's that? I dare say, one of Cleme's puppy dogs.—[*To* OFFICER.] Go in, and pull him out by the cuff of the neck.

[OFFICER *goes in.*

Lady S. I declare I'm quite faint again.

Allsp. Let me support you—I'll never leave you.

Offi. [*Comes out with* DASHALL.] Have I found you at last?

Caust. Mr. Dashall!

Allsp. Who? [*Lets go* LADY SORREL, *and runs to* DASHALL, *puts his Hand into his Pocket, and recovers his Notes.*] Give me my money, you villain! here it is. Oh, let me kiss you, and lay you to my faithful breast. Mr. Caustic, you'll excuse my marrying.—[*To* DASHALL.] I can see your roguery, without spectacles, you monopolizer of villany! farewell to dashing! Roger, bring me my wig and apron.

Tang. [*Without.*] Sir, I entreat——

Caust. My nephew! dare he come into my presence? Then you shall see me knock him down.

Allsp. No, no. [*Withholding him.*

Enter TANGENT, *followed by* FAULKNER *and* JULIA.

Faulk. In vain you fly me.

Tang. You distress me—I beg, sir—I insist——

Faulk. Never can my soul be satisfied, till my knees bend in gratitude——

Tang. Captain Faulkner! upon my soul, 'tis devilish hard to have one's feelings distressed, because a man has done a trifling act——

Caust. What's this?

Faulk. A trifling act! have you not redeemed me from prison—from despair? have you not preserved my Julia's honour?

Caust. Stand by, I don't think I shall knock him down.

Tang. If I have been so fortunate, let my reward be the preservation of that honour with my life, and for my life.

Faulk. Sir, I should certainly feel proud of your alliance;—but you have a relation.

Tang. What, old uncle, ha! ha! I have certainly plagued him most confoundedly.

Caust. I believe I'll knock him down.

[*Raises his Cane.*

Tang. But, upon my honour, to make him unhappy, would give me serious sorrow. [CAUSTIC *drops his Cane.*] Oh, sir, give me but Julia Faulkner without fortune——

Caust. I forbid the banns.

Tang. Sir, I insist——

Caust. And, sir, I insist that you don't marry Miss Faulkner without a fortune, but, that you marry her with thirty thousand pounds.

Tang. Most excellent uncle! my sweetest Julia and will you, sir, forgive my follies?

Caust. Heartily, my boy! Frank, I can pardon the head for wandering, when I find the heart's at home.

Dash. Tangent, I give you joy.

Tang. Gently! while you were affluent, the elegant flavour of your Tokay kept down the coarse twang of the borachio in your manners. But now you're poor, you'll be cut, even by your brother swindlers.

Faulk. Is not this the wretch——

Dash. Sir, I should be happy to give you satisfaction, but you see I'm in custody—[FAULKNER *going up to him.*] Officer, do your duty: why don't you secure me? I never despair—do you think this is the first time I've been in the gazette? I've some irons in the fire yet.

Tang. And if you want more irons, I could recommend you to a pair, that would suit you exactly.

Lady S. Mr. Dashall, are you going to town?

Offi. You may depend upon it, my lady.

Lady S. If you'll give me leave, I'll accompany you.

Julia. First, let me thank you, madam, for the delicate anxiety you have shown respecting me and this gentleman, and for your humanity in arresting my father.

Caust. Did she do that? abandoned hypocrite! leave my sight!

Dash. Well, I bear no malice. Good b'ye to you all. I say, Toby, won't you send some almonds and raisins to Harriet?—ha! ha! Now to London, and my creditors, where I'll nobly give them five pence halfpenny in the pound, and the jolliest dinner the London Tavern can produce—Good b'ye to you, gigs! dam'me, I'll make a splash yet.

[*Exeunt* DASHALL, LADY SORREL, *and* OFFICER.

Allsp. Put him in my horse-pond. Let him make a splash there.

Tang. I hope, sir, my Julia has made you a convert?

Caust. She has indeed: and I beg pardon of her sex, to whom she has given this lesson—that the affection and duty of a daughter, is the best security for happiness in a wife; and, that filial affection and feminine diffidence, is the way to get married.

THE END.

ORIGINAL OCTAVO EDITIONS OF PLAYS, &c.

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME.

BY GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER.

The Mountaineers, 2s 6d
Inkle and Yarico, 2s 6d
Poor Gentleman, 2s 6d
Who wants a Guinea? 2s 6d
John Bull, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Ways and Means, 2s

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND, ESQ.

The Jew, a Comedy, 2s 6d
West Indian, 2s 6d
Wheel of Fortune, 2s 6d
First Love, a Comedy, 2s 6d
False Impressions, 2s 6d
Mysterious Husband, 2s 6d

BY THOMAS DIBDIN, ESQ.

School for Prejudice, 2s 6d
Il Bondocani; or, the Caliph Robber, 1s 6d
St. David's Day, 1s 6d
The Birth Day, a Comedy, from Kotzebue, 2s
The Jew and the Doctor, a Farce, 1s 6d
The Cabinet, 2s 6d
The English Fleet, in 1342; an Historical Comic Opera, 2s 6d
The Will for the Deed, a Comedy, 2s
Family Quarrels, 2s 6d

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

Lovers' Vows, a Play, 2s 6d
Every one has his Fault, a Comedy, 2s 6d
To Marry or not to Marry, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Wives as they were, 2s 6d
Such Things are, 2s 6d
Child of Nature, 2s
Wedding Day, a Comedy, in two Acts, 1s 6d

REVISED BY J. P. KEMBLE, ESQ.

Shakspeare's Othello, Moor of Venice, now first printed as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 8vo. 2s 6d
Shakspeare's King John, ditto, 2s
Shakspeare's Henry VIII. do. 2s

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

Speed the Plough, 2s 6d
Zorinski, a Play, 2s 6d
The Way to get Married, 2s 6d
A Cure for the Heart Ache, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Secrets worth Knowing, a Comedy, 2s 6d
The School of Reform; or How to Rule a Husband, a Comedy, 2s 6d

BY JOHN O'KEEFE, ESQ.

Lie of the Day, a Comedy, 2s
Highland Reel, 1s 6d
The Farmer, an Opera, 1s 6d
Modern Antiques, a Farce, 1s 6d
Love in a Camp; or, Patrick in Prussia, 1s 6d
The Positive Man, 1s 6d
The Poor Soldier, 1s 6d
Wild Oats, a Comedy, 2s 6d
The Castle of Andalusia, an Opera, 2s 6d
Sprigs of Laurel, 1s 6d
Prisoner at Large, 1s 6d

By FREDERICK REYNOLDS, Esq.

The Delinquent, 2s 6d
The Will, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Folly as it Flies, 2s 6d
Life, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Management, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Laugh when you can, 2s 6d
The Dramatist, 2s 6d
Notoriety, a Comedy, 2s 6d
How to grow Rich, 2s 6d
The Rage, a Comedy, 2s 6d
Speculation, a Comedy, 2s 6d
The Blind Bargain, 2s 6d
Fortune's Fool, 2s 6d
Werter, a Tragedy, 2s

The Honey Moon, a Comedy, by John Tobin, 2s 6d
The Duenna, a Comic Opera, by Mr. Sheridan, 2s 6d
The Heiress, a Comedy, by General Burgoyne, 2s 6d
The Road to Ruin, a Comedy, by Mr. Holcroft, 2s 6d
Deserted Daughter, a Comedy, by ditto, 2s 6d
The Belle's Stratagem, a Comedy, by Mrs. Cowley, 2s 6d
Which is the Man? a Comedy, by ditto, 2s 6d
England Preserv'd, a Tragedy, by Mr. Watson, 2s 6d
The Bank Note, a Comedy, by Mr. Macready, 2s 6d
The Votary of Wealth, a Comedy, by Mr. Holman, 2s 6d
Ramah Droog; or, Wine does Wonders, by J. Cobb, Esq. 2s 6d
Mary, Queen of Scots, a Tragedy, by Hon. Mr. St. John, 2s 6d
The Stranger, a Play, as performed at Drury-Lane, 2s 6d
The Maid of Bristol, a Play, by Mr. Boaden, 2s
Raising the Wind, a Farce, by Mr. Kenney, 1s 6d
Matrimony, a Petit Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
Too many Cooks, by ditto, 1s 6d
The Point of Honour, a Play, by Mr. C. Kemble, 2s
What is She? a Comedy, 2s 6d
Wife in the Right, a Comedy, by Mrs. Griffith, 2s 6d
Julia; or, the Italian Lover, a Tragedy, by Mr. Jephson, 2s 6d
Clementina, a Tragedy, by Kelly, 2s 6d
Doctor and Apothecary, a Farce, 1s 6d
Smugglers, a Farce, 1s 6d
First Floor, a Farce, 1s 6d
Tit for Tat, a Farce, 1s 6d
Sultan, a Farce, 1s 6d
Match for a Widow, an Opera, 1s 6d
Turnpike Gate, a Farce, by Knight, 1s 6d
Soldier's Return, a Farce, 1s 6d
Hartford Bridge, a Farce, by Mr. Pearce, 1s 6d
The Midnight Wanderers, an Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
Netley Abbey, an Opera, by ditto, 1s 6d
Arrived at Portsmouth, a Farce, by ditto, 1s 6d
The Mysteries of the Castle, by Mr. Andrews, 2s 6d
The Irishman in London, a Farce, by Mr. Macready, 1s 6d
Lock and Key, a Farce, by Mr. Hoare, 1s 6d
Marian, an Opera, by Mrs. Brookes, 1s 6d

OLD RAPID — WHY DONT YOU FINISH THE JOB?

ACT. III. SCENE 1

Painted by Singleton — Published by Longman & Co. — Engraved by

A
CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY THOMAS MORTON, ESQ.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

SAVAGE AND EASINGWOOD,
PRINTERS, LONDON.

REMARKS.

There is in this comedy more of dramatic art than in any other drama by the same author, or, perhaps, of any author.

That peculiar part of skill here implied, is—the skill of drawing characters which shall exactly please upon the stage, the sphere alone for which they were formed, boldly defying every other consequence.

A reader, unacquainted with the force, the various powers of acting, may gravely inquire, how it was possible this play could interest an audience? Much, may be answered, was effected by the actors—but still it was the author who foresaw what might be done in their performance, and who artfully arranged his plan to the purpose of exhibition, and penetrated farther than any other eye could have discerned, into the probability of success.

His sagacity was rewarded—for never was play better received.

It appears in the acting a pretty rural story, most whimsically embellished by the two heroes of the piece, from town—the Rapids, father and son.

Munden and Lewis, in those two parts, so excellently understood the author; and the audience so well comprehended all three, that scarcely a sentence was uttered by either of those performers, without being greeted by laughter or applause. If the influence of St. Vitus was at times somewhat too powerful upon Lewis, if his rapidity now and then became extravagant, it only excited still more extravagant mirth.

The author has drawn a delinquent from India, and made an apology to all persons returned from that part of the globe for having done so.—To persons of fashion, whom he has likewise satirized, he makes no apology—he either thought they were too hardened to suffer under his censure, or too innocent to care for it.

There are incidents of most virtuous tendency in this play, and such, on the first view, is that of Frank Oatland overcoming his temptation to steal. But thieving is, perhaps, the only crime that never assails the human heart without making a conquest—for it seems probable, that an honest man never, upon any occasion, feels the enticement to purloin from his neighbour.

The title of this comedy is most apt, and gives the author's own estimation of it, with a degree of candour that forbids high expectation in either auditor or reader, and disarms all criticism that is not merely confined to that species of entertainment,

which by implication he has promised—excessive merriment.

In keeping his word with the public, Mr. Morton has likewise added more valuable materials than humour—many admirable reflections are dispersed throughout the work, and an excellent moral is introduced at the catastrophe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Hubert Stanley	*Mr. Murray.*
Charles Stanley	*Mr. Pope.*
Vortex	*Mr. Quick.*
Young Rapid	*Mr. Lewis.*
Old Rapid	*Mr. Munden.*
Frank Oatland	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Farmer Oatland	*Mr. Waddy.*
Bronze	*Mr. Farley.*
Heartley	*Mr. Hull.*
First Waiter	*Mr. Simmonds.*
Second Waiter	*Mr. Street.*
Mr. Vortex's Servant	*Mr. Abbot.*
Servant to Sir Hubert	*Mr. Blurton.*
Landlord	*Mr. Thompson.*
Hairdresser	*Mr. Wilde.*
Ellen	*Miss Chapman.*
Miss Vortex	*Mrs. Mattocks.*
Jessy Oatland	*Miss Murray.*

A
CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Farm-yard. House on one Side, a neat Flower-garden on the other. The Bells of a Team jingling.

Frank. [*Without.*] Woyh! Whoh! Smiler!

Enter FRANK.

So! Feyther be not come home from the Nabob's house yet.—Eh! bean't that sister Jessy in her garden, busy among the poseys?—Sister Jessy!

Enter JESSY, *from the Garden, a Watering-pot in her Hand.*

Jessy. Ah, Frank! so soon returned from Gloucester?—Have you sold the corn?

Frank, Ees.

Jessy. And how did you like the town? You were never there before?

Frank. Loike it—I doan't know how I loik'd it, not I; I zomehow cou'dn't zee the town for the

housen: Desperate zight of them to be zure!—But, Jessy, you, who went to Lunnun town to take in your larning, can tell me, be there as many houses in Lunnun?

Jessy. A hundred times the number.

Frank. And do your 'squires there, like Sir Hubert Stanley and the Nabob here, keep fine coaches?

Jessy. Yes, Frank; there are some thousands round St. James's Gate.

Frank. St. James's Geat! Dong it, it wou'd be worth a poor man's while to stand and open that geat—Pray you, where do that geat lead to?

Jessy. The road to preferment, Frank.

Frank. Ecod, if your road to preferment be so cramm'd wi' your coaches and great folk, no wonder a poor man be run down when he tries to get a bit.

Jessy. Ha! ha!

Frank. You seem to be in terrible good spirits, Jessy!

Jessy. I have reason, Frank. I have just received a letter from my dear Edward, who has left London on business with his father, Mr. Rapid, and will be here to-day.

Frank. I suppose it be a desperate long letter, and cruel sweet. Full of kisses and voluntines.—Nine sheets I warrant.

Jessy. Hardly nine words. The truth is, that Edward, though handsome, generous, and I hope sincere, is impatient and hasty to a degree, that——

Frank. Hasty! what then? When a man be on the road to do good, he can't go too fast, I say.——Bean't that feyther coming thro' Wheat-ash? He have been drinking and gamestring all good Sunday night wi' Nabob's servants.—How whitish and deadly bad he do look. He used to be as comely and handsome as either of us, wasn't he now?—Do you know, Jessy, at church yesterday, Sir Hubert looking round,

as he always do, to see if his tenants be there, miss'd feyther, and gave me such a desperate look, that I dropt prayerbook out of my hand;—and truly, when feyther do go to church, I be always sham'd, he never knows where to find the Collect—never.—I'm sure it be not my fault, he be so full of prodigality—never son set father better example than I does mine; what can I do more for 'un? It wou'dn't be becoming in me to leather feyther, wou'd it, Jessy?

Jessy. Here he comes—I'll return to my garden—to converse with him, is to me dreadful; for, while my breast rises with indignation at his conduct as a man, it sinks again, in pity for the misfortunes of a parent.

Frank. Now that's just like I—I feels as if I shou'd like to lick 'un, and cry all the time—but what will be the end on't, Jessy?

Jessy. Ruin, inevitable ruin. [*Despondingly.*

Frank. Well, don't thee be cast down—thee knows I be cruel kind to thee; at meals, I always gi's thee the desperate nice bits, and if thy lover prove false-hearted, or feyther should come to decay, I be a terrible strong lad, I'll work for thee fra sun-rise to down, and if any one offer to harm thee, I'll fight for thee till I die.

Jessy. Thanks, my good lad: thanks, dear brother.
[*Kisses him.—Exit.*

Frank. As nice a bit of a sister that, as in all country round.

Enter FARMER OATLAND, *dressed in a Compound of Rusticity and Fashion.*

Oat. [Singing.] *Ba viamo tutti tra.*

Dom it, this be what I call loife!—Have you sold the wheat?

Frank. Ees.

Oat. How much?

Frank. Two load.—Six and twenty pound.

Oat. [*Yawning.*] Exactly the trifle I lost last night.

Frank. What?

Oat. Take it to the Nabob's gentleman.

Frank. I were going, feyther, to the Castle, to gi' it to Sir Hubert's steward, for rent.

Oat. Rent! you boor!—That, for Sir Hubert!—[*Snapping his Fingers.*] Ah! Nabob's servants be the tippy—Every thing be done by them so genteely.

Frank. Ecod, you be done by them genteely enough: I be sure that house have brought the country round to ruination. Before this Nabob come here wi' all his money, and be domn'd to 'un, every thing were as peaceable and deceant as never was; not a lawyer within ten miles; now there be three practizing in village; and what's ameast as bad, there be three doctors; and the farmers so consated, drive about in their chay-carts, eat lump sugar every day, and gi' balls.

Oat. To be sure.

Frank. And what's the upshot? why, that they jig it away to county jail.

Oat. Tezez-vous!—Let me see—Great Cassino be ten o'diamonds——Well—then I play——

Frank. Play! ecod, if you go on so, you mun work tho'.

Oat. Next, I mun take care of the speads.

Frank. No, feyther, a spade mun take care o'you ——by gol, here be Mr. Heartley, Sir Hubert's steward;—now, doan't be saucy to 'un, feyther;—now, do behave thyself—now that's a man, feyther, do. [*Clapping him on the Back.*

Enter HEARTLEY.

Heart. Good day, Farmer Oatland;—how dost do, honest Frank?

Frank. Desperately pure, thank ye, sur.

Heart. Well, Farmer, once more I have call'd respecting your arrear of rent.—Three hundred pound is a long sum.

Frank. Three hundred pound!

Heart. And unless it be immediately discharg'd, Sir Hubert is resolv'd to—

Oat. That for Sir Hubert—He shall have his rent —Frank, send your sister Jessy to the Nabob's, he'll let me have the money.

Frank. No, I won't—What business have sister at such a desperate prodigal place! Na, na, I'll go myzelf.

Heart. You are in the right, honest Frank.

Frank. Yes, sur, I always am.

Oat. Ugh! you vulgar mongrel—Well, desire the Nabob's gentleman, to desire the Nabob to let me have three hundred pounds.

Frank. He won't gi' thee a brass farthing.

Oat. Sir Hubert shall have his money—Ha, ha, ha! my notion is, he wants it sad enough, ha, ha!

Heart. Sirrah!

Frank. Don't you mind 'un, zur, don't ye—he be's intoxicated. Dong thee, beheave thyself!

[*With Sorrow and Vexation.*

Oat. Silence, you hound! and obey!—Bon jour, Mr. Steward—I'll to bed—'Pon honour, I must cut Champaigne, it makes me so narvous—Sir Hubert shall have his money, let that satisfy.—Follow me, cur— [*Exit into the House.*

Heart. Sad doings, Frank. [*Exit.*

[FRANK *shakes his Head, and follows* OATLAND.

SCENE II.

A Room in the NABOB'S *House.*

Enter ELLEN VORTEX, *meeting* BRONZE.

Ellen. Good Mr. Bronze, have you been at Sir Hubert Stanley's?

Bronze. Yes, ma'am.

Ellen. Is Charles Stanley arriv'd?

Bronze. No ma'am, but he is hourly expected.

Ellen. Do they say he is well—quite recovered?

Bronze. I don't know, ma'am, upon my soul.—I beg pardon, but really the Baronet's house is horrid vulgar, compared to your uncle's, the Nabob's here; I peeped through my glass into an old hall, and beheld fifty paupers at dinner,—such wretches! and the Baronet himself walking round the table, to see them properly fed.—How damn'd low!—Ugh! I would bet a rump and dozen, our second table is more genteeler than Sir Hubert's own.——But I must away, for we expect the rich Miss Vortex—I beg pardon; but your name and the Nabob's daughter being the same, we call her the rich to distinguish—

Ellen. And you do wisely—No term of distinction could possibly be more significant, or better understood by the world than that you have adopted.

Bronze. Hope no offence, ma'am

Ellen. None, Bronze, go in—

Bronze. The last man on earth to offend a fine woman. [*Exit.*

Ellen. The rich Miss Vortex—most true.—But now my dear Charles Stanley is returned, I claim the superior title of the happy! O, Charles, when we

parted last at Spa: how great the contrast! thy animated form was prison'd in the icy fetters of disease; thy pale and quiv'ring lip refus'd a last adieu:—but ah! a smile that seem'd borrow'd from a seraph, who waited to bear thee up to Heaven, swore for thee everlasting love. That smile supported me in solitude,—but to solitude I have now bade adieu; and to be near the lord of my heart, have again enter'd this house,—the palace of ruinous luxury and licentious madness; but here comes its whimsical proprietor.

Enter MR. VORTEX, *with a Paper in his Hand, attended by Black and White* SERVANTS.

Vor. Sublime!—O the fame of this speech will spread to Indostan.—Eh!—don't I smell the pure air in this room? O! you villains, would you destroy me? throw about the perfumes—For legislative profundity, for fancy and decoration—'tis a speech—

Ellen. What speech is it, sir?

Vor. Ah! Ellen,—why, my maiden speech in parliament.—It will alarm all Europe;—I'll speak it to you—

Ellen. No, my dear uncle, not just now.—I hear you've been ill.

Vor. O, very. A strange agitation at my heart, and such a whizzing and spinning in my head—

Ellen. I hope you've had advice.

Vor. O yes, I've had them all.—One physician told me, it was caused by too brilliant and effervescent a genius;—the next said, it was the scurvy;—a third, it proceeded from not eating pepper to a melon;—another had the impudence to hint, that it was only little qualms that agitated some gentlemen who had made fortunes in India;—one recommended a sea voyage,—another a flannel night-cap;—one prescribed water,—the other brandy;—but, however, they all agreed in this essential point, that I'm not to be contradicted, but have my way in every thing.

Ellen. An extremely pleasant prescription, certainly. But, under these circumstances, do you hold it prudent, uncle, to become a parliamentary orator? I believe a little gentle contradiction is usual in that house.

Vor. I know it—but if you will hear my speech, you will see how I manage—I begin,—Sir———

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Your daughter, sir, is arrived from town.

Ellen. Thank you, cousin, for this relief. [*Aside.*

Miss Vor. [*Without.*] Is he above? Oh, very well.

Vor. Zounds! I'm not to be interrupted.

Serv. She is here, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter MISS VORTEX.

Miss Vor. My dear Nabob, uncommon glad to see you.—Ah, Ellen! what, tired of seclusion, and a cottage?

Ellen. I hope, cousin, I am welcome to you.

Miss Vor. Certainly; you know we are uncommon glad to see any body in the country.—But, my dear Nabob, you don't inquire about the opening of our town house?

Vor. I was thinking of my speech.

Miss Vor. The most brilliant house-warming—uncommon full; above a thousand people—every body there.

Ellen. Pray, cousin, do you then visit every body?

Miss Vor. Certainly, they must ask me.

Ellen. Must!—I should imagine that would depend on inclination.

Miss Vor. Inclination! Pshaw! I beg your pardon, but you are really uncommon ignorant, my dear.

They must ask me, I tell you.—Now suppose a duchess rash enough to shut me from her parties;—very well—She names a night—I name the same, and give an entertainment greatly surpassing hers in splendour and profusion.—What is the consequence?—why, that her rooms are as deserted as an ex-minister's levee, and mine crammed to suffocation with her grace's most puissant and noble friends.—Ha, ha! my dear Ellen, the Court of St. James's run after a good supper, as eagerly as the Court of Aldermen.—Ha, ha! your being in this country, Nabob, was thought quite charming.—A host not being at home to receive his guests, is uncommon new and elegant, isn't it.—Here we improve, my dear, on ancient hospitality.—Those little memorandums, Nabob, will give you an idea of the sort of thing.

Vor. [*Reads.*] *March*—Oh! that's a delightful month, when nature produces nothing, and every thing is forc'd.—Let me see—*Fifty quarts of green pease, at five guineas a quart*,—that was pretty well:—*Five hundred peaches*—at what?—*a guinea each.*—Oh! too cheap.

Miss Vor. 'Tis very true; but I assure you I tried every where to get them dearer, but cou'd not.

Vort. And I suppose the new white satin furniture was all spoil'd.

Miss Vor. Oh! entirely—and the pier glasses shivered to pieces so delightfully!

Vor. Well, I hope you had the whole account put in the papers?

Miss Vor. Certainly, what would have been the use of giving the fête. Then the company; such charming eccentricity! such characters out of character!—We had a noble peer bowing for custom to his shop, and an alderman turning over the music leaves for the celebrated Soprano; an orator's lady detailing her husband's three hours speech in parliament, and the orator himself describing how puppets

are managed at the Fantoccini; we had grandmothers making assignations with boys, and the children of Israel joining the host of Pharoah.—Oh! my dear Miss Vortex, why don't you partake in these charming scenes.

Ellen. My dear Miss Vortex, six suppers would annihilate my fortune.

Miss Vor. Oh! true; I forgot your uncommon small fortune: but I don't think it much signifies. I swear people of fashion in town seem to do as well without money as with it. You might be successful at play—there are points to be learnt which certainly do not give you the worst of the game. Come, will you be my protégé?

Ellen. Excuse me, cousin, I dare say I ought to be covered with blushes when I own a vulgar detestation of the character of a female gamester; and I must decline the honour of your introduction to the haut-ton, till at least they have justice on their side.

Miss Vor. An uncommon odd girl, Nabob.

Ellen. Heavens: to what state of abject degradation must fashionable society be reduced, when officers of police are as much dreaded by ladies in the purlieus of St. James's, as they are by cutpurses in the wretched haunt of St. Giles's.

Miss Vor. For shame, Ellen, to censure your own sex.

Ellen. No, madam, I am its advocate; and in that sex's name protest an abhorrence of those women who do not consider any thing shameful but to be ashamed of a thing; whose resemblance to nature and innocence exists but in their nakedness, and to whom honour is only known as a pledge at a gaming-table. [*Exit.*

Miss Vor. Did you ever hear, Nabob!

Vor. I did not hear a word she said; I was thinking of my speech.

Miss Vor. A pert, gothic, low-bred creature!

But her contemptible fortune suits uncommon well with her groveling ideas.

Vor. Don't you talk of her fortune, it always makes my poor head worse. You know, at the time I gave her five thousand pounds, in lieu of what I called her expectations, I had in my hands an enormous sum of hers. O dear! I'm afraid the doctor was right—ah! mine are certainly East India qualms—I wonder if giving her fifty thousand back again wou'd do my heart any good?

Miss Vor. What! my dear Nabob? I declare you quite shock me.

Vor. Oh, conscience!

Miss Vor. Conscience! he! he! a thing so uncommon vulgar, a thing so completely chausséed; besides, you know very well it is absolutely impossible to exist under 20,000*l.* a year.

Vor. That's very true.

Miss Vor. Some people certainly do contrive to grub on with ten thousand, but how they do it is to me miraculous; then think of your intention of marrying me to the son of your great rival, the baronet; think of his borough.

Vor. Ah! very true.—Conscience, avaunt! I have made a motion on matrimony to Sir Hubert.

Miss Vor. And young Stanley's arrival; Oh! what a sweet youth!

Vor. Oh! what a sweet borough interest! But I'm glad your heart is interested.

Miss Vor. Heart interested! Lud, how can you suspect me of so uncommon vulgar a sensation. I trust my joy is occasioned by ideas more becoming a woman of fashion.—I am charmed because his fortune is large, his family ancient; and because my marriage will render all my female friends so uncommon miserable; and because I suspect that Ellen met young Stanley at Spa, and that she dares aspire to—

Vor. I wish she were out of the house.

Miss Vor. No—she shall stay to witness my triumph.

Vor. *Shall* stay!—I'm not to be contradicted, you know—my physicians—

Miss Vor. Certainly not, my dear Nabob; but I may recommend; I'm sure no physician would object to your taking advice. Ah! does Ellen love you as I do?—will she listen to your speech as I intend to do? would she throw away thousands for you in a night, as I do?

Vor. Very true! very true! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Pleasure-ground, and a View of an ancient Castle.

Enter Four SERVANTS, *dressed in old-fashioned Liveries, then* SIR HUBERT STANLEY *and* HEARTLEY.

Sir Hub. Good Heartley, is all prepared for my boy's reception, his favourite study on the southern battlement?—Are his dogs train'd—his hunters well condition'd?

Heart. To say truth, Sir Hubert, the Castle has been all day in quarrel, each servant claiming the right of exclusive attendance on his dear young master.

Sir Hub. I thank their honest loves. He writes me he is well, good Heartley; quite well.—Ha! the village bells proclaim my boy's arrival.—Dost thou hear the people's shouts?

Heart. Aye, and it revives my old heart.

Sir Hub. These welcomes are the genuine effusions of love and gratitude—Spite of this Nabob's arts, you see how my loving neighbours respect me.

Enter JAMES.

Where is my boy?

Serv. Not yet arriv'd, sir.

Sir Hub. No!

Serv. These rejoicings are for the Nabob's daughter, who is just come from London.

Sir Hub. Indeed! [*Peevishly.*] Well, well.

Serv. My young master will alight privately at Oatland's Farm, and walk through the park. [*Exit.*

Sir Hub. The Nabob's daughter!—Well, let it pass.—Heartley, what said Farmer Oatland?

Heart. Nothing but what profligacy and insolence dictated—he defied your power, and sent to the Nabob.

Sir Hub. Ungrateful man! let a distress be issued.—Hold, no, no.

Heart. Indeed, Sir Hubert, he is undeserving your lenity. Besides, sir, your mortgagee, Mr. Rapid, the wealthy taylor, will be here to-day—the interest on the mortgage must be paid—some of your election bills remain unliquidated, and I fear without a further mortgage—

Sir Hugh. Don't torture. Pardon me, good old man.

Heart. Truly, Sir Hubert, what might have been effected with 5000*l.* some years ago, will now require ten—you must retrench your hospitable benevolence.

Sir Hub. My worthy steward, my head has long acknowledg'd the truth of your arithmetic—but my head could never teach it to my heart.

Heart. And, sir, you may raise your rents.

Sir Hub. Never, Heartley.—never.—What! shall the many suffer that I may be at ease!—But away with care—this is a moment devoted to ecstacy—this is the hour a doating father is to clasp an only child, who, after combating with disease and death, returns

triumphant to his arms, in lusty health and manhood. —Ah! he approaches; 'tis my boy—Dost thou not see him in the beechen avenue.—Dull old man, advance thine hand thus—[*Putting his hand over his Forehead.*]—See how his eyes wander with delight, and renovate the pictures of his youth!—Ah! now he sees his father, and flies like lightning.

Enter CHARLES STANLEY—[*Kneels*].

Char. My honour'd—my lov'd father!

Sir Hub. Rise to my heart.—Stand off, and let my eyes gloat upon thee—thou art well.—Thy arm, good Heartley.—Nay, do not weep, old Honesty, 'twill infect me.

Char. Ah! my excellent old friend—in health, I hope?

Heart. Aye, good master, and this day will make me young again.

Char. Dear father, already must I become a suitor to you.—Passing Oatland's Farm, I found his lovely daughter Jessy in tears, occasion'd by her father's inability to pay his rent. I dried them with a promise—[HEARTLEY *shakes his Head, and* SIR HUBERT *averts his Face.*] Ha! your brow is clouded with unhappiness; pray, sir—

Sir Hub. Good Heartley, leave us——[*Exeunt* HEARTLEY *and* SERVANTS.]—Charles, so mixed is the cup of life, that this day, the happiest thy old father can e'er hope to see, is dash'd with bitterness and sorrow, boy. I have been a very unthrift to thee.

Char. Oh, sir.

Sir Hub. Listen to me.—You have heard how my father kept alive the benevolent hospitality that once distinguished Old England, and I not finding in modern ethics aught likely to improve either the morals or happiness of mankind, determined to persevere in the ways of my fathers. Soon after you went abroad,

the adjoining estate was purchased by an East Indian, groaning under wealth, produc'd by groans. Like the viper, after collecting in the warm sunshine his bag of venom, he came to the abode of peace and innocence, and disseminated his poison. But mark me—think me not so unjust, boy, as with random slander to censure any body of men. No, thank Heaven! there are numbers whom Providence, in addition to the power, has added the will, to render wealth a blessing to all around them.

Char. You are ever just and liberal.

Sir Hub. But for this vile exception, this Mr. Vortex; I tell thee, riot, contention, indolence, and vice succeeded. I struggled against this mischief, which spurr'd him on to oppose me in my election. This contest—I trust, Charles, you think the dignity of our family demanded it—this contest, I say, oblig'd me to mortgage my estate, to a considerable amount; and I fear, boy, even that will not suffice. Dost thou not blame thy father?

Char. Blame, sir? my fortune, nay, my life, is held but to promote your happiness.

Sir Hub. Glorious boy! then all will be well again—thy estate restor'd, thy wealth enlarg'd.

Char. How?

Sir Hub. By marriage, Charles.—

[CHARLES *averts his Face with Dejection.*

Char. Marriage, sir!—To conceal the passion that triumphs here, were but to deceive a father, and injure the bright excellence I love. When I was ill at Spa, the votaries of pleasure avoided me as the harbinger of melancholy, and I was despis'd as a thing passing into oblivion by all but one fair creature. I obtained an opportunity to thank her for the charitable pity her eye had beam'd on me. Love soon kindled his torch at Pity's altar, for I found in Miss Vortex such excellence——

Sir Hub. Who?

Char. Miss Vortex, sir.

Sir Hub. From India?

Char. The same.

Sir Hub. She that is now propos'd for your alliance?

Char. Is it possible!

Sir Hub. And awaits your arrival in the neighbourbourhood.

Char. Oh! let me haste to her.——Yet hold! Frank Oatland attends to hear your determination.

Sir Hub. At present, Charles, I cannot grant your suit.—[CHARLES *beckons in* FRANK.]—Young man, tell your father, the law must take its course. When I see in him symptoms of contrition and amendment, I may restore him.

Frank. Thank ye,—thank ye, sur.

Char. How came this distress to fall on him?

Frank. Why, sur, he went on farmering pretty tightish, didn't he, sur? till he keept company wi' Nabob's servants; then all of a sudden, he took to the gentleman line. I conceats, sur, he didn't much understand the trim on't, for the gentleman line didn't answer at all. I hope your honour bean't angry wi' I for speaking to young 'squire; your worship do know I were a bit of a playfellow wi'un, and we followed our studies together.

Sir Hub. Indeed!

Frank. Ees, sur, we went through our letters—and a-b, ab—e-b, eb;—there somehow I stuck, and 'squire went clean away into abbreviation and abomination; and then I never cou'd take much to your pens, they be so cruel small; now a pitch-fork do fit my hand so desperate kindly as never was.

Sir Hub. Ha! ha! Come, my boy, you'll want refreshment. [*Exit.*—FRANK *bows, and is going.*

Char. What, honest Frank, will you not walk with me to the Castle?

Frank. If your honour be so gracious.

Char. Nay, wear your hat.

Frank. O dear! O dear! what a pity nobody do see I.

Char. Come, brother student, your hand.

Frank. My hand! Lord dong it, only think o' I.

[*Exeunt, Hand in Hand.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Room in an Inn.

Enter Two WAITERS, *with Luggage, meeting* BRONZE.

1 *Wait.* Coming, sir.

Y. Rap. [*Without.*] Zounds, why don't you come? Why don't all of you come, eh?

Bronze. Waiter, who are these people?

1 *Wait.* I don't know, Mr. Bronze.—The young one seems a queer one—he jump'd out of the mail, ran into the kitchen, whipp'd the turnspit into a gallop, and bade him keep moving; and, tho' not a minute in the house, he hath been in every room, from the garret to the cellar.

2 *Wait.* Father and son, I understand.—The name on the luggage, I see, is Rapid.

Bronze. Rapid! [*Aside.*] Perhaps it is my old master, the great tailor, and his harum-scarum son—I'll observe.

1 *Wait.* Here he comes full dash, and the old man trotting after him, like a terrier. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Old *and* Young Rapid.

Y. Rap. Come along, dad—push on, my dear dad. Well, here we are—keep moving.

O. Rap. Moving! Zounds, have'nt I been moving all night in the mail-coach, to please you?

Y. Rap. Mail! famous thing, isn't it? Je up! whip over counties in a hop, step, and jump—dash along.

O. Rap. Odd rot such hurry-scurry doings, I say. Here have I ground my old bones all night in the mail, to be eight hours before my appointment with Sir Hubert Stanley; and now I must sit biting my fingers.

Y. Rap. Biting your fingers! No, no, I'll find you something to do. Come, we'll keep moving.

[*Takes his Father by the Arm, who resists.*

Enter Landlord.

Land. Gentlemen, I beg leave——

Y. Rap. No prosing—to the point.

O. Rap. For shame—don't interrupt the gentleman.

Y. Rap. Gently, dad—dash away, sir.

Land. A servant of Sir Hubert Stanley has been inquiring for Mr. Rapid.

Y. Rap. Push on!

Land. And expects him at the Castle.

Y. Rap. That will do—push off—brush—run!—[*Exit* Landlord, *running.*]—That's the thing—keep moving.—I say, dad!

O. Rap. What do you say, Neddy?

Y. Rap. Neddy! damn it, don't call me Neddy. I hate to be called Neddy.

O. Rap. Well, I won't.

Y. Rap. That's settled—I say—what's your business with Sir Hubert?—Some secret, eh?

O. Rap. [*Aside.*] I won't tell you. Oh, no—a

bill he owes me for making his clothes and liveries.

Y. Rap. Pugh! he's a ready-money man. I never made a bill out for him in my life.—It won't do.

O. Rap. Well then, sit down, and I'll tell you.—[*They sit.*]—Can you sit still a moment?

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] To be sure I can—now tell me, briefly—briefly. [*Sits again.*

O. Rap. [*Aside.*] Indeed I will not—You must know——

Y. Rap. Aye—

O. Rap. You must know—

Y. Rap. Zounds! you have said that twice—now don't say it again.

O. Rap. Well, I won't—You must know—'tis a very long story.

Y. Rap. [*Rising.*] Then I'll not trouble you.

O. Rap. [*Aside.*] I thought so. And pray what might induce you to come with me?

Y. Rap. [*Aside.*] Won't tell him of Jessy.—Oh, as we had given up trade, left off stitching—you know my way—I like to push on—change the scene, that's all—keep moving.

O. Rap. Moving! [*Yawns.*] Oh, my poor old bones! Waiter, bring me a night-gown.

[WAITER *helps him on with a Night-gown—he lays his Coat on a Chair.*

Y. Rap. What are you at, dad?

O. Rap. Going to take a nap on that sofa.

Y. Rap. A nap—pugh!

O. Rap. Zounds! I've no comfort of my life with you.

Y. Rap. Say no more.

O. Rap. But I will, tho'—hurry, hurry—odd rabbit it, I never get a dinner that's half dressed; and as for a comfortable sleep, I'm sure—

Y. Rap. You sleep so slow.

O. Rap. Sleep slow! I'll sleep as slow as I please; so at your peril disturb me. Sleep slow indeed!

[*Yawning—Exit.*

Y. Rap. Now to visit Jessy. Waiter!

Wait. Sar! [*With great quickness.*

Y. Rap. That's right—sir—short—you're a fine fellow.

Wait. Yes, sar.

Y. Rap. Does Farmer Oatland live hereabouts?

Wait. Yes, sar.

Y. Rap. How far?

Wait. Three miles.

Y. Rap. Which way?

Wait. West.

Y. Rap. That will do—get me a buggy.

Wait. Yes, sar. [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. Oh, if my old dad had left off business as some of your flashy tailors do, I might have kept a curricle, and lived like a man.—Is the buggy ready?

Wait. [*Without.*] No, sar.

Y. Rap. But to cut the shop with paltry five thousand—Is the buggy ready?

Wait. [*Without.*] No, sar.

Y. Rap. Or to have dashed to Jessy in a curricle—Is the buggy ready?

Wait. [*Without.*] No, sar.

Y. Rap. To have flanked along a pair of blood things at sixteen miles an hour. [*Puts himself in the Act of driving, and sits on the Chair where* OLD RAPID *left his Coat—springs from it again.*] What the devil's that? Zounds! something has run into my back. I'll bet a hundred 'tis a needle in father's pocket. Confound it! what does he carry needles now for! [*Searches the Pocket.*] Sure enough, here it is—one end stuck into a letter, and the other into my back, I believe. Curse it! Eh! what's this? [Reads.] *To Mr. Rapid—Free—Hubert Stanley.—*

Ha, ha, ha! here's dad's secret--Now for it!—[Reads very quick.] *Sir Hubert Stanley will expect to see Mr. Rapid at the Castle, and wou'd be glad to extend the mortgage which is now fifty thousand pounds*——What's this?—[Reads again.] *Extend the mortgage, which is now fifty thousand pounds, to seventy.* Fifty thousand! huzza! 'tis so—my old dad worth fifty thousand—perhaps seventy—perhaps—I'll—no—I'll—

Enter WAITER.

Wait. The buggy's ready, sir.

Y. Rap. Dare to talk to me of a buggy, and I'll——

Wait. Perhaps you would prefer a chaise and pair?

Y. Rap. No, I'll have a chaise and twelve. Abscond!—[*Exit* WAITER.]—I must—I must keep moving—I must travel for improvement. First I'll see the whole of my native country, its agriculture and manufactories. That, I think, will take me full four days and a half. Next I'll make the tour of Europe; which, to do properly, will, I dare say, employ three weeks or a month. Then, returning, I'll make a push at high life. In the first circles I'll keep moving. Fifty thousand! perhaps more—perhaps—oh!

Wait. [*Without.*] You can't come in.

Bronze. [*Without.*] I tell you I will come in.

Y. Rap. Will come in!—that's right—push on, whoever you are.

Enter BRONZE.

Bronze. I thought so. How do you do, Mr. Rapid? Don't you remember Bronze, your father's foreman, when you were a boy?

Y. Rap. Ah, Bronze! how do you do, Bronze? Any thing to say, Bronze? Keep moving. Do you

know, Bronze, by this letter I've discover'd that my father is worth—how much, think you?

Bronze. Perhaps ten thousand.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Twenty.

Y. Rap. Push on.

Bronze. Thirty.

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Bronze. Forty.

Y. Rap. Fifty—perhaps—sixty—seventy—oh!—I'll tell you. He has lent fifty thousand pounds on mortgage to an old Baronet.

Bronze. Sir Hubert St——

Y. Rap. [*Stopping him.*] I know his name as well as you do.

Bronze. [*Aside.*] Here's news for my master!—Well, sir, what do you mean to do?

Y. Rap. Do! Push on—become a man of fashion, to be sure.

Bronze. What would you say, if I were to get you introduced to a Nabob?

Y. Rap. A Nabob! oh! some flash-in-the-pan chap.

Bronze. Oh, no!

Y. Rap. What, one of your real, genuine, neat as imported, Nabobs?

Bronze. Yes; Mr. Vortex—Did you never hear of him?

Y. Rap. To be sure I have. But will you?

Bronze. Yes.

Y. Rap. Ah! but will you do it directly?

Bronze. I will.

Y. Rap. Then push off—Stop—stop—I beg your pardon—it cuts me to the heart to stop any man, because I wish every body to keep moving. But won't dad's being a tailor, make an objection?

Bronze. No; as you never went out with the pattern books.

Y. Rap. [*Sighing.*] Oh, yes, I did.

Bronze. That's aukward. But you never operated?

Y. Rap. [*With Melancholy.*] What do you say?

Bronze. I say you never——

[*Describes in Action the Act of Sewing.*

Y. Rap. [*Sighing deeper.*] Oh! yes, I did.

Bronze. That's unlucky.

Y. Rap. Very melancholy, indeed!

Bronze. I have it. Suppose I say you are merchants.

Y. Rap. My dear fellow, sink the tailor, and I'll give you a hundred.

Bronze. Will you? Thank you.

Y. Rap. Now push off.

Bronze. But don't be out of the way.

Y. Rap. Me! Bless you, I'm always in the way.

Bronze. Don't move.

Y. Rap. Yes, I must move a little; away you go—[*Pushes* BRONZE *off.*] Huzza! now to awake old dad. [*Exit, and returns with* OLD RAPID.] Come along, dad.

O. Rap. [*Half asleep.*] Yes, sir—yes, sir—I'll measure you directly—I'll measure you directly.

Y. Rap. He's asleep.—Awake!

O. Rap. What's the matter, eh! What's the matter?

Y. Rap. What's the matter! I've found fifty thousand in that letter!

O. Rap. Indeed! [*Opens the Letter eagerly.*] Ah! Neddy, have you found out——

Y. Rap. I have—that you are worth—how much?

O. Rap. Why, since what's past——

Y. Rap. Never mind what's past.

O. Rap. I've been a fortunate man. My old partner us'd to say, "Ah! you are lucky, Rapid; your needle always sticks in the right place."

Y. Rap. No, not always. [*Shrugging.*]—But how much?

O. Rap. Why, as it must out, there are fifty thousand lent on mortgage—Item, fifteen thousand in the Consols—Item—

Y. Rap. Never mind the Items.—The total, my dear dad—the total.

O. Rap. What do you think of a plum!

Y. Rap. A plum! Oh, sweet, agreeable, little short word!

O. Rap. Besides seven hundred and ninety——

Y. Rap. Never mind the odd money—that will do. But how came you so rich, dad? Dam'me, you must have kept moving.

O. Rap. Why, my father, forty years ago, left me five thousand pounds; which, at compound interest, if you multiply——

Y. Rap. No; you have multiplied it famously. It's my business to reduce it. [*Aside.*]—Now, my dear dad, in the first place, never call me Neddy.

O. Rap. Why, what must I call you?

Y. Rap. Ned—short—Ned.

O. Rap. Ned! O Ned!

Y. Rap. That will do. And, in the next place, sink the tailor. Whatever you do, sink the tailor.

O. Rap. Sink the tailor! What do you mean?

Y. Rap. I've news for you. We are going to be introduced to Mr. Vortex, the rich Nabob.

O. Rap. You don't say so! Huzza! it will be the making of us.

Y. Rap. To be sure. Such fashion! Such style!

O. Rap. Ay, and such a quantity of liveries, and —Oh, dear me! [*With great Dejection.*

Y. Rap. What's the matter?

O. Rap. [*Sighing.*] I forgot I had left off business.

Y. Rap. Business! Confound it! Now, pray, keep the tailor under, will you? I'll—send an express to London—— [*Runs to the Table.*

O. Rap. An express! for what?

Y. Rap. I don't know.——

Enter WAITER.

Wait. The bill of fare, gentlemen.

Y. Rap. Bring it here [*Reads.*] *Turbots—Salmon—Soles—Haddocks—Beef—Mutton—Veal—Lamb—Pork—Chickens—Ducks—Turkies—Puddings—Pyes.* Dress it all—that's the short way.

Wait. All!

Y. Rap. Every bit.

O. Rap. No, no, nonsense.—The short way indeed! Come here, sir.—Let me see—[*Reads.*] *Um—Um—Ribs of Beef.*—That's a good thing;—I'll have that.

Y. Rap. What?

Wait. Ribs of beef, sir.

Y. Rap. Are they the short ribs?

Wait. Yes, sir.

Y. Rap. That's right.

Wait. What liquor wou'd your honour like?

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] Spruce-beer.

Wait. Very well, sir.

Y. Rap. I must have some clothes.

O. Rap. I'm sure that's a very good coat.

Y. Rap. Waiter!—I must have a dashing coat for the Nabob. Is there a rascally tailor any where near you?

Wait. Yes, sir:—there are two close by.

[*Father and Son look at each other.*

Y. Rap. Umph! then tell one of them to send me some clothes.

Wait. Sir, he must take your measure.

O. Rap. To be sure he must.

Y. Rap. Oh, true! I remember the fellows do measure you somehow with long bits of—Well—send for the scoundrel. [*Exit* WAITER.

O. Rap. O, for shame of yourself! I've no patience.

Y. Rap. Like you the better.—Hate patience as much as you do, ha, ha!—Must swagger a little.

O. Rap. Ah! I am too fond of you, I am, Ned. Take my fortune: but only remember this—By the faith of a man, I came by it honestly—and all I ask is, that it may go as it came.

Y. Rap. Certainly. But we must keep moving, you know.

O. Rap. Well, I don't care if I take a bit of a walk with you.

Y. Rap. Bit of a walk! Dam'me, we'll have a gallop together. Come along, dad—Push on, dad.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Room in MR. VORTEX's *House.*

Enter MR. VORTEX, ELLEN, *and.* MISS VORTEX.

Ellen. Married to Charles Stanley! You, madam!

Miss Vor. Yes, I.

Ellen. I'll not believe it.

Miss Vor. Well, I vow that's uncommon comic. And why not, my forsaken cousin?

Ellen. First, madam, I know Charles Stanley would only form so sacred an alliance where his affections pointed out the object. Secondly, I feel those affections to be mine.

Vor. Thirdly, an inconstant swain was a thing never heard of; and, to conclude, pray peruse that letter—

Ellen. [Reads.] *Sir Hubert Stanley informs Mr. Vortex, that his son embraces with eager joy the proposals for his marriage with Mr. Vortex's daughter.* [Drops the Letter.] Then every thing is possible. O love!—

Vor. Nay, don't you abuse poor Cupid—his conduct has been perfectly parliamentary. Self interest has made the little gentleman move over to the other side, that's all. [*Knocking at the Door.*

Ellen. Heavens! should this be—

Enter a SERVANT.

Serv. Young Mr. Stanley, sir.

Ellen. My soul sinks within me.

Miss Vor. [*With affected Tenderness.*] Upon my honour, my dear, you had better retire.—Your agitation—

Ellen. I thank you, madam. [*Going.*] Hold.—No;—with your permission, I'll remain. [*Returns.*

Miss Vor. Just as you please. What a triumph! O, how uncommon delicious!

Ellen. Now, heart, be firm!

[*Retires from the Front of the Stage.*

Enter CHARLES STANLEY *with Eagerness—Starts.*

Miss Vor. How he's struck!

Vor. Exceedingly.

Char. What can this mean? [*Aside.*] Ma—dam—madam—the confusion that—that—that—

Miss Vor. I must cheer him with a smile.

[*During this,* ELLEN *advances to the Front of the Stage, so as to leave* MISS VORTEX *between her and* STANLEY.

Char. [*Seeing* ELLEN.] Ah! what Heaven of brightness breaks in upon me! Lovely Miss Vortex, can I believe my happiness? Will those arms receive me? [MISS VORTEX, *thinking this addressed to her*] *opens her Arms;* STANLEY *rushes past her to* ELLEN., My Ellen!

Ellen. Oh, Charles, the sufferings my heart underwent this moment, and the joy it now feels, is such, I cannot speak. [*They retire.*

Miss Vor. Nabob! Nabob!

Vor. What's the matter?

Miss Vor. The matter! won't you resent this?

Vor. O dear, not I.

Miss Vor. Will you bear an insult?

Vor. My physicians order me not to mind being insulted at all—nothing is to provoke me.

Miss Vor. Provoke you!—If I were a man I would —Oh!——

Vor. I don't like his looks——he seems a desperate——

Miss Vor. What do you mean to do?

Vor. Why, as this is a very extraordinary case—

Miss Vor. Certainly.

Vor. I think it best to—adjourn.

[*Goes up the Stage:* MISS VORTEX *follows.*

STANLEY *and* ELLEN *come forward.*

Char. I perceive the mistake; but my heart confess'd but one Miss Vortex.—I thought the name, like the superior virtue you adorn it with, attach d alone to Ellen. The embarrassments of my paternal estate, demanded a marriage with a woman of fortune—

Ellen. What do I hear?

Char. Why this alarm?

Ellen. Alarm! Must not those words terrify, which separate me from you for ever?

Char. What means my Ellen?

Ellen. O, Stanley, hear me. On my return to England, Mr. Vortex, to whom the care of my property was entrusted, was ever presing on my mind the difficulty of recovering my father's India possessions. Each messenger that arrived from you, confirmed the melancholy tale, that my Stanley was sinking into an early grave. O, what then was fortune or the world

to me? I sought out solitude, and willingly resigned to Mr. Vortex, what he called my expectations, for five thousand pounds.

Char. Yet you shall be mine.

Ellen. No, Charles, I will not bring you poverty. I'll return to solitude, and endeavour to teach this lesson to my heart, "That it will be joy enough to know, that Stanley is well and happy." [*Going.*

Char. Stay, Ellen—think deeply before you consign the man that loves you to certain misery.

Ellen. True—in a few hours, let me see you again. The opposing agitations my mind has suffered, unfit me for further conversation.

Char. In a few hours, then, you'll allow me to see you?

Ellen. Allow you to see me!—O, Stanley, farewell! [*Exit.*

MR. *and* MISS VORTEX *come forward.*

Miss Vor. Now speak.

Vor. We had better pair off.

Miss Vor. No—speak with spirit.

Vor. I will.—Sir, I cannot help saying, that every man, that is, every man of honour—

Miss Vor. That's right!—say that again.

Vor. That every man of honour——

[*Raising his Voice.*

Char. Well, sir?

Vor. Is—is—the—the—best judge of his own actions.

Char. I perfectly agree with you—and wish you a good morning. [*Exit.*

Miss Vor. So, then I'm to be insulted, despised, and laughed at, and no duel is to take place—nobody is to be kill'd—my tender heart is to feel no satisfaction. [*Weeps.*

Vor. I fight!—Do you consider the preciousness of a legislator's life?

"A county suffers when a member bleeds."

Enter BRONZE.

Bronze. O, sir, such news!

Vor. What! is parliament convened?

Bronze. No, sir; but I have found out, that the Baronet is—

Vor. What of him?

Bronze. Ruin'd!

Miss Vor. [*Drying her Eyes.*] Well! that's some satisfaction.

Bronze. I met at the inn, the Mr. Rapids, merchants I formerly liv'd with, who have a large mortgage on his estate, and he wants to borrow more—So, sir, I told them, I was sure my master would be proud to see them at Bangalore Hall; because I thought, sir,—

Vor. I know—I have it—I'll show them every attention; and if I can but get hold of the mortgage, I'll—

Miss Vor. O, uncommon charming!

Vor. [*To* MISS VORTEX.] Now, do you go, and write a note, and say, we will wait on them.—Ah! use policy instead of pistols, and I would fight any man—for, as I say in my speech, *Policy, Mr. Speaker, is*——

Miss Vor. Exactly, Nabob—but I must write the letter, you know.—Is the young merchant handsome?

Bronze. Yes, madam.

Miss Vor. So much the better. [*Exit.*

Vor. You see, Bronze, the turn I give it is this—*Policy, Mr. Speaker*, says I—

Bronze. Very true, sir;—but I believe my mistress calls—I attend you, madam. [*Exit.*

Vor. Confound it! Will nobody hear my speech? —then I'll speak it to myself—*Policy, Mr. Speaker*—

Enter FRANK.

Frank. How do you do, sur?

Vor. What! interrupted again?—Approach, don't be afraid.

Frank. Lord, sur, I bean't afeard: Why shou'd I?—I defies the devil and all his works.

Vor. If this be what is called rough honesty, give me a little smooth-tongu'd roguery. I don't know you, fellow!

Frank. Ees, sur, you do—I be's Frank Oatland.

Vor. Begone! I know nothing of you.

Frank. Ees, sur, you do—I've a bit of a sister, call'd Jessy.

Vor. Eh! ah!

Frank. [*Aside.*] Dom un, he knaws me well enough now.

Vor. Oh! very true—Frank Oatland, aye! Well, good Frank, how is Jessy?

Frank. Charming, sur! charming!

Vor. Aye, that she is, lovely and charming, indeed! [*Aside.*]—And how are you, Frank?

Frank. I be's charming too, sur!

Vor. But why don't Jessy visit my people here? I should be always happy to see her.

Frank. Should you, sur? Why, if I may be so bold as to ax, why, sur?

Vor. Because—because—she is—a—Farmer Oatland's child.

Frank. So be I, sur. How comes it, then, that you never axes I to your balls and ostentations? I can dance twice as long as sister can.

Vor. Cunning fellow this!—I must buy him.—Well, Frank, what are your commands?

Frank. Why, sur, feyther do command you to lend him three hundred pounds—no, sur, I mean he supplicates.

Vor. Three hundred pounds!

Frank. I'll tell you, sur, all about it.—You knaw, sur, feyther have been knuckled out of a most cruel sight of money by you at weagering at cards.

Vor. By me, fellow! Do you think I associate with such reptiles?

Frank. Ecod, it was either you or t'other gentleman.

Vor. T'other gentleman!

Frank. I dan't knaw which be which, not I.—There be two of you.

Vor. Two of us!

Frank. Ees; there be you—that be one;—and there be your gentleman—he do make the pair.

Vor. The pair!—And have I been buying a hundred thousand pounds' worth of respect for this? Have I become a member to pair off with my valet?

Frank. Ecod, and a comical pair you be!—T'other gentleman be's a tightish, conceited sort of a chap enough;—but you be a little—he! he!—

[*Smothering a Laugh.*

Vor. Upon my soul, this is very pleasant—You are quite free and easy.

Frank. Quite, sur; quite. Feyther do tell I it be all the fashion.

Vor. He does!—Then you may tell feyther, that if he has lost his money at play, the winners won't give him sixpence to keep him from starving, and that be all the fashion.—By their distress, the pretty Jessy will be more in my power; and then I can reinstate them in a farm upon terms. [*Aside.*] Go, fellow! I shall not send your father sixpence.

Frank. The words I told um—the very words I told um—Says I— "Feyther, he bean't the man will

gi' thee a brass farthing. Dong it, he hasn't it here, says I. [*Laying his Hand upon his Heart.*

Vor. You said so, did you?

Frank. Ees—so you see, sur, what a desperate cute lad I be.

Vor. [*Aside.*] I'll set a trap for you, you dog—I'll have you in my power, however; I'll drop my purse—he'll take it—and then— [*Drops his Purse.*] A pair of us! I'll lay you by the heels, desperate cute as you are. [*Exit.*

Frank. Poor feyther, poor sister, and poor I! feyther will go broken-hearted for sartain;—and then, sister Jessy's coming to labour.—I can't bear the thought on't.—Od dom thee? if I could but get hold of some of thy money, I'd teak care thee should not get it again.—Eh! [*Sees the Purse—walks round it.*] Well, now, I declare that do look for all the world like a purse. How happy it would make poor feyther and sister! I conceats there would be no harm just to touch it;— [*Takes it up with Caution.*] it be cruel tempting. Nobody do see I.—I wonder how it would feel in my pocket. [*Puts it with Fear into his Pocket.*] Wouns! how hot I be! Cruel warm to be sure. Who's that? Nobody.—Oh! l—l—l-u-d, lud! and I ha' gotten such a desperate ague all of a sudden, —and my heart do keep j—jump—jumping—I believe I be going to die. [*Falls into a Chair.*] Eh!—Eh! Mayhap, it be this terrible purse. Dom thee, come out! [*Throws it down.—After a Pause.*] Ees, now I is better.——Dear me, quite an alteration.—My head doan't spin about soa, and my heart do feel as light, and do so keep tittupping, tittuping, I can't help crying.

Enter VORTEX.

Vor. Now I have him— [*Sees the Purse.*] What, he has not stole it, though his own father's in want! —Here's a precious rascal for you!

Frank. Mr. Nabob, you have left your purse behind you; [*Sobbing.*] and you ought to be asheamed of yourself, so you ought, to leave a purse in a poor lad's way, who has a feyther and a sister coming to starving.

Vor. My purse!—true; reach it me.

Frank. Noa, thank you for nothing.—I've had it in my hand once.—Ecod, if having other people's money do make a man so hot, how desperate warm some folks mun be!

Vor. Warm—foolish fellow! [*Wiping his Forehead, and fanning himself with his Hat.*] Fugh! quite a Bengal day, I declare.

Frank. Od dang it! how their wicked heads mun spin round.

Vor. Spin round! I never heard such a simpleton.—Spin, indeed! ha, ha! God bless my soul, I'm quite giddy! O lord! O dear me! Help! Help!

Enter BRONZE.

Bronze. What's the matter, sir?

Vor. Only a little touch of my old complaint.—Send that fellow away.

[BRONZE *goes up to* FRANK.

Frank. Oh, this be t'other gentleman. Sir, I ha' gotten twenty-six pound that feyther lost to you at gamestering.

Bronze. Where is it?

Frank. In my pocket.

Bronze. That's lucky!—Give it me.

Frank. Gi' it thee! Ees, dom thee, come out, and I'll gi' it thee. [*Clenching his Fist.*

Vor. Begone!

Frank. Gentlemen, I wish you both a good morning. [*Exit.*

Vor. [*Getting up.*] What a dunderhead that is!—To suppose that a little tenderness of conscience

wou'd make a man's head turn round.—Pugh! 'tis impossible;—or how the devil would the lawyers find their way from Westminster Hall?—Giddy, indeed! Ha, ha!—Bronze, take care I don't fall.

[*Exit, leaning on* BRONZE.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Room in an Inn.

Enter OLD RAPID, *with a Letter, and a* SERVANT *following.*

O. Rap. What! a real letter from the real Nabob?—Dear me, where is Neddy?—Make my humble duty to your master; proud to serve him—no—very proud to see him;—grateful for the honour of his custom—no—no—for his company.—I wish you a pleasant walk home, sir.—The Nabob coming here directly!—O dear me! where's Neddy?—Waiter!—

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter WAITER.

Do you know where my boy is?

Wait. Not a minute ago, I saw him fighting in a field behind the house.

Enter YOUNG RAPID—*his Coat torn.*

O. Rap. Fighting!—O dear, where is he?

Y. Rap. Here am I, dad—

O. Rap. What has been the matter?

Y. Rap. Only a small rumpus; went to peep at the Castle,—pushing home,—the road had a bit of a circumbendibus;—hate corners,—so I jumped the hedge,—cut right across,—you know my way,—kept moving,—up came a farmer,—wanted to turn me back,—would not do,—tussled a bit,—carried my point,—came straight as an arrow.

O. Rap. Fie, fie!—but read that letter.

Y. Rap. What! the Nabob coming here directly, and I in this pickle.—Waiter, are my clothes come home?

Wait. No, sir.

Y. Rap. Why, the fellow gave his word--

Wait. Yes, sir;—but what can you expect from a tailor? [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. That's very true.

O. Rap. Impudent rascal!

Y. Rap. What the devil shall I do?—The most important moment of my life.

O. Rap. 'Tis unlucky.

Y. Rap. Unlucky! 'tis perdition—annihilation—a misfortune, that—

O. Rap. I can mend.

Y. Rap. How?

O. Rap. By mending the coat.

Y. Rap. An excellent thought.—Come, help me off,—quick,—quick!

O. Rap. I always have a needle in my pocket.

Y. Rap. [*Rubbing his Back.*] I know you have.

O. Rap. Now, give it me.

Y. Rap. What! suffer my father to mend my coat!—No,—no; not so bad as that neither.——As the coat must be mended,—damn it, I'll mend it.

O. Rap. Will you tho'?—Ecod, I should like to see you;—here's a needle ready threaded—and a thimble:—you can't think how I shall like to see you; now don't hurry, that's a dear boy.

[YOUNG RAPID *sits down, gathers his Legs under him.*—OLD RAPID *puts, his Spectacles on, and sits close to him, looking on.*

Y. Rap. Now mind, dad, when—Damn the needle!

[*Wounds his Fingers.*

O. Rap. That's because you are in such a hurry.

Y. Rap. When the Nabob comes—sink the tailor.—

O. Rap. I will;—but that's a long stitch.

Y. Rap. Be sure you sink the tailor;—a great deal depends on the first impression;—you shall be reading a grave book, with a melancholy air.

O. Rap. Then I wish I had brought down my book of bad debts;—that would have made me melancholy enough.

Enter MR. *and* MISS VORTEX, *who advance slowly; the* NABOB *the Side where* YOUNG RAPID *is,* MISS VORTEX *to the other Side.*

Y. Rap. I,—ha, ha! I say, dad, if the Nabob was to see us now,—ha, ha!

O. Rap. Ha, ha! True;—but mind what you're about.

Y. Rap. I'll be discovered in a situation, that will surprise—a striking situation, and in some damn'd elegant attitude——

[*Looks up, and sees the* NABOB.

O. Rap. Why don't you finish the job;—why don't you?

[*Sees the* NABOB.—*They look round the other Way, and see* MISS VORTEX; *they both appear ashamed and dejected*; YOUNG RAPID *draws his Legs from under him.*

Vor. Gentlemen,—I and my daughter, Miss Vortex, have done ourselves the honour of waiting upon you, to—

Miss Vor. But I beg we may not interrupt your amusement!—'tis uncommon whimsical!

Y. Rap. [*Recovering himself.*] Yes, ma'am, very whimsical.—I must keep moving. [*Laughs.*] Ha, ha! You see, dad, I've won—I've won—ha, ha!

Miss Vor. He says he has won.—

O. Rap. [*With amazement.*] O! he has won, has he?

Y. Rap. Yes, you know, I've won? he, he! why don't you laugh? [*Aside to* OLD RAPID.

O. Rap. [*With Difficulty.*] Ha, he!

Y. Rap. You see, ma'am, the fact is,—I had torn my coat; so says I to my father, I'll bet my bays against your opera-box that I mend it: and so—ha, ha! [*To* OLD RAPID.] Laugh again.

O. Rap. I can't.—Indeed, I can't.

Y. Rap. And so I—I won—upon my soul, I was doing it very well.

O. Rap. No, you were not,—you were doing it a shame to be seen.

Y. Rap. [*Apart.*] Hush!—Ah, father, you don't like to lose.

Vor. Well, gentlemen, now this very extraordinary frolic is over—

Y. Rap. Yes, sir,—it is quite over,—[*Aside.*] thank Heaven!

Vor. Suppose we adjourn to Bangalore Hall?

Y. Rap. Sir, I'll go with you directly, with all the pleasure in life. [*Running.*

Miss Vor. I believe my curricle is the first carriage.

O. Rap. Dear me! [*Looking at* MISS VORTEX.

Vor. My daughter seems to please you, sir.

O. Rap. What a shape!

Miss Vor. O, sir, you're uncommon polite!

Y. Rap. He's remarkable gallant, ma'am.

O. Rap. What elegance! what fashion! upon the whole, it's the best made little spencer, I've seen for some time.

[VORTEX *and* DAUGHTER *in Amazement.*

Y. Rap. O, the devil!—The fact is, ma'am, my father is the most particular man on earth about dress—the beau of his time—Beau Rapid.—You know, father, they always called you, Beau Rapid. I dare say he's had more suits of clothes in his house than any man in England.

Miss Vor. An uncommon expensive whim!

Y. Rap. I don't think his fortune has suffered by it.

Miss Vor. [*To.* OLD RAPID.] Shall I have the honour of driving you?

O. Rap. O, madam, I can't think of giving you so much trouble as to drive me.

Miss Vor. My dear sir, I shall be uncommon happy

O. Rap. O, madam!

[*Simpers and titters to his Son, then takes* MISS VORTEX's *Hand, and trots off.*

Vor. We'll follow.

Y. Rap. If you please: not that I particularly like to follow.

Vor. I suppose, sir, now summer approaches, London begins to fill for the winter.

Y. Rap. Yes, sir.

Vor. Any thing new in high life?—what is the present rage with ladies of fashion?

Y. Rap. Why, sir, as to the ladies;—[*Aside.*] What

shall I say ?—Oh ! the ladies, sir,—why, Heaven bless them, sir ! they—they keep moving !—but, to confess the truth, sir,—my fashionable education has been very much neglected.

Vor. That's a pity.

Y. Rap. Very great pity, sir.

Vor. Suppose I become your preceptor.

Y. Rap. If you would be so kind—I wou'd treasure any little short rule.

Vor. Why, there is a short rule necessary for every man of fashion to attend to.

Y. Rap. What is it ?

Vor. Never to reflect.

Y. Rap. Never reflect ;—what push on—keep moving ? my dear sir—that's my way—suits me exactly.

Vor. Then you must be known.

Y. Rap. To be sure ;—I'll give away thousands in charities.

Vor. Charities ! You would be forgot in a week.—To be known, you must be mischievous ;—malice has a much better memory than gratitude ;—and then you must be gallant.—Are there no pretty girls you should like to be well with, eh ?

Y. Rap. A very extensive assortment, sir.

Vor. And perhaps there may be a married woman you would like to intrigue with.

Y. Rap. A very large quantity.—O, how I long to begin !—Are you married, sir ?

Vor. Why, no !

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. The carriage is ready.

Y. Rap. So am I ; come, sir,—four horses, I hope.

Vor. No, sir.

Y. Rap. That's a great pity. Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to tell your coachman to drive like the devil?

Vor. Sir, to oblige you.

Y. Rap. Sir, I'll be very much oblig'd to you.

Enter WAITER.

Wait. Your clothes are come, sir.

Y. Rap. That's lucky.

Vor. Then I'll wait for you.

Y. Rap. Wait for me!—nobody need wait for me—I'll be with you in a crack—Do you push on—I'll keep moving—I'll take care nobody waits for me. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

A Room in the NABOB'S *House.*

Enter OATLAND, *dejected,* FRANK *and* JESSY *leading him.*

Jessy. Be comforted, father.

Oat. To see thee brought to service! [*Sighs.*]—I—I've done this:—I that have—

Frank. Never mind—we be young and healthy, and don't heed it—do us, Jessy?

Oat. To be asham'd to look my own children in the face!—I, who ought to have been the forehorse of the team, to be pull'd along through life by this young tender thing!

Jessy. Don't despond, father—Sir Hubert will see your contrition, and restore you to his favour.

Oat. When the hen sees the hawk ready to pounce, she gathers her young ones under her wing—when

misfortune hovers over my sweet chicken here, I leave her to shift for herself!

Jessy. Come, no more of this.

Oat. Even the savage hawk takes care of its nestlings—what then am I?—Children, do you hate me?

Frank. Hate thee! pugh, feyther, dan't thee talk so—good bye to thee—cheer up—thee has long been a feyther to me, now it is my turn, and I'll be a feyther to thee.

Oat. I cannot speak—take care of my girl, Frank. [*Exit.*

Frank. Care of her!—though she be a servant, let me catch any body striking her, that's all.—Well, Jessy, we mun not be sheam'd—I know poverty be no sin, because parson said so last Sunday.—Talk of that—I do hear that your sweetheart, Mr. Rapid, be worth such a desp'rate sight of money as never was.

Jessy. [*Sighs.*] If his fortunes are so prosperous, brother, he is exalted above my hopes—If his heart be mercenary, he is sunk below my wishes.—Heigh-ho! yet he might have sent to know if I were well, he might—no matter!

Frank. He be coming to Neabob's here on a visitation.

Jessy. Ah! coming here!

Frank. Ees—and Mr. Bronze do say while he be here I am to be his sarving-man.

Jessy. You *his* servant! [*Weeps.*

Frank. Don't thee cry, Jessy!

Jessy. [*Recovering herself.*] I won't; it was weak, it was wrong.—Frank, be sure you conceal from Mr. Rapid who you are—I have reasons for it.—Edward here!—when we meet, it will be a hard trial. Yet why should I dread it?—let perfidy and pride shrink abash'd, virtuous integrity will support me.

Frank. That's right, Jessy, show a proper spirit—

Ecod, if he were to pull out his purse and to offer to make thee a present of five guineas, dan't thee take it.—[JESSY *smiles dejectedly.*] Here be thy new mistress.

Jessy. Leave me.

Frank. Do'st thou hear? Dom it, dan't thee take it! *Exit.*

Enter MISS VORTEX.

Miss Vor. O, my new attendant I suppose?—What's your name, child?

Jessy. Jessy Oatland, madam.

Miss Vor. Well, Oatland. [*Taking out her Glass.*] look at me.—Umph—not at all contemptible.—That's a charming nosegay—[JESSY *presents it.*]—all exotics, I declare.

Jessy. No, madam, neglected wild flowers—I took them from their bed of weeds, bestowed care on their culture, and by transplanting them to a more genial soil, they have flourished with luxuriant strength and beauty.

Miss Vor. A pretty amusement.

Jessy. And it seem'd, madam, to convey this lesson—Not to despise the lowly mind, but rather, with fostering hand, to draw it from its chill obscurity, that, like those humble flowers, it might grow rich in worth, and native energy.

Miss Vor. Oh! [*Aside.*]—mind—energy!—What's the matter with the poor girl, I wonder! uncommon odd!—I hear, Oatland, you are reduced in your circumstances.

Jessy. Yes, madam.

Miss Vor. That's very lucky, because it will make you humble, child! Well, and what are your qualifications?

Jessy. Cheerful industry, madam. I can read to you, write for you, or converse—

Miss Vor. Converse with me! I dare say you can.

—No, thank you, child—instead of my listening to your voice, you will be polite enough to be as silent as convenient, and do me the honour of listening to mine.—Oh! here comes Mr. Rapid.

Jessy. Ah! [*In great Agitation.*] May I retire madam?

Miss Vor. Yes; I shall follow to dress.—No, stay.—Yes, you may go.

Jessy. O, thank you! thank you, dear madam! [*Exit with rapidity.*

Miss Vor. That poor girl appears to me rather crazy.

Enter OLD *and* YOUNG RAPID *and* VORTEX.

Miss Vor. Welcome to Bangalore Hall, gentlemen.

Y. Rap. Charming house! plenty of room.— [*Runs about, and looks at every Thing.*

O. Rap. A very spacious apartment, indeed.

Vor. Yes, sir; but I declare I forget the dimensions of this room.

O. Rap. Sir, if you please, I'll measure it—my cane is exactly a yard, good honest measure—'tis handy—and that mark is the half-yard, and—

Y. Rap. [*Overhears, and snatches the Cane from him.*] Confound it!—The pictures, father—look at the pictures [*Pointing with the Cane.*] did you ever see such charming—

Miss Vor. Do you like pictures?

Y. Rap. Exceedingly, ma'am; but I should like them a great deal better if they just moved a little.

Miss Vor. Ha! ha! I must retire to dress—till dinner, gentlemen, adieu! [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. [*To his Father.*] Zounds! you'll ruin every thing! can't you keep the tailor under!

Vor. Your son seems rather impatient.

O. Rap. Very, sir—always was.—I remember a certain duke—

Y. Rap. That's right, lay the scene high; push the duke—push him as far as he'll go.

O. Rap. I will, I will.—I remember a certain duke used to say, Mr. Rapid, your son is as sharp as a needle.

Y. Rap. At it again!

O. Rap. As a needle—

Y. Rap. [*Interrupting him.*] Is true to the pole. As a needle is true to the pole, says the duke; so will your son, says the duke, be to every thing spirited and fashionable, says the duke.—Am I always to be tortured with your infernal needles?

[*Aside to* OLD RAPID.

Vor. Now to sound them. I hear, gentlemen, your business in this part of the country is with Sir Hubert Stanley, respecting some money transactions.

O. Rap. 'Tis a secret.

Vor. O, no—the Baronet avows his wish to sell his estate.

O. Rap. O, that alters the case.

Vor. I think it would be a desirable purchase for you—I should be happy in such neighbours—and if you should want forty or fifty thousand, ready money, I'll supply it with pleasure.

O. Rap. O, sir, how kind!—If my son wishes to purchase, I would rather leave it entirely to him.

Y. Rap. And I would rather leave it entirely to you.

Vor. Very well. I'll propose for it.—[*Aside.*] This will cut Sir Hubert to the soul.—There is a very desirable borough interest—then you could sit in Parliament.

Y. Rap. In Parliament? ha, ha!

O. Rap. No, that would be a botch.

Y. Rap. No, no, I was once in the gallery—crammed in—no moving—expected to hear the great guns—up got a little fellow, nobody knew who, gave us a three hours' speech—I got dev'lish fidgetty—the house called for the question, I join'd the cry—"The question, the question," says I.— A member spied me—clear'd the gallery—got hustl'd by my brother spectators—oblig'd to scud—O, it would never do for me.

Vor. But you must learn patience.

Y. Rap. Then make me speaker—if that wou'dn't teach me patience, nothing would.

Vor. Do you dislike, sir, parliamentary eloquence?

O. Rap. Sir, I never heard one of your real, downright parliament speeches in my life—never. [*Yawns.*

Y. Rap. By your yawning I shou'd think you had heard a great many.

Vor. O, how lucky!—At last I shall get my dear speech spoken.—Sir, I am a member, and I mean to——

Y. Rap. Keep moving.

Vor. Why, I mean to speak, I assure you; and—

Y. Rap. Push on, then.

Vor. What, speak my speech?—That I will—I'll speak it.

Y. Rap. O, the devil!—Don't yawn so— [*To* OLD RAPID.

O. Rap. I never get a comfortable nap, never!

Y. Rap. You have a devilish good chance now—Confound all speeches.—Oh!—

Vor. Pray be seated—[*They sit on each Side* VORTEX.]—Now we'll suppose that the chair— [*Pointing to a Chair.*

O. Rap. Suppose it the chair! why, it is a chair, an't it?

Vor. Pshaw! I mean—

Y. Rap. He knows what you mean—'tis his humour.

Vor. O, he's witty!

Y. Rap. O, remarkably brilliant, indeed!—
[*Significantly to his Father.*

Vor. What, you are a wit, sir!

O. Rap. A what? Yes, I am—I am a wit.

Vor. Well, now I'll begin—Oh, what a delicious moment!—The house, when they approve, cry, "Hear him! hear him!"—I only give you a hint, in case any thing should strike—

Y. Rap. Push on.—I can never stand it. [*Aside.*

Vor. Now I shall charm them—[*Addresses the Chair.*]—"Sir, Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should not have blink'd the present question, —but having caught what has fallen from the other side, I shall scout the idea of going over the usual ground."—What, no applause yet? [*Aside.—During this,* OLD RAPID *has fallen asleep, and* YOUNG RAPID, *after showing great Fretfulness and Impatience, runs to the Back Scene, throws up the Window, and looks out.*]—"But I shall proceed, and, I trust, without interruption"—[*Turns round, and sees* OLD RAPID *asleep.*]—Upon my soul, this is—What do you mean, sir?— [RAPID *awakes.*

O. Rap. What's the matter?—Hear him! hear him!

Vor. Pray, sir, don't you blush?—[*Sees* YOUNG RAPID *at the Window.*]—What the devil!—

Y. Rap. [*Looking round.*] Hear him! hear him!

Vor. By the soul of Cicero, 'tis too much.

O. Rap. O, Neddy, for shame of yourself to fall asleep!—I mean, to look out of the window—I am very sorry, sir, any thing should go across the grain. —I say, Ned, smooth him down!

Y. Rap. I will—What the devil shall I say?—The fact is, sir, I heard a cry of fire—upon—the—the—water, and—

Vor. Well, well—But do you wish to hear the end of my speech?

Y. Rap. Upon my honour, I do.

Vor. Then we'll only suppose this little interruption a message from the Lords, or something of that sort—[*They sit,* YOUNG RAPID *fretful.*]—Where did I leave off?

Y. Rap. Oh! I recollect; at—"I therefore briefly conclude with moving—an Adjournment."

[*Rising.*

Vor. Nonsense! no such thing—[*Putting him down in a Chair.*]—Oh! I remember! "I shall therefore proceed, and, I trust, without interruption—"

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Dinner's on the table, sir.

Vor. Get out of the room, you villain!—"Without interruption—"

Serv. I say, sir—

Y. Rap. Hear him! hear him!

Serv. Dinner is waiting.

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] Dinner waiting!—Come along, sir.

Vor. Never mind the dinner.

Y. Rap. But I like it smoking.

O. Rap. So do I—Be it ever so little, let me have it hot.

Vor. Won't you hear my speech?

Y. Rap. To be sure we will—but now to dinner—Come, we'll move together—Capital speech!—Push on, sir—Come along, dad—Push on, dad.

[*Exeunt, forcing* VORTEX *out.*

SCENE III.

An ancient Hall.

Enter SIR HUBERT, *leaning on* CHARLES STANLEY.

Char. Take comfort, sir.

Sir Hub. Where shall I find it, boy?—To live on my estate, is ruin—to part with it, death.—My heart is twin'd round it.—I've been the patriarch of my tribe—the scourge of the aggressor—the protector of the injur'd!—Can I forego these dignities?—My old grey-headed servants, too, whose only remaining hope is to lay their bones near their lov'd master, how shall I part with them?—I prate, boy; 'tis the privilege of these white hairs.

Enter SERVANT,—*delivers a Letter to* SIR HUBERT, *who reads it with great Agitation.*

Char. Ah! what is it shakes you, sir?—That letter!—

Sir Hub. Nothing, my dear boy!—'tis infirmity!—I shall soon be better.

Char. Excuse me, dear sir.—[Takes the Letter, and reads.]—*Mr. Vortex, at the request of Mr. Rapid, informs Sir Hubert Stanley it is inconvenient for him to advance more money on mortgage. Mr. Vortex laments Sir Hubert's pecuniary embarrassments*—damnation!—*to relieve which he will purchase the Castle and estate.*—Sooner shall its massy ruins crumble me to dust.—Don't despond, my father! bear up!

Enter FRANK, *running*—*his Face bloody.*

Frank. Oh, sur!—at Neabob's table they've been so abusing your father!

Char. Ah?

Frank. And I've been fighting—

Char. Hush!

Sir Hub. What's his business?

Char. Oh, sir!—[*Concealing his Agitation.*]—My friend Frank consults me on a love affair; and I must not betray his confidence.—In his hurry he fell.—Wasn't it so? [*Significantly.*

Frank. Eees, sur, ees.

Sir Hub. You are not hurt, young man?

Frank. No, sur.—Thank Heaven! my head be a pure hard one.

Char. Within!

Enter Two SERVANTS.

Attend my father.

Sir Hub. My boy, don't stay from me long.

[*Exit, leaning on* SERVANTS.

Char. Now, good Frank, ease my tortur'd mind.—What of my father?

Frank. Why, your honour, Mr. Bronze came laughing out of dining-room, and says, "Dom'me, how the old Baronet has been roasted." So, sur, I, not knowing what they could mean by roasting a christian, axed. "Why," says he, grinning, "they voted, that it was a pity the dignity of the bloody hand interfer'd, or the old beggar might set up a shop."

Char. What!

Frank. The old beggar might set up a shop.

Char. Unmanner'd, cowardly babblers!

Frank. And that you, sur, would make a dapper 'prentice.

Char. I heed not that.—But, when I forgive a father's wrongs—

Frank. So says I, Dom'me, if young 'squire had been among them, he would have knocked all their heads together! Now, wouldn't you, sur, have

knock'd their heads together? Then they all laugh'd at me; which somehow made all the blood in my body come into my knuckles. So says I, "Mr. Bronze, suppose a case—suppose me young 'squire Stanley—now say that again about his honour'd father."—So he did; and I lent him such a drive o'the face—and I was knocking all their heads together pretty tightish—till the cook laid me flat wi' the poker: then they all fell upon me; and when I could fight no longer, I fell a-crying, and ran to tell your honour.

Char. Thanks, my affectionate lad!—Return to the Nabob's to-day.

Frank. I be sartain I shall never do any good there.

Char. To-morrow you shall live with me. I shall dismiss all my servants—my circumstances require it.

Frank. What! all but me!—What! I do all the work?—Lord, lord, how glad I be, sur, you can't afford to keep any body but I.

Char. Good Frank, farewell!—Hold—here—

[*Presenting a Purse.*

Frank. [*Refusing.*] Nay, pray'ee, sur, dan't you beheave unkind to me—I be a poor lad, that do worship and love you—not a spy for the lucre of gain—pray use me kindly, and don't gi' me a farding.

Char. Frank, I beg your pardon.—Farewell!

Frank. Lord, how glad I be, he can only afford to keep I. [*Exit.*

Char. Insult my father!—unmanly villain!—whoe'er thou art, thy life shall answer it! [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

Enter VORTEX, *in great Terror, reading a Letter.*

Vor. Dear me!—here's a terrible affair! [Reads.] *Give me up the author of the slander on my Father*—that was myself;—I never can find in my heart to give myself up—*or personally answer the consequences.*
CHARLES STANLEY.
O dear! since I find my words are taken down, I must be more parliamentary in my language.—What shall I do?—I can't fight—my poor head won't bear it—it might be the death of me.

Y. Rap. [*Without.*] Huzza, my fine fellows! bravo!

Vor. Egad, a fine thought.—Young Rapid is loaded muzzle high with champaigne—I'll tell him he said the words, and make him own them. I've persuaded him into a marriage with my daughter: after that, the devil's in't if I can't persuade him into a duel.

Enter YOUNG RAPID, *tipsy.*

Y. Rap. Here I am tip-top spirits—ripe for any thing.

Vor. How did you like my champaigne?

Y. Rap. O, it suits me exactly: a man is such a damn'd long while getting tipsy with other wine—

champaigne settles the business directly—it has made me—

Vor. Lively, I see.

Y. Rap. Lively—it has made me like a skyrocket. Well, how did I behave ?—Quite easy, was'n't I ?—Push'd on—at every thing—barr'd prosing.—Jolly dogs within—the fat parson's a fine—fellow kept the bottle moving—said a nice short grace.

Vor. Well, and did you lose at play the five hundred pounds I lent you ?

Y. Rap. As easy as could be.

Vor. That was lucky.

Y. Rap. Very—particularly for those who won it.

Vor. Well, now you'll do.

Y. Rap. Huzza ! I'm a finish'd man.

[*Staggering and strutting about.*

Vor. You only want a quarrel to make you—

Y Rap. A what ?—A quarrel.—Dam'me, I'll settle that in two minutes. [*Running off.*

Vor. Stop.—You need not go out of the room for that.

Y. Rap. What ! will you quarrel with me, eh !—With all my heart.

Vor. Me ! O no !—I say I could get you such fame—

Y. Rap. How, my dear fellow ?—Dash on.

Vor. Why, at dinner you reflected on the Baronet.

Y. Rap. No, it was you.

Vor. No, not I.

Y. Rap. Yes, it was you.

Vor. Well, it might be I ; but I don't say it was—

Y. Rap. I do.—push on.

Vor. Young Stanley has demanded the author—Now, if you were to own the words—how the news-

papers would teem with—"The elegant Charles Stanley was called out by the dashing Young Rapid, about some trifle."

Y. Rap. Bravo!

Vor. Any thing does for a duel now-a-days—the length of a dancer's great toe—an election leg of mutton and trimmings.

Y. Rap. Say no more—I'll do it. By Heavens, no man of fashion shall be more famous.—I'll go write to him directly.

Vor. First take another bottle of champaigne. You can't think what a free dashing style it will give you.

Y. Rap. I will [*Going—Returns.*] No, I can't take up this quarrel.

Vor. O dear—Why not? [*Alarmed.*

Y. Rap. Because I'm sure I'm depriving you of a pleasure.

Vor. O, don't mind me! I give it you, to show my regard for you.—Indeed, I've had so much fighting in my time, that with me it really ceases to be a pleasure—the sweetest things will cloy—so the quarrel's yours—I wash my hands of it.

Y. Rap. You're a damn'd good hearted, generous fellow!

Vor. Then you'll return triumphant, and marry my daughter.

Y. Rap. To be sure—keep moving [*Going.*]—Hold—what must we fight with? I can't fence.

Vor. You have no objection to pistols and bullets?

Y. Rap. I like bullets—they come so quick. But I must push on—the other bottle, and then—I'm a first-rate fellow.—Champaigne for ever! [*Exit.*

Vor. You shall have my pistols—they've never been used. [*Enter* MISS VORTEX.] Here's policy. *Crown me, shadow me with laurels.*—Oh, my dear, I've achiev'd two such difficult points!

Miss Vor. How, my dear Nabob?

Vor. In the first place, I've persuaded Young Rapid to marry you.

Miss Vor. Was that so difficult?

Vor. No, no, certainly. But the next will delight you.—Rapid is going to have an affair of honour with young Stanley.

Miss Vor. A duel! and about me?

Vor. Yes.—[*Aside.*] I may as well tell her so.

Miss Vor. Charming!

Vor. Now a'n't I a kind father, to set two young men fighting about you?

Miss Vor. Ah! that is indeed acting like a parent!

Vor. Egad, I must look after Rapid, though.

Miss Vor. But how did you manage it?

Vor. By policy to be sure; for, as I observe in my speech—"Policy is—

Miss Vor. And a very good observation it is.

Vor. How do you know, till you hear it?—"Policy—"

Miss Vor. But pray go to Mr. Rapid. [*Pushing him off.*]

Vor. "Policy—"

Miss Vor. Nay, I must insist—[*Exit* VORTEX.] O, delightful!—Oatland!

Enter JESSY.

I'm in such uncommon spirits, Oatland!

Jessy. May I inquire the cause, madam?

Miss Vor. Certainly. A duel is going to be fought about me.

Jessy. A duel!—horrible thought!

Miss Vor. Sensibility, I vow!—Too comic, a vast deal! Ha! ha! cottage pathos must proceed from a source unknown to me, I'm sure!

Jessy. It proceeds, madam, from the heart.

Miss Vor. Umph.—Let me have no more of it. [*Sharply.*

Jessy. I beg your pardon—I forgot the extent of a servant's duty.—I forgot that servants have no right to feel pleasure or pain, but as their employers please; and that suppressing the sensibilities of nature is considered in their wages. [*Sarcastically.*

Miss Vor. No doubt of it.—That's so very sensibly observed, that I'll forgive you, Oatland.—The pride of young Stanley will be so humbled—

Jessy. Is the safety of that noble youth implicated?

Miss Vor. What!—a lover, I suppose—came to the farm, I warrant—attended Miss Jessy in the dairy—ruffled the cream with his sighs—talked of Arcadia, and sipped butter-milk.—Ha! ha! I should not wonder, after what I have seen of his taste.—Yes, he is implicated—I dare say Mr. Rapid will— [*Going.*

Jessy. Heavens! Is Edward—

[*Catching hold of a Chair for Support.*

Miss Vor. Edward!

Jessy. I mean, madam, [*Trembling, and courtesying.*] is Mr. Rapid's life involved?

Miss Vor. Upon my honour, you seem to have an uncommon sensibility for all mankind!—Do you mean to sit down in my presence?

[*Exit* MISS VORTEX.

Jessy. No, madam! [*Sinks down in the Chair.*] Oh, Edward! unkind as thou art, how gladly would I resign my life, to save thee! [*Weeps.*

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. In tears, Jessy?—Sweet girl, tell me—

Jessy. Oh, madam! the most dreadful event is about to take place. Mr. Stanley is engaged in a duel with——

Ellen. Forbid it, Heaven.—Let us fly to his father:—he may prevent it.

Jessy. Alas, madam! I fear he regards not his father's injunctions!

Ellen. Not regard his father!—Who, child?

Jessy. Mr. Rapid, madam.

Ellen. Mr. Rapid!

Jessy. Oh! [*Hiding her Face.*

Ellen. Is it so, sweet Jessy?—But has he deserved thy love?—Is he not unkind?

Jessy. Oh! true, madam!—But is not his life in danger?

Ellen. We will not lose a moment.—Let us seek Sir Hubert.

Jessy. I'm very faint.

Ellen. Come, rest on my arm.

Jessy. Oh, such kindness!—I cannot speak—but indeed my heart feels it.

[*Exeunt,* ELLEN *supporting* JESSY.

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in VORTEX'S *House.*

Enter YOUNG RAPID, *followed by* FRANK, *who carries Pistols, a Sword, and Champaigne.*

Y. Rap. Got the pistols, eh?

Frank. Here they be [*Lays them down.*] Your feyther were axing for you, sur.

Y. Rap. My father!—Should any thing happen—when I reflect—Reflect—Zounds, that won't do.—Some Champaigne! [*Drinks.*] I'll write to him, however; a few words on a scrap of paper may cheer him [*Takes a Letter out of his Pocket, and is about to tear a Piece of it off.*]—What! [Reads.] *Dear Edward, your faithful Jessy Oatland.* [*Strikes his Head.*]—Jessy Oatland!—What a scoundrel I am! [*Kisses the Letter*].—Oh, Jessy, what an infernal pain at my heart! —More Champaigne!

Enter SERVANT.

Ser. A letter, sir, from Young Stanley.

Y. Rap. Then the die is cast.—[*Reads.*] *You are a scoundrel—meet me immediately, or,*—um, um, a short decisive letter enough. Damn this pain.—Quick! my pistols! Take them to Stanley Park: there wait for me.—Oh Jessy!

Enter OLD RAPID, *at the Back of the Scene.*

Frank. Ecod, he'll kill thee.—I'll lay half-a-crown 'Squire Stanley hits thee the first shot.

[*Exit* FRANK, *with the Pistols.*

O. Rap. [*Coming forward.*] Pistols—kill—Stanley!—Ned, tell me—

Y. Rap. [*Aside.*] My father here.—O, sir, nothing.—Come, drink.

O. Rap. Look at me.—Ah! that agitation!—Tell me the cause!—A parent commands you.—Your old doating father entreats it!

Y. Rap. Sir, I've received an insult that no gentleman of fashion can submit to.

O. Rap. Gentleman of fashion! Need a man resent it?

Y. Rap. Read that letter, and judge.

O. Rap. Lack-a-day!—consider, you're only a tailor's son.—[*Reads.*] *You're a scoundrel.*—That's a hard word.—

Y. Rap. Wou'd you have me submit to be call'd scoundrel?

O. Rap. No, I wou'dn't—[*With Tears.*] Yes, I wou'd.

Y. Rap. Sir, you don't feel like a man.

O. Rap. I'm sure I feel like a father.

Y. Rap. Read on, sir.

O. Rap. [Reads.] *And unless* [Wipes the Tears away.] *unless*—I can't—

Y. Rap. [Takes the Letter, and reads.] *And unless you immediately give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, expect the chastisement due to a coward.*

O. Rap. Chastisement!—Chastisement!—Coward! [*With irritation.*] We are flesh and blood, Ned.

Y. Rap. Wou'd you see me spurn'd?—

O. Rap. [*Emphatically, and running into his Son's Arms.*] No!

Y. Rap. Pray leave me, sir.

O. Rap. Where shall I go?—What shall I do?—What will become of me? O, boy, try to avoid it.—Remember your old father—remember his life hangs on yours.—But, Ned—don't forget you're a man!

Y. Rap. Pray leave me, sir.

O. Rap. I will.—Farewel, my dear boy, 'twill break my old heart.—But remember you're a man, Ned. [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. [*Alone.*] So, I'm proceeding full tilt to murder;—have planted a dagger in a kind father's heart.—Oh—this infernal pain! Could I with honour avoid?—but [*Looking at the Letter.*]—Chastisement! Coward!—Damnation! I must push on. Fool! Dolt! Villain that I am! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A retired Place in Stanley Park.

Enter SIR HUBERT STANLEY.

Sir Hub. What can it mean? Charles parted from me in an agony the ingenuousness of his nature had not art to conceal;—he grasp'd my hand,—bade me farewell, as if it were for ever,—then broke away—leaving me a prey to wild conjecture and despair;—soon shall I be at peace.—Infirmity, when goaded

on by sorrow, presses to the goal of life with doubled speed.—Surely through that laurel grove, I see two female figures glide along; my eyes are not of the best, and the sorrow I have felt for my dear boy has not strengthened them—they approach—

Enter ELLEN *and* JESSY.

Ellen. Pardon, Sir Hubert, this intrusion!—My name, sir, is Ellen Vortex.

Sir Hub. Madam, I welcome you as my daughter.

Ellen. Oh, sir!—the urgency of the moment will not allow me to thank such goodness as I ought;—your son; sir—

Sir Hub. Ah! What of him?

Ellen. I saw him pass along,—he fled from my outstretch'd arms,—he was deaf to my cries;—e'en now he's engaged in a duel.

Sir Hub. Ha! [*Draws his Sword, and is running out, staggers, drops his Sword.*—ELLEN *and* JESSY *support him.*] My functions are suspended!—Oh nature! dost thou desert me at this moment,—Who is the villain that has caused it?

Jessy. Ah, my poor Edward!

Sir Hub. Oh, that I could rush before my child, and receive the fatal ball in this old broken heart!—Perhaps—dreadful thought!—e'en now the deadly tube is levelled at his manly breast. [*The Report of a Pistol is heard*—ELLEN *sinks into his Arms.*] Bear up, I cannot support thee. [*Another Pistol is discharged.*]—Horrible suspense!—what a death-like silence!

Ellen. Death!—Oh my adored Charles!

Jessy. Ah, my poor Edward!

Frank. [*Without.*] Huzza! Huzza! [*Enters.*] Huzza!—he's safe—he's safe.—

All. Who?

Frank. 'Squire Charles,—'Squire Charles,—Huzza! [*Exit.*

[SIR HUBERT *folds his Hands on his Breast in silent Gratitude.*

Jessy. Ah, my poor Edward!

Ellen. Your son is safe;—heard you the words?

Sir Hub. They have shot life through me.—

Ellen. Jessy! rejoice with me.—[*Seeing her dejected.*] Wretch that I am, to forget thy sorrows!—Take comfort, sweet girl!—perhaps—

Enter OLD RAPID, *capering.*

O. Rap. Tol de rol lol—Safe and sound—safe and sound—tol de rol lol.—

Jessy. Who?

O. Rap. My boy Neddy,—my darling Neddy safe and sound,—told de rol lol. [*Sees* SIR HUBERT, *and bows respectfully.*—JESSY *and* ELLEN *talk apart.*]

Sir Hub. So, Mr. Rapid! How happened this, sir?

O. Rap. Really, Sir Hubert, I don't understand the cut of it; all I can say is, your son's behaviour was—oh—superfine;—when they had fired their pistols—they drew out their swords, and your son disarm'd Neddy, and then he generously gave him his sword again, which was extremely genteel,—for it was a brand new silver-hilted sword, and, I suppose, by the laws of honour, he might have kept it.—

Sir Hub. Mr. Rapid, why did you break your appointment?

O. Rap. Mr. Vortex, sir—

Sir Hub. Mr. Vortex.—I fear your son has selected an imprudent preceptor.

O. Rap. Chose a bad pattern, you think, sir?—I am afraid he has.—

Sir Hub. Will you, sir, favour me with a few minutes' conversation?

O. Rap. You know, Sir Hubert, I'm your faithful servant to command.—

Sir Hub. [*To* ELLEN.] Come, let us to our hero. Will you, fair creature, condescend to be a crutch to an old man? [*Takes* ELLEN's *Arm.*] I shall expect you, sir.—

Ellen. Jessy!

Jessy. I follow, madam. [*Exeunt* SIR HUBERT *and* ELLEN.] Do I address the father of Mr. Rapid?

O. Rap. You do, pretty one!

Jessy. [*Taking his Hand, and kissing it.*] I beg your pardon; but are you sure your son's life is safe—quite safe?—

O. Rap. Yes.—A very charming girl, I declare!—I'm very much obliged to you for taking notice of my Neddy!—Poor fellow! nobody seem'd to care what became of him.—I'm very much oblig'd.—A sweet pretty-spoken creature as ever I saw! But I must away to the Nabob's, or I shall be too late for the wedding.

Jessy. Wedding! whose, sir?

O. Rap. Whose? why, my boy Neddy's, with Miss Vortex, to be sure!

Jessy. Married! Edward married! 'Tis too much—
[*Leans on* OLD RAPID *for support.*

O. Rap. Eh! what; speak—tell me!

Jessy. O, Edward! is this the return for my love? Have I merited this cruel desertion?

O. Rap. Desertion!—What!—has the rascal!—I shall choke myself—Has he behaved ill to so sweet a creature? Your tears tell me so.—I'll kill him.—He's my own son, and I have right to do it.—Your name, your name, pretty soul!

Jessy. Jessy Oatland.—The indiscretion of my father has made me a servant—

O. Rap. And the discretion of his father has made him a gentleman.—But I'll make the rascal know you are not humbled by your father's conduct, nor is he exalted by his, a villain!—Can he hope to be call'd a man of honour for opposing his head to a pistol, while

himself levels the shaft of anguish at an innocent woman's heart?—But I'll kill him, that's one comfort.—Come with me sweet one!

Jessy. Sir, I must attend my mistress—I am servant to his bride— [*Weeps.*

O. Rap. I shall go mad!—Don't cry—If he, by marriage, won't make you my daughter—I, by adoption, will.—Good bye, sweet Jessy!—O, the rascal!—Cheer up!—The scoundrel!—Pretty creature!—The dog!—What a shape!—I'll kill him.

[*Exeunt, severally.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

YOUNG RAPID *and* HAIRDRESSER.

Y. Rap. Despatch! Why don't you despatch?

Hair. Done in a moment, sir,—pray keep your head still.

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] O, Jessy Oatland!—'Sdeath—have not you done?

Hair. Sit down, sir—done in a moment.

Y. Rap. Well, well; I'm as patient as— [*Sits.*

Enter FRANK *at the Door*, RAPID *jumps up, and runs to him.*

Well!—Speak—quick!

Frank. Sur—I—that is—she—no, I—went—

Y. Rap. You tedious blockhead—is she gone? Is Jessy gone?

Frank. Ees, sur.

Y. Rap. What! left her father's?—Where is she?

Frank. I don't know—that is, I won't tell— [*Aside.*

Y. Rap. What must she think me? what I am—a rascal.

Hair. Sit down, sir;—done in a moment.

Y. Rap. Yes, yes; I am as calm as— [*Sits.*

Enter SERVANT.

What do you want? [*Jumps up again.*

Serv. Sir, my master and Miss Vortex wait for you. [*Exit.*

Y. Rap. Aye, to fulfil that infernal marriage promise.—O, Jessy!—[*To* FRANK.] What are you at?

Frank. Sur, I were only twiddling about my thumbs.

Y. Rap. You are always twiddling about your thumbs. What shall I do? Go to them.—No, I'll write,—I want to write.

Frank. O, you do?

Y. Rap. I tell you I want to write.

Frank. I'm sure I don't hinder you.

Y. Rap. 'Sdeath! then don't stand there.

Frank. It be all the same to I where I stands— [*Moving to another Place.*

Y. Rap. Thickhead, bring pen and ink.

Frank. Why did not you tell I so? [*Exit, and returns with Pens and Ink.*

Y. Rap. O, this infernal pain!—A candle to seal a letter. [*Exit* FRANK, *and returns with a Candle.*] Zounds it is not lighted!

Frank. You didn't tell I to light it.

Y. Rap. Was ever man plagu'd with such a hollow-headed ninnyhammer!

Frank. [*Aside.*] Maybe, that be better than a hollow-hearted one!

Enter SERVANT.

Y. Rap. [*Jumps up.*] Well!

Serv. My master has sent you these parchments to peruse.

Y. Rap. [*Throwing them down.*] I woudn't read them for his estate.

Serv. He will wait on you, sir, directly.

Y. Rap. Begone all of you! Stop! [*To* FRANK.] Give me my coat! [FRANK *helps him on with one Arm.*] Bring the glass! [FRANK *leaves him so, and brings down a Dressing Glass.*] Leave me, dunderhead!

[*Exit* FRANK.

Enter VORTEX.

Vor. Bravo, my fine fellow! You fought nobly; —I say, who fir'd first?

Y. Rap. Never mind, that's past!

Vor. Well now I must intrust you with a little secret— [*They sit.*

Y. Rap. I have no objection to a *little* secret.

Vor. In the first place, then, I'll read this paper.

Y. Rap. No; I'll read it— I shall read it much quicker. [*Reads.*]—*Received of* MR. VORTEX *the sum of five thousand pounds; in consideration of which I assign over all my right and title to—hum, um, um— Signed,* ELLEN VORTEX.—I understand—

Vor. Now, you must know, the father of my niece—

Y. Rap. Jessy Oatland. [*In Reverie.*

Vor. No, her name is Ellen.

Y. Rap. I know it, I know it—I know it— [*Fretfully.*

Vor. Her father died in India.

Y. Rap. With all my heart.

Vor. With all your heart!

Y. Rap. Zounds! keep moving, will you?

Vor. Yes, if you'll keep still.

Y. Rap. then be quick.

Vor. Why I am quick, an't I?—Died in India, and left her to my care. All was in—

Y. Rap. Confusion.

Vor. You are right, and all was in confusion. So I prevail'd on—

Y. Rap. Jessy Oatland!

Vor. No, no, Ellen—to sign that paper; since which, indeed, her affairs have turn'd out pretty lucky. I purchas'd this estate with her fortune, which will be yours, my boy!—It was a very snug bargain.

Y. Rap. What a horrible thing is the gift of speech!

Vor. Speech!—Did you say any thing about a speech? Ah! had you heard mine out.——Do you remember how it began?—*Had I met your eye at an earlier hour, I should*——

[*During* VORTEX'S *narration,* RAPID, *influenced by the most fretful impatience, has unconsciously bit, and torn to pieces, the Paper given him by* VORTEX.

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] 'Sdeath and fire! Is this a time for speeches! Is not your daughter waiting?—Is not—O, Jessy!

Vor. True, another opportunity! But oh! 'tis a pretty speech.—Well, now give me back the paper.

Y. Rap. The paper!

Vor. Yes, now you have thoroughly digested the contents of the paper, give it me again.

Y. Rap. O, the—the—the paper.

[*Sees it torn on the Ground.*

Vor. Yes; that precious scrap, that secures a hundred thousand pounds, you dog!—Come, give it me.

Y. Rap. My dear fellow! you gave me no paper.

Vor. But I did, though.

Y. Rap. Yes, you certainly did; but then—you——did not—

Vor. But I'll take my oath I did! Come. Give it me directly! You—[*Sees the Fragments on the Ground.*]

Eh!—what!—No:—Yes.—I'm undone, I'm ruined. —O, my head! I'm going, I'm going.

Y. Rap. Upon my soul, I'm very sorry, but—

Vor. But what?

Y. Rap. That infernal speech!

Vor. Oh! [*Looking at the Scraps of Paper.*] Eh, but hold! When he marries my daughter, he'll keep the secret for his own sake. O dear! I must lose no time.

Y. Rap. I'm very sorry! I'm sure if hearing your speech will be any compensation— [*Sits down.*

Vor. No, no, not now—come with me; all the lawyers are waiting—O, pray come.

Y. Rap. I'm coming, but you're always in such a hurry.

Vor. I'll send my daughter to him—I must push him. Pray come directly. [*Exit in a hurry.*

Y. Rap. Upon my soul you'll break your neck, if you hurry so. Am I always to have this infernal pain? [*Goes up to the Glass.*] Behold a high-finished rascal at full length. Curse me, if I can look myself in the face.

Enter JESSY.

Jessy. [*Apart.*] There he stands! Now, heart, be firm—Virtuous indignation support me!—Sir, my mistress waits for you.

Y. Rap. Don't plague me about your mistress.—I'll come by and by.—[*Turns round.*] Heaven and hell! Jessy Oatland!

Jessy. My mistress, sir, waits for you.

Y. Rap. Your mistress!—A servant! Jessy Oatland a servant!—A servant to—And I—Jessy! my life!—my soul!—will you forgive——

Jessy. Wretch!

Y. Rap. I am.—I despise myself.—On my knees—only listen to me.

Enter MISS VORTEX.

Miss Vor. Mr. Rapid!

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] What is the matter?

Miss Vor. How can you debase yourself—to—

Jessy. How dare he debase me, madam, by offering to an honest heart the affections of a villain?

Miss Vor. Sir!

Y. Rap. Madam!

Miss Vor. [*To* JESSY.] Leave the room!

Jessy. [*Apart.*] Now, poor heart! having pass'd thy pride's probation, retire to a corner, and break with weeping. [*Exit.*

Miss Vor. Sir, what am I to understand?

Y. Rap. That I'm crazy.

Miss Vor. Have I deserv'd insult?

Y. Rap. Upon my soul, I don't mean to insult you—I ask your pardon—upon my knees— [*Kneels.*

Enter FRANK.

Frank. You, sur—

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] What's the matter?

Miss Vor. Well, I'll forgive you, if you'll come directly. [RAPID *nods, and she exits.*

Y. Rap. What do you want?

Frank. You be a desperate villain! [RAPID *going to strike.*] Come, dan't you do that, it won't do—Poor sister! if you had drawn a harrow across her heart, you could not have hurt her so.

Y. Rap. Damn't—I know nothing of your sister! Who the devil is your sister? you——

Frank. Why, Jessy Oatland!

Y. Rap. What! your sister—the brother of Jessy my servant?—Damnation! why did not you tell me so?—To raise my hand against the brother of Jessy—

I shall go mad!—Frank, will you forgive me? I love Jessy—by my soul, I do!—And may Heaven desert me, if—— [*Kneels.*

Enter VORTEX.

Vor. Heyday!

Y. Rap. [*Jumping up.*] What's the matter?

Vor. [*To* FRANK.] Leave the room. [*Exit* FRANK.] Insult upon insult!—what satisfaction—

Y. Rap. I know what you want.—Come along, I'll fight you directly.

Vor. Fight!—Nonsense.

Y. Rap. Then I'll ask your pardon.

Vor. But what the devil's the meaning of all this?

Y. Rap. Why, don't you see I'm mad?—Stark staring mad!

Enter YOUNG STANLEY.

Stan. Mr. Rapid!

Y. Rap. [*Jumping. round.*] What do you want?

Vor. [*To* STANLEY.] Sir, your most obedient— [*Exit running.*

Y. Rap. That little fellow will break his neck, to a certainty.

Stan. I have just seen a lovely girl, that you have wrong'd.

Y. Rap. I know I have—and I'll fight you again, if you like it.

Stan. Could the result benefit Jessy Oatland, I would accept your invitation.

Y. Rap. The fact is, I'm the most unhappy—the —What do you charge for shooting a man? I'll give you a thousand, to blow my brains out!—I'm the most miserable dog.—Pray, sir, will you tell me one thing?—Are you a man of fashion?

Stan. I trust, I'm a gentleman.

Y. Rap. That's pretty much the same thing—an't it, sir?

Stan. It ought to be.

Y. Rap. Pray, sir, how did you become a gentleman?

Stan. Simply—by never committing an action that would not bear reflection.

Y. Rap. Can I be a gentleman, and an honest man?

Stan. Can you be a gentleman, and not an honest man?

Y. Rap. Pray, sir, have you always an infernal pain at your heart?

Stan. No, sir.

Y. Rap. No! Huzza! Thank you!—By Heaven I'll——Now, don't hurry yourself.—If I don't, may I—— [*Walks about.*

Stan. Ah! Mr. Rapid, how different are our situations!—You, possessing the love of a most charming and fascinating girl, dash the cup of happiness away.—

Y. Rap. May be not, my dear fellow—push on!

Stan. I, possessing the heart of my dear Ellen, am miserable; because on account of the narrowness of her fortune, she compels me to abandon her.

Y. Rap. What! the narrowness of her fortune compels——

Stan. Yes, I say——

Y. Rap. No! Don't say it again.—Don't despair, that's all. [*Nodding.*

Stan. She has given a fatal paper—

Y. Rap. A paper!—Yes, I know, I know—

Stan. And I am come to take my leave of her—

Y. Rap. No, you are not!—I'll show you such a scene—Nay, don't ask me any questions—follow me, that's all.——Wait at the door; and when I cry, "Hem!" come in—But don't be in such a hurry. By Heavens, the pain of my side is better already!—Huzza!—Come along! [*Going, returns, and runs to the Glass, and Nods.*] How do you do?—How do you

do? What, you rascal! you can grin again, can you? —Come along—but don't hurry—because, my dear fellow, 'tis impossible to do any thing well in a hurry. —Come along!—but, zounds! never hurry.

[*Exeunt*—YOUNG RAPID *speaking very quick.*

SCENE II.

Another Apartment in VORTEX'S *House.*

Enter JESSY *and* FRANK.

Frank. How bee'st thee now, Jessy?

Jessy. Better. Quite recover'd.—What pass'd between you and Edward?

Frank. Why, at first, he were in a desperate passion; but, when I told him I were thy brother, he were so humble, and did ax I so to forgive un, that I could say no more to un.—Dom it, I could not hit him when he were down; and I've a notion his conscience was pegging him about pretty tightish.—He swear'd he did love thee!

Jessy. Did he, Frank? Did he say, he lov'd me?—

Enter MR. *and* MISS VORTEX.

Miss Vor. What! torn the paper?—A hotheaded —only wait till he's my husband—

Vor. Egad, I wish he would come, though—

Miss Vor. O, here he is—

Jessy. How my poor frame trembles!

Miss Vor. I vow, I feel uncommon discomposed—Oatland! your arm, child! [*Leans on* JESSY.

Enter YOUNG RAPID.

Y. Rap. Heavens, how interesting!—the languor of those lovely eyes—

Miss. Vor. Flattering creature!

Y. Rap. My senses are restored.—O, will you pardon—will you again receive a heart, full of love and adoration?

Miss Vor. What shall I do?—I must pardon him.

[MISS VORTEX *is preparing to speak.*

Jessy. Edward! what shall I say?—Your love has been too long my joy, my pride,—to be torn from my heart without many a bitter wound;—[MISS VORTEX, *with Surprise and Chagrin, withdraws her Arm from* JESSY.] but your late conduct has been—

Y. Rap. Detestable!—But, I'm pardon'd: your eyes tell me so. Thanks, my angel! [*Running to her, and kneeling.*] I'm so oppress'd with joy!—Ma'am, will you have the goodness to help me up?

Miss Vor. Help you up!—

Frank. He! he! he! Gi' me a buss, Jessy!—He! he!—thee be'st a domn'd honest fellow! [*Shaking* RAPID'S *Hand.*] I'll run and tell poor feyther.—Now I shall have a farm of my own! [*Capering and snapping his Fingers.*] Dong it, how I will work.—He, he! he!

[*Exit.*

Miss Vor. To be used so twice in one day!—it is not to be borne.—Nabob, won't you fight him?

Vor. No, not I.

Miss Vor. Coward!

Vor. You'd better be quiet, or I'll convince you I'm none, however.

Miss Vor. He! he!—I declare, it is so uncommon ridiculous!—so comic!—He! he!—I'm quite faint with laughing.

Jessy. Shall I assist you?

Miss Vor. No! [*Resentfully.*] I must retire, or I shall expire with laughing!—He, he!—O!—

[*Exit, crying.*

Enter ELLEN.

Ellen. Heavens! what's the matter?

Y. Rap. Allow me to introduce Mrs. Rapid, madam——

Ellen. Sweet Jessy!—Sir, I thank you for giving my heart a pleasurable sensation, which I thought it had for ever taken leave of.

Y. Rap. Bless your heart! perhaps I may tickle it up a little more. [*To* VORTEX.] Now, stand out of the way, will you?

Vor. You're quite free and easy.

Y. Rap. My way!

Vor. You forget 'tis my house.

Y. Rap. No, I don't!—you bought it with her money, you know.

Vor. Umph!

Y. Rap. Mum—now for Young Stanley's cue. [*To* ELLEN.] 'Pon my honour, ma'am, any man might be proud to—Hem!—He doesn't hear me—Such beauty!—Such a shape!—Such a—Hem!—

Enter CHARLES STANLEY.

Vor. Zounds! he's here again! [*Getting behind* YOUNG RAPID.] What does he want?

Y. Rap. Shall I ask him?

Vor. Do. I'll be very much obliged to you.

Y. Rap. I will.—I'll manage.

[*Winking and nodding to* VORTEX.

Vor. O, thank you,

Char. Once more, my Ellen, supported by an indulgent parent's blessing on our union, I entreat—

Ellen. O, Charles! shall I then return your father's goodness by destroying his hopes for ever? Shall I repay my Stanley's love, by inflicting on him penury and sorrow?—In pity, no more!

Y. Rap. [*To* CHARLES STANLEY.] What may be your business here, sir?

Char. I came to take leave——

Y. Rap. Hush! [*Apart.*] To inquire respecting

that lady's fortune.—We'll soon answer all that, won't we? [*Nodding to* VORTEX.

Char. I say, sir,—

Y. Rap. [*Stopping him.*] We grant it,—we grant Mr. Vortex has recovered property to a considerable amount, but what signifies that! She assigned it for five thousand pounds!—You see how I'm going on. [*To* VORTEX.

Vor. O, thank you, my dear friend!

Y. Rap. I've seen the paper, hav'n't I? [*To* VORTEX.

Char. And I should be satisfied—

Y. Rap. You would be satisfied if you saw it.—Certainly—Very proper—Nothing in nature can be more reasonable: So, Nabob, show him the paper, and settle the business at once. [*Walks about*—VORTEX *following him.*] Show him the paper!—Don't keep the gentleman waiting all day—Show him the paper!—My dear fellow, what's the use of walking after me? Show him the paper!

Vor. [*Taking Advantage of the Pauses in the foregoing Speech.*] I say—My dear friend—Hush!—Be quiet!—I want to speak to you.—You forget you destroyed it!

Y. Rap. I destroyed it!

Vor. Hush!

Y. Rap. He says, I destroyed it!

Vor. I did not—I'll take my oath, I did not.

Y. Rap. And it is true.

Char. and Ellen. What?

Y. Rap. True, upon my honour!—he has no more hold upon your estates, madam, than I have.—This is your house, ma'am.—I give you joy!—Sir, I give you joy!—Nabob, I give you joy!

Vor. O, my head!—You villain!

Y. Rap. Don't talk about villainy,—it will make you worse.—Sit down, my dear fellow!

Char. He's justly punished for the falsehood of the story he told.

Y. Rap. I say, he's justly punished for the length of the story he told.

Char. Mr. Rapid, in expressing my obligations, allow me to be——

Y. Rap. Not more than a minute, I entreat.

OLD RAPID *and* SIR HUBERT, *without.*

O. Rap. Where is he?

Sir Hub. Be patient.

O. Rap. I won't!—Let me come at him.

Enter OLD RAPID *and* SIR HUBERT.

Jessy. [YOUNG RAPID *and* JESSY *kneel.*] Your blessing, sir!—

O. Rap. What!—Oh!

[*Falls down on his Knees, and embraces them both.*

Sir Hub. [*After talking apart to his Son.*] Mr. Rapid, by asserting your character as a man of honour, in rewarding the affections of this amiable woman, you command my praise;—for bestowing happiness on my dear Charles, receive an old man's blessing.

Y. Rap. Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley, is praise indeed.

O. Rap. Dam'me, there's the son of a tailor, for you!

Vor. What, a tailor?

O. Rap. Yes!—and let me tell you, that one guinea honestly gotten by blood drawn from the finger, is sweeter than a million obtained by blood drawn from the heart!—So, take that.

Y. Rap. Well, Nabob, how do you feel?

Vor. Egad, 'tis very odd;—but I declare I feel light and comfortable since Ellen has got her estate, and I somehow breathe more free.—I've a notion, the last line of my speech is true.

Y. Rap. Come, I'll hear the last line.

Vor. Why, *That the first step towards securing the esteem of others, is, to secure your own.*

Y. Rap. Stick to the last line.

Ellen. And, dear uncle, take Sir Hubert Stanley for your physician. Follow his prescription, of justice and benevolence, and, my life on it, you will soon thank me for my recommendation.

Vor. Well, to show the sincerity of my intentions, allow me, Ellen, to present you these parchments, the title deeds of this estate. [*Presents Parchments.*

O. Rap. I say, Ned, what nice measures they would make!

Ellen. And, sir, allow me to show you the true value of riches. [*Giving the Parchments to* STANLEY.] Convert them into happiness.

O. Rap. Well, I've only one observation to make—

Y. Rap. I hope it is a short one.

Jessy. What, impatient again?

Y. Rap. I am, and if I err,

'Tis you, my generous Patrons, are the cause,
My heart's impatient for your kind applause.

THE END.

SPEED THE PLOUGH

ASHFIELD.—DICKENS AND DAISES! WHAT A GENTLE-MAN YOU WOULD BE TO SHEW AT A VAIR!

ACT I. SCENE II.

PAINTED BY SINGLETON — PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO. 1806 — ENGRAVED BY FITTLER

SPEED THE PLOUGH;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

By THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS

FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

This comedy excites that sensation, which is the best security for the success of a drama—curiosity. After the two first acts are over, and pleasantly over, with the excellent drawn characters of Ashfield and his wife, and the very just satire which arises from Sir Abel's propensity to modern improvements—the acts that follow excite deep interest and ardent expectation; both of which are so highly gratified at the conclusion of the play, that, from the first night of its performance, it has ranked among the best of the author's productions, and in the first class of modern comedies.

The various characters of this play are admirably designed, but not so happily finished as the author meant them to be—witness, Bob Handy, who begins a self-conceited coxcomb, and ends a tragedy confidant.

But the good intentions of an author are acceptable: execution will not always follow conception; and the last may often give as much instruction, though not equal delight with the former: as an instance, who does not see the folly of attempting to *do every thing* in Handy, though he is more the shadow, than the substance of a character.

Notwithstanding there are some parts, not so good as others, in this comedy, there is no one character superior to the rest, nor any one in particular, which makes a forcible impression on the memory:—this proves, (in consequence of the acknowledged merit of the play) the fable to be a good one, and that a pleasing combination has been studied and effected by the author, with infinite skill, however incompetent to his own brilliant imagination.

The plot, and serious characters of this comedy, are said to be taken from a play of Kotzebue's, called, "The Duke of Burgundy,"—if they are, Mr. Morton's ingenuity of adapting them to our stage has been equal to the merit he would have had in conceiving them; for that very play called, "The Duke of Burgundy," by some verbal translator,—was condemned or withdrawn at Covent Garden Theatre, not very long before "Speed the Plough" was received with the highest marks of admiration.

The characters of Sir Philip Blandford, his brother, and his nephew, may have been imported from Germany, but surely, all the other personages of the drama are of pure English growth.

The reception of this play, when first performed, and the high station it still holds in the public opinion, should make criticism cautious of attack—but as works of genuine art alone are held worthy of investigation, and as all examinations tend to produce a degree of censure, as well as of praise, "Speed the Plough" is not exempt from the general lot of every favourite production.

An auditor will be much better pleased with this play, than a reader; for though it is well written, and interspersed with many poetical passages, an attentive peruser will find inconsistencies in the arrangement of the plot and incidents, which an audience, absorbed in expectation of final events, and hurried away by the charm of scenic interest, cannot easily detect.

The most prominent of these blemishes are:—Miss Blandford falls in love with a plough-boy at first sight, which she certainly would not have done, but that some preternatural agent whispered to her, he was a young man of birth. But whether this magical information came from the palpitation of her heart, or the quickness of her eye, she has not said.—A reader will, however, gladly impute the cause of her sudden passion to magic, rather than to the want of female refinement.

The daughter has not less decorum in love, than the father in murder.—That a character, grave and stern as Sir Philip Blandford is described, should entrust any man, especially such a man as Bob Handy, with a secret, on which, not only his reputation, but his life depended, can upon no principle of reason be accounted for; unless the author took into consideration, what has sometimes been observed,—that a murderer, in contrivance to conceal his guilt, foolishly fixes on the very means, which bring him to conviction.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Sir Philip Blandford	*Mr. Pope.*
Morrington	*Mr. Murray.*
Sir Abel Handy	*Mr. Munden.*
Bob Handy	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Henry	*Mr. H. Johnston.*
Farmer Ashfield	*Mr. Knight.*
Evergreen	*Mr. Davenport.*
Gerald	*Mr. Waddy.*
Postillion	*Mr. Abbot.*
Young Handy's Servant	*Mr. Klanert.*
Peter	*Mr. Atkins.*
Miss Blandford	*Mrs. H. Johnston.*
Lady Handy	*Mrs. Dibdin.*
Susan Ashfield	*Miss Murray.*
Dame Ashfield	*Mrs. Davenport.*

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

In the fore ground a Farm House.—A view of a Castle at a distance.

FARMER ASHFIELD *discovered at a Table, with his Jug and Pipe.*

Enter DAME ASHFIELD, *in a Riding Dress, and a Basket under her Arm.*

Ash. Well, Dame, welcome whoam. What news does thee bring vrom market?

Dame. What news, husband? What I always told you; that Farm Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did.

Ash. All th better vor he.

Dame. Ah! the sun seems to shine on purpose for him.

Ash. Come, come, missus, as thee hast not the grace to thank God for prosperous times, dan't thee grumble when they be unkindly a bit.

Dame. And I assure you, Dame Grundy's butter was quite the crack of the market.

Ash. Be quiet, woolye? aleways ding, dinging Dame Grundy into my ears—what will Mrs. Grundy zay? What will Mrs. Grundy think—Canst thee be quiet, let ur alone, and behave thyzel pratty?

Dame.—Certainly I can—I'll tell thee, Tummas, what she said at church last Sunday.

Ash. Canst thee tell what parson zaid? Noa—Then I'll tell thee—A' zaid that envy were as foul a weed as grows, and cankers all wholesome plants that be near it—that's what a' zaid.

Dame. And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy indeed?

Ash. Why dant thee letten her aloane then—I do verily think when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee ax 'il be, if Mrs. Grundy's there—Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, do'ye—Has thee brought whoam the Salisbury news?

Dame. No, Tummas: but I have brought a rare wadget of news with me. First and foremost I saw such a mort of coaches, servants, and waggons, all belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and all coming to the castle—and a handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pulled off his hat to me, and said—" Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband."—So there he stood without his hat—Oh, Tummas, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked!

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy—be quiet, and let I read, woolye? [*Reads.*] " My dear farmer" [*Taking off his Hat.*] Thankye zur—zame to you, wi' all my heart and soul—" My dear farmer"—

Dame. Farmer—Why, you are blind, Tummas, it is—" My dear father"——'Tis from our own dear Susan.

Ash. Odds dickens and daizeys! zoo it be, zure enow!—" My dear feyther, you will be surprized"—Zoo I be, he, he! What pretty writing, bean't it? all as straight as thof it were ploughed ——" Surprized to hear, that in a few hours I shall embrace you—Nelly, who was formerly our servant, has fortunately married Sir Abel Handy Bart."—

Dame. Handy Bart.—Pugh! Bart. stands for Baronight, mun.

Ash. Likely, likely,—Drabbit it, only to think of the zwaps and changes of this world!

Dame. Our Nelly married to a great Baronet! I wonder, Tummas, what Mrs. Grundy will say?

Ash. Now, woolye be quiet, and let I read—" And she has proposed bringing me to see you; an offer, I hope, as acceptable to my dear feyther"——

Dame. " And mother"——

Ash. Bless her, how prettily she do write feyther, dan't she?

Dame. And mother.

Ash. Ees, but feyther first, though——" As acceptable to my dear feyther and mother, as to their affectionate daughter—Susan Ashfield."—Now bean't that a pratty letter?

Dame. And, Tummas, is not she a pretty girl?

Ash. Ees; and as good as she be pratty—Drabbit it, I do feel zoo happy, and zoo warm,—for all the world like the zun in harvest.

Dame. Oh, Tummas, I shall be so pleased to see her, I shan't know whether I stand on my head or my heels.

Ash. Stand on thy head! vor sheame o' thyzel—behave pratty, do.

Dame. Nay, I meant no harm—Eh, here comes friend Evergreen, the gardener, from the castle. Bless me, what a hurry the old man is in!

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Good day, honest Thomas.

Ash. Zame to you, measter Evergreen.

Everg. Have you heard the news?

Dame. Any thing about Mrs. Grundy?

Ash. Dame, be quiet, woolye now?

Everg. No, no—The news is, that my master, Sir Philip Blandford, after having been abroad for twenty

years, returns this day to the castle; and that the reason of his coming is, to marry his only daughter to the son of Sir Abel Handy, I think they call him.

Dame. As sure as two-pence, that is Nelly's husband.

Everg. Indeed!—Well, Sir Abel and his son will be here immediately; and, Farmer, you must attend them.

Ash. Likely, likely.

Everg. And, mistress, come and lend us a hand at the castle, will you?—Ah, it is twenty long years since I have seen Sir Philip—Poor gentleman! bad, bad health—worn almost to the grave, I am told.—What a lad do I remember him—till that dreadful—[*Checking himself.*] But where is Henry? I must see him—must caution him—[*A Gun is discharged at a distance.*] That's his gun, I suppose—he is not far then—Poor Henry!

Dame. Poor Henry! I like that indeed! What though he be nobody knows who, there is not a girl in the parish that is not ready to pull caps for him—The Miss Grundys, genteel as they think themselves, would be glad to snap at him—If he were our own, we could not love him better.

Everg. And he deserves to be loved—Why, he's as handsome as a peach tree in blossom; and his mind is as free from weeds as my favourite carnation bed. But, Thomas, run to the castle, and receive Sir Abel and his son.

Ash. I wool, I wool—Zo, good day. [*Bowing.*] Let every man make his bow, and behave pratty—that's what I say.—Missus, do ye show un Sue's letter, woolye? Do ye letten see how pratty she do write feyther. [*Exit.*

Dame. Now Tummas is gone, I'll tell you such a story about Mrs. Grundy—But come, step in, you must needs be weary; and I am sure a mug of

harvest beer, sweetened with a hearty welcome, will refresh you. [*Exeunt into the House.*

SCENE II.

Outside and Gate of the Castle—Servants cross the Stage, laden with different Packages.

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Drabbit it, the wold castle 'ul be hardly big enow to hold all thic lumber.

Sir Abel Handy. [*Without.*] Gently there! mind how you go, Robin. [*A Crash.*

Ash. Who do come here? A do zeem a comical zoart ov a man—Oh, Abel Handy, I suppoze.

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.—SERVANT *following.*

Sir Abel. 'Zounds and fury! you have killed the whole county, you dog! for you have broke the patent medicine chest, that was to keep them all alive!—Richard, gently!—take care of the grand Archimedian cork-screws!—Bless my soul! so much to think of! Such wonderful inventions in conception, in concoction, and in completion!

Enter PETER.

Well, Peter, is the carriage much broke?

Peter. Smashed all to pieces. I thought as how, sir, that your infallible axle-tree would give way.

Sir Abel. Confound it, it has compelled me to walk so far in the wet, that I declare my water-proof shoes are completely soaked through. [*Exit* PETER]. Now to take a view with my new-invented glass!

[*Pulls out his Glass.*

Ash. [*Loud and bluntly.*] Zarvent, zur! Zarvent!

Sir Abel. [*Starting.*] What's that? Oh, good day. —Devil take the fellow! [*Aside.*

Ash. Thankye, zur; zame to you with all my heart and zoul.

Sir Abel. Pray, friend, could you contrive *gently* to inform me, where I can find one Farmer Ashfield?

Ash. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laughing loudly.*] Excuse my tittering a bit—but your axing mysel vor I be so domm'd zilly [*Bowing and laughing.*]—Ah! you stare at I, beceas I be bashful and daunted.

Sir Abel. You are very bashful, to be sure! I declare I'm quite weary.

Ash. If you'll walk into the castle, you may zit down, I dare zay.

Sir Abel. May I indeed? you are a fellow of extraordinary civility.

Ash. There's no denying it, zur.

Sir Abel. No, I'll sit here.

Ash. What! on the ground! Why you'll wring your ould withers—

Sir Abel. On the ground—no, I always carry my seat with me [*Spreads a small camp Chair.*]—Here I'll sit and examine the surveyor's account of the castle.

Ash. Dickens and daizeys! what a gentleman you would be to show at a vair!

Sir Abel. Silence, fellow, and attend,—"An account "of the castle and domain of Sir Philip Blandford, "intended to be settled as a marriage portion on his "daughter, and the son of Sir Abel Handy,—by "Frank Flourish, surveyor.—Imprimis—The pre-"mises command an exquisite view of the Isle of "Wight."—Charming! delightful! I don't see it though [*Rising.*]—I'll try with my new glass—my own invention—[*He looks through the Glass.*] Yes, there I caught it—Ah! now I see it plainly——Eh! no—I don't see it, do you?

Ash. Noa, zur, I doant—but little zweepy do tell I he can zee a bit out from the top of the chimbley—

zoa, an you've a mind to crawl up you may zee un too, he, he!

Sir Abel. Thank you—but damn your titter. [*Reads.*]—"Fish ponds well stocked"—That's a good thing, Farmer.

Ash. Likely, likely—but I doant think the vishes do thrive much in theas ponds.

Sir Abel. No! why?

Ash. Why, the ponds be always dry i'the zummer; and I be tould that bean't wholesome vor the little vishes.

Sir Abel. Not very, I believe—Well said, surveyor! "A cool summer house."

Ash. Ees, zur, quite cool—by reason the roof be tumbled in.

Sir Abel. Better and better—"the whole capable of the greatest improvement."—Come, that seems true however—I shall have plenty to do, that's one comfort—I have such contrivances! I'll have a canal run through my kitchen.—I must give this rustic some idea of my consequence. [*Aside.*] You must know, Farmer, you have the honour of conversing with a man, who has obtained patents for tweezers, tooth-picks, and tinder-boxes—to a philosopher, who has been consulted on the Wapping docks and the Gravesend tunnel; and who has now in hand two inventions which will render him immortal—the one is, converting saw-dust into deal boards, and the other is, a plan for cleaning rooms by a steam engine—and, Farmer, I mean to give prizes for industry—I'll have a ploughing-match.

Ash. Will you, zur?

Sir Abel. Yes; for I consider a healthy young man, between the handles of a plough, as one of the noblest illustrations of the prosperity of Britain.

Ash. Faith and troth! there be some tightish hands in theas parts, I promise ye.

Sir Abel. And, Farmer, it shall precede the hymeneal festivities——

Ash. Nan!

Sir Abel. Blockhead! The ploughing match shall take place as soon as Sir Philip Blandford and his daughter arrive.

Ash. Oh, likely, likely.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Abel, I beg to say, my master will be here immediately.

Sir Abel. And, sir, I beg to ask, who possesses the happiness of being your master?

Serv. Your son, sir, Mr. Robert Handy.

Sir Abel. Indeed! and where is Bob?

Serv. I left him, sir, in the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. Where?

Serv. In the belfrey of the church.

Sir Abel. In the belfrey of the church! What was he doing there?

Serv. Why, sir, the *natives* were ringing a peal in honour of our arrival—when my master, finding they knew nothing of the matter, went up to the steeple to instruct them, and ordered me to proceed to the castle—Give me leave, Sir Abel, to take this out of your way. [*Takes the camp Chair.*] Sir, I have the honour— [*Bows and exit.*

Sir Abel. Wonderful! My Bob, you must know, is an astonishing fellow!—you have heard of the *admirable Crichton*, may be? Bob's of the same kidney! I contrive, he executes—Sir Abel *invenit*, Bob *fecit*. He can do every thing—every thing!

Ash. All the better vor he. I zay, zur, as he can turn his head to every thing, pray, in what way med he earn his livelihood?

Sir Abel. Earn his livelihood!

Ash. Ees, zur;—How do he gain his bread!

Sir Abel. Bread! Oh, he can't earn his bread, bless you! he's a genius.

Ash. Genius! Drabbit it, I have got a horze o' thic name, but dom' un, he'll never work—never.

Sir Abel. Egad; here comes my boy Bob!—Eh! no—it is not! no.

Enter POSTBOY, *with a round hat and cane.*

Why, who the devil are you?

Postb. I am the postboy, your honour, but the gem'man said I did not know how to drive, so he mounted my horse, and made me get inside—Here he is.

Enter HANDY, jun. *with a postboy's cap and whip.*

Handy, jun. Ah, my old Dad, is that you?

Sir Abel. Certainly! the only doubt is, if that be you?

Handy, jun. Oh, I was teaching this fellow to drive—Nothing is so horrible as people pretending to do what they are unequal to—Give me my hat—That's the way to use a whip.

Postb. Sir, you know you have broke the horses knees all to pieces.

Handy, jun. Hush, there's a guinea. [*Apart.*

Sir Abel. [*To* ASHFIELD.] You see, Bob can do every thing. But, sir, when you knew I had arrived from Germany, why did you not pay your duty to me in London?

Handy, jun. Sir, I heard you were but four days married, and I would not interrupt your honey-moon.

Sir Abel. Four days! oh, you might have come. [*Sighing.*

Handy, jun. I hear you have taken to your arms a simple rustic, unsophisticated by fashionable follies—a full blown blossom of nature.

Sir Abel. Yes!

Handy, jun. How does it answer?

Sir Abel. So, so!

Handy, jun. Any thorns?

Sir Abel. A few.

Handy, jun. I must be introduced—where is she?

Sir Abel. Not within thirty miles; for I don't hear her.

Ash. Ha, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. Who is that?

Sir Abel. Oh, a pretty behaved tittering friend of mine.

Ash. Zarvent, zur—No offence, I do hope—Could not help tittering a bit at Nelly—when she were zarvent maid wi' I, she had a tightish prattle wi' her, that's vor zartain.

Handy, jun. Oh! so then my honoured mamma was the servant of this tittering gentleman—I say, father, perhaps she has not lost the tightish prattle he speaks of.

Sir Abel. My dear boy, come here—Prattle! I say, did you ever live next door to a pewterer's?—that's all—you understand me—did you ever hear a dozen fire-engines full gallop?—were you ever at Billingsgate in the sprat season?—or——

Handy, jun. Ha, ha!

Sir Abel. Nay, don't laugh, Bob.

Handy, jun. Indeed, sir, you think of it too seriously. The storm, I dare say, soon blows over.

Sir Abel. Soon! you know what a trade wind is, don't you, Bob? why, she thinks no more of the latter end of her speech, than she does of the latter end of her life——

Handy, jun. Ha! ha!

Sir Abel. But I won't be laugh'd at—I'll knock any man down that laughs! Bob, if you can say any thing pleasant, I'll trouble you; if not, do what my wife can't—hold your tongue.

Handy, jun. I'll show you what I can do—I'll amuse you with this native. [*Apart.*

Sir Abel. Do—do—quiz him—at him, Bob.

Handy, jun. I say, Farmer, you are a set of jolly fellows here, an't you?

Ash. Ees, zur, deadly jolly—excepting when we be otherwise, and then we be'ant.

Handy, jun. Play at cricket, don't you?

Ash. Ees, zur; we Hampshire lads conceat we can bowl a bit or thereabouts.

Handy, jun. And cudgel too, I suppose?

Sir Abel. At him, Bob.

Ash. Ees, zur, we sometimes break oon another's heads, by way of being agreeable, and the like o'that.

Handy, jun. Understand all the guards? [*Putting himself in an attitude of cudgelling.*]

Ash. Can't zay I do, zur.

Handy, jun. What! hit in this way, eh? [*Makes a hit at* ASHFIELD, *which he parries, and hits young* HANDY *violently.*]

Ash. Noa, zur, we do hit thic way.

Handy, jun. Zounds and fury!

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, he has broke your head.

Handy, jun. Yes; he rather hit me—he somehow——

Sir Abel. He did indeed, Bob.

Handy, jun. Damn him—The fact is, I am out of practice.

Ash. You need not be, zur; I'll gi' ye a belly full any day, wi' all my heart and soul.

Handy, jun. No, no, thank you—Farmer, what's your name?

Ash. My name be Tummas Ashfield—any thing to say against my name? [*Threatening.*

Handy, jun. No, no—Ashfield! should he be the father of my pretty Susan—Pray have you a daughter?

Ash. Ees, I have—any thing to zay against she?

Handy, jun. No, no; I think her a charming creature.

Ash. Do ye, faith and troth—Come, that be deadly kind o'ye however—Do you zee, I were *frightful* she were not agreeable.

Handy, jun. Oh, she's extremely agreeable to me, I assure you.

Ash. I vow, it be quite pratty in you to take notice of Sue. I do hope, zur, breaking your head will break noa squares—She be a coming down to theas parts wi' lady our maid Nelly, as wur—your spouse, zur.

Handy, jun. The devil she is! that's awkward!

Ash. I do hope you'll be kind to Sue when she do come, woolye, zur?

Handy, jun. You may depend on it.

Sir Abel. I dare say you may. Come, Farmer, attend us.

Ash. Ees, zur; wi' all respect—Gentlemen, pray walk thic way, and I'll walk before you. [*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Now, that's what he calls behaving pretty. Damn his pretty behaviour. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Grove.

[MORRINGTON *comes down the Stage, wrapped in a great Coat—He looks about—then at his Watch, and whistles—which is answered.*]

Enter GERALD.

Mor. Here, Gerald! Well, my trusty fellow, is Sir Philip arrived?

Ger. No, sir; but hourly expected.

Mor. Tell me, how does the castle look?

Ger. Sadly decayed, sir.

Mor. I hope, Gerald, you were not observed.

Ger. I fear otherwise, sir; on the skirts of the do-

main I encountered a stripling with his gun; but I darted into that thicket, and so avoided him.

[HENRY *appears in the back ground, in a shooting Dress, attentively observing them.*]

Mor. Have you gained any intelligence?

Ger. None: the report that reached us was false—The infant certainly died with its mother—Hush! conceal yourself—we are observed—this way.

[*They retreat*—HENRY *advances.*

Henry. Hold! as a friend, one word!

[*They exeunt, he follows them, and returns.*

Again they have escaped me——"*The infant died* "*with its mother*"—This agony of doubt is insupportable.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Henry, well met.

Henry. Have you seen strangers?

Everg. No!

Henry. Two but now have left this place—They spoke of a lost child—My busy fancy led me to think I was the object of their search—I pressed forward, but they avoided me.

Everg. No, no: it could not be you; for no one on earth knows but myself, and——

Henry. Who? Sir Philip Blandford?

Everg. I am sworn, you know, my dear boy; I am solemnly sworn to silence.

Henry. True, my good old friend; and if the knowledge of who I am can only be obtained at the price of thy perjury, let me for ever remain ignorant—let the corroding thought still haunt my pillow, cross me at every turn, and render me insensible to the blessings of health and liberty—yet, in vain do I suppress the thought—who am I? why thus abandoned? perhaps the despised offspring of guilt—Ah! is it so?

[*Seizing him violently.*

Everg. Henry, do I deserve this?

Henry. Pardon me, good old man! I'll act more reasonably—I'll deem thy silence mercy.

Everg. That's wisely said.

Henry. Yet it is hard to think, that the most detested reptile that nature forms, or man pursues, has, when he gains his den, a parent's pitying breast to shelter in; but I——

Everg. Come, come, no more of this.

Henry. Well!——I visited to-day that young man who was so grievously bruised by the breaking of his team.

Everg. That was kindly done, Henry.

Henry. I found him suffering under extreme torture, yet a ray of joy shot from his languid eye—for his medicine was administered by a father's hand—it was a mother's precious tear that dropped upon his wound—Oh, how I envied him!

Everg. Still on the same subject—I tell thee, if thou art not acknowledged by thy race, why, then become the noble founder of a new one.—Come with me to the castle, for the last time.

Henry. The last time!

Everg. Aye, boy; for, when Sir Philip arrives, you must avoid him.

Henry. Not see him! where exists the power that shall prevent me?

Everg. Henry, if you value your own peace of mind—if you value an old man's comfort, avoid the castle.

Henry. [*Aside.*] I must dissemble with this honest creature—Well, I am content.

Everg. That's right—that's right,—Henry—Be but thou resigned and virtuous, and He, who clothes the lily of the field, will be a parent to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Lodge belonging to the Castle.

Dame Ashfield discovered making Lace.

Enter HANDY, *jun.*

Handy, jun. A singular situation this my old dad has placed me in; brought me here to marry a woman of fashion and beauty, while I have been professing, and I've a notion, feeling, the most ardent love for the pretty Susan Ashfield—Propriety says, take Miss Blandford—Love says, take Susan—Fashion says, take both—but would Susan consent to such an arrangement!—and if she refused, would I consent to part with her?—Oh, time enough to put that question, when the previous one is disposed of—[*Seeing* DAME.] How do you do? How do you do?—Making lace, I perceive—Is it a common employment here?

Dame. Oh, no, sir? nobody can make it in these parts but myself!—Mrs. Grundy, indeed, pretends—but, poor woman! she knows no more of it than you do.

Handy, jun. Than I do! that's vastly well;—My dear madam, I passed two months at Mechlin for the express purpose.

Dame. Indeed!

Handy, jun. You don't do it right—now I can do it much better than that. Give me leave, and I'll show you the true Mechlin method [*Turns the cushion round, kneels down, and begins working.*] First you see, so—then, so—

Enter SIR ABEL, *and* MISS BLANDFORD.

Sir Abel. I vow, Miss Blandford, fair as I ever thought you, the air of your native land has given

additional lustre to your charms!—[*Aside.*] If my wife looked so—Ah! but where can Bob be?—You must know, miss, my son is a very clever fellow! you won't find him wasting his time in boyish frivolity!—no; you will find him— [*Sees him.*

Miss B. Is that your son, sir?

Sir Abel. [*Abashed.*] Yes, that's Bob!

Miss B. Pray, sir, is he making lace, or is he making love?

Sir Abel. Curse me if I can tell. [*Hits him with his Stick.*] Get up, you dog! don't you see Miss Blandford?

Handy, jun. [*Starting up.*] Zounds! how unlucky! Ma'am, your most obedient servant. [*Endeavours to hide the work.*] Curse the cushion! [*Throws it off.*

Dame. Oh! he has spoiled my lace!

Handy, jun. Hush! I'll make you a thousand yards another time—You see, ma'am, I was explaining to this good woman—what—what need not be explained again—Admirably handsome, by Heaven! [*Aside.*

Sir Abel. Is not she, Bob?

Handy, jun. [*To* MISS B.] In your journey from the coast, I conclude you took London in your way? Hush! [*To* DAME.

Miss B. Oh no, sir, I could not so soon venture into the *beau monde;* a stranger just arrived from Germany—

Handy, jun. The very reason—the most fashionable introduction possible! but I perceive, sir, you have here imitated other German importations, and only restored to us our native excellence.

Miss B. I assure you, sir, I am eager to seize my birthright, the pure and envied immunities of an English woman!

Handy. jun. Then I trust, madam, you will be patriot enough to agree with me, that as a nation is poor, whose only wealth is importation—that therefore the humble native artist may ever hope to obtain

from his countrymen those fostering smiles, without which genius must sicken and industry decay. But it requires no *valet de place* to conduct you through the purlieus of fashion, for now the way of the world is, for every one to pursue their own way; and following the fashion is differing as much as possible from the rest of your acquaintance.

Miss B. But, surely sir, there is some distinguishing feature, by which the votaries of fashion are known?

Handy, jun. Yes; but that varies extremely—sometimes fashionable celebrity depends on a high waist—sometimes on a low carriage—sometimes on high play, and sometimes on low breeding—last winter it rested solely on green peas!

Miss B. Green peas!

Handy, jun. Green peas—That lady was the most enchanting, who could bring the greatest quantity of green peas to her table at Christmas! the struggle was tremendous! Mrs. Rowley Powley had the best of it by five pecks and a half, but it having been unfortunately proved, that at her ball there was room to dance and eat conveniently—that no lady received a black eye, and no coachman was killed, the thing was voted decent and comfortable, and scouted accordingly.

Miss B. Is comfort then, incompatible with fashion?

Handy, jun. Certainly!—Comfort in high life would be as preposterous as a lawyer's bag crammed with truth, or his wig decorated with coquelicot ribbons! No—it is not comfort and selection that is sought, but numbers and confusion! So that a fashionable party resembles Smithfield market,—only a good one when plentifully stocked—and ladies are reckoned by the score, like sheep, and their husbands by droves, like horned cattle!

Miss B. Ha, ha! and the conversation—

Handy, jun. Oh! like the assembly—confused, vapid, and abundant: as "How do, ma'am!—no "accident at the door?—he, he!"—"Only my car-

"riage broke to pieces!"—"I hope you had not your "pocket picked!"—"Won't you sit down to faro?" —"Have you many to-night?" "A few, about six "hundred!"—"Were you at Lady Overall's?"— "Oh yes; a delicious crowd, and plenty of peas, he, "he!"—and thus runs the fashionable race.

Sir Abel. Yes; and a precious run it is—full gallop all the way: first they run on—then their fortune is run through—then bills are run up—then they are run hard—then theyv'e a run of luck—then they run out, and then they run away!—But I'll forgive fashion all its follies in consideration of one of its blessed laws.

Handy, jun. What may that be?

Sir Abel. That husband and wife must never be seen together.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Miss Blandford, your father expects you.

Miss B. I hope I shall find him more composed.

Handy, jun. Is Sir Philip ill?

Miss B. His spirits are extremely depressed, and since we arrived here this morning his dejection has dreadfully increased.

Handy, jun. But I hope we shall be able to laugh away despondency.

Miss B. Sir, if you are pleased to consider my esteem as an object worth your possession, I know no way of obtaining it so certain as by your showing every attention to my dear father. [*As they are going,*

Enter ASHFIELD.

Ash. Dame! Dame! 'she be come!

Dame. Who? Susan! our dear Susan?

Ash. Ees—zo—come along—Oh, Sir Abel! Lady Nelly, your spouse, do order you to go to her directly!

Handy, jun. Order! you mistake—

Sir Abel. No, he don't—she generally prefers that word.

Miss B. Adieu! Sir Abel.

[*Exeunt* MISS BLANDFORD *and* HANDY, *jun.*

Sir Abel. Oh! if my wife had such a pretty way with her mouth.

Dame. And how does Susan look?

Ash. That's what I do want to know, zoa come along—Woo ye though—Missus, let's behave pratty—Zur, if you pleaze, Dame and I will let you walk along wi' us.

Sir Abel. How condescending! Oh, you are a pretty behaved fellow! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Farmer ASHFIELD'S *Kitchen.*

Enter LADY HANDY *and* SUSAN.

Susan. My dear home, thrice welcome!—What gratitude I feel to your ladyship for this indulgence!

Lady H. That's right, child!

Susan. And I am sure you partake my pleasure in again visiting a place, where you received every protection and kindness my parents could show you, for, I remember, while you lived with my father—

Lady H. Child! don't put your memory to any fatigue on my account—you may transfer the remembrance of who I was, to aid your more perfect recollection of who I am.

Susan. Lady Handy!

Lady H. That's right, child!—I am not angry.

Susan. [*Looking out.*] Ah! I see my dear father and mother coming through the garden.

Lady H. Oh! now I shall be caressed to death; but I must endure the shock of their attentions.

Enter FARMER *and* DAME, *with* SIR ABEL.

Ash. My dear Susan! [*They run to* SUSAN.

Dame. My sweet child! give me a kiss.

Ash. Hald thee! Feyther first though—Well, I be as mortal glad to zee thee as never war—and how be'st thee? and how do thee like Lunnun town? it be a deadly lively place, I be tuold.

Dame. Is not she a sweet girl?

Sir Abel. That she is.

Lady H. [*With affected Dignity.*] Does it occur to any one present, that Lady Handy is in the room?

Sir Abel. Oh, Lud! I'm sure, my dear wife, I never forget, that you are in the room.

Ash. Drabbit it! I overlooked Lady Nelly, sure enow; but consider, there be zome difference between thee and our own Susan! I be deadly glad to zee thee, however.

Dame. So am I, Lady Handy.

Ash. Don't ye take it unkind I ha'n't a buss'd thee yet—meant no slight indeed. [*Kisses her.*

Lady H. Oh! shocking! [*Aside.*

Ash. No harm I do hope, zur?

Sir Abel. None at all.

Ash. But dash it, Lady Nelly, what do make thee paint thy vace all over wi' rud ochre zoo? Be it vor thy spouse to knaw thee?—that be the way I do knaw my sheep.

Sir Abel. The flocks of fashion are all marked so, Farmer.

Ash. Likely! Drabbit it! thee do make a tightish kind of a ladyship zure enow.

Dame. That you do, my lady! you remember the old house?

Ash. Ay; and all about it, doant ye? Nelly! my lady!

Lady H. Oh! I'm quite shocked—Susan, child!

prepare a room where I may dress before I proceed to the castle. [*Exit* SUSAN.

Enter HANDY, *jun.*

Handy, jun. I don't see Susan——I say, Dad, is that my mamma?

Sir Abel. Yes—speak to her.

Handy, jun. [*Chucking her under the Chin.*] A fine girl, upon my soul!

Lady H. Fine girl, indeed!—Is this behaviour!

Handy, jun. Oh! beg pardon, most honoured parent. [*She courtesys.*]—that's a damned bad courtesy, I can teach you to make a much better courtesy than that!

Lady H. You teach me, that am old enough to—hem!

Handy, jun. Oh! that toss of the head was very bad indeed—Look at me!—That's the thing!

Lady H. Am I to be insulted? Sir Abel, you know I seldom condescend to talk.

Sir Abel. Don't say so, my lady, you wrong yourself.

Lady H. But, when I do begin, you know not where it will end.

Sir Abel. Indeed I do not. [*Aside.*

Lady H. I insist on receiving all possible respect from your son.

Handy, jun. And you shall have it, my dear girl!—Madam, I mean.

Lady H. I vow, I am agitated to that degree—Sir Abel! my fan.

Sir Abel. Yes, my dear—Bob, look here, a little contrivance of my own. While others carry swords, and such like dreadful weapons in their canes, I more gallantly carry a fan. [*Removes the Head of his Cane, and draws out a Fan.*] A pretty thought, isn't it?

[*Presents it to his Lady.*

Ash. Some difference between thic stick and mine, bean't there, zur? [*To* HANDY, *jun.*

Handy, jun. [*Moving away.*] Yes, there is.—[*To* LADY H.] Do you call that fanning yourself? [*Taking the Fan.*] My dear ma'am, this is the way to manœuvre a fan.

Lady H. Sir, you shall find [*To* HANDY, *jun.*] I have power enough to make you repent this behaviour, severely repent it—Susan!

[*Exit followed by* DAME.

Handy, jun. Bravo! passion becomes her; she does that vastly well.

Sir Abel. Yes, practice makes perfect.

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Did your ladyship call?—Heavens! Mr. Handy!

Handy, jun. Hush! my angel! be composed! that letter will explain. [*Giving a Letter, noticed by* ASHFIELD.] Lady Handy wishes to see you.

Susan. Oh, Robert!

Handy, jun. At present, my love, no more.

[*Exit* SUSAN, *followed by* ASHFIELD.

Sir Abel. What were you saying, sir, to that young woman?

Handy, jun. Nothing particular, sir. Where is Lady Handy going?

Sir Abel. To dress.

Handy, jun. I suppose she has found out the use of money?

Sir Abel. Yes; I'll do her the justice to say she encourages trade.—Why, do you know, Bob, my best coal pit won't find her in white muslins—round her neck hangs an hundred acres at least; my noblest oaks have made wigs for her; my fat oxen have dwindled into Dutch pugs, and white mice; my India bonds are transmuted into shawls and otto of roses; and a magnificent mansion has shrunk into a diamond snuff-box.

Enter COUNTRYMAN.

Countr. Gentlemen, the folks be all got together, and the ploughs be ready—and——

Sir Abel. We are coming. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Handy, jun. Ploughs?

Sir Abel. Yes, Bob, we are going to have a grand agricultural meeting.

Handy, jun. Indeed!

Sir Abel. If I could but find a man able to manage my new-invented *curricle* plough, none of them would have a chance.

Handy, jun. My dear sir, if there be any thing on earth I can do, it is that.

Sir Abel. What!

Handy, jun. I rather fancy I can plough better than any man in England.

Sir Abel. You don't say so! What a clever fellow he is! I say, Bob, if you would—

Handy, jun. No! I can't condescend.

Sir Abel. Condescend! why not?—much more creditable, let me tell you, than gallopping a maggot for a thousand, or eating a live cat, or any other fashionable atchievement.

Handy, jun. So it is—Egad! I will—I'll carry off the prize of industry.

Sir Abel. But should you lose, Bob?

Handy, jun. I lose! that's vastly well!

Sir Abel. True, with my curricle plough you could hardly fail.

Handy, jun. With my superior skill, Dad—Then, I say, how the newspapers will teem with the account!

Sir Abel. Yes.

Handy, jun. That universal genius, Handy, junior, with a plough——

Sir Abel. Stop—invented by that ingenious machinist, Handy, senior.

Handy, jun. Gained the prize against the first husbandmen in Hampshire—Let our Bond-street butterflies emulate the example of Handy, junior,—

Sir Abel. And let old city grubs cultivate the field of science, like Handy, senior—Ecod! I am so happy!

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Ah! there comes a damper!

Handy, jun. Courage! you have many resources of happiness.

Sir Abel. Have I! I should be very glad to know them.

Handy, jun. In the first place, you possess an excellent temper.

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I had a bad one, I should be the better able to conquer hers.

Handy, jun. You enjoy good health—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for if I were ill, she wouldn't come near me.

Handy, jun. Then you are rich—

Sir Abel. So much the worse; for had I been poor, she would not have married me. But I say, Bob, if you gain the prize, I'll have a patent for my plough.

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel! I say—

Handy, jun. Father, could not you get a patent for stopping that sort of noise?

Sir Abel. If I could, what a sale it would have!—No, Bob, a patent has been obtained for the only thing that will silence her—

Handy, jun. Aye—What's that?

Sir Abel. [*In a Whisper.*] A coffin! hush!—I'm coming, my dear.

Handy, jun. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A Parlour in ASHFIELD'S *House.*

Enter ASHFIELD *and* WIFE.

Ash. I tell ye, I zee'd un gi' Susan a letter, an' I dan't like it a bit.

Dame. Nor I: if shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummas, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. Dom Mrs. Grundy; what would my poor wold heart zay? but I be bound it be all innocence.

Enter HENRY.

Dame. Ah, Henry! we have not seen thee at home all day.

Ash. And I do zomehow fanzie things dan't go zo clever when thee'rt away from farm.

Henry. My mind has been greatly agitated.

Ash. Well, won't thee go and zee the ploughing match?

Henry. Tell me, will not those who obtain prizes be introduced to the castle?

Ash. Ees, and feasted in the great hall.

Henry. My good friend, I wish to become a candidate.

Dame. You, Henry!

Henry. It is time I exerted the faculties Heaven has bestowed on me; and though my heavy fate crushes the proud hopes the heart conceives, still let me prove myself worthy of the place Providence has assigned me.—[*Aside.*] Should I succeed, it will bring me to the presence of that man, who (I know not why) seems the dictator of my fate.——[*To them.*] Will you furnish me with the means?

Ash. Will I!—Thou shalt ha' the best plough in

the parish—I wish it were all gould for thy zake—and better cattle there can't be noowhere.

Henry. Thanks, my good friend—my benefactor—I have little time for preparation—So receive my gratitude, and farewell. [*Exit.*

Dame. A blessing go with thee!

Ash. I zay, Henry, take Jolly, and Smiler, and Captain, but dan't ye take thic lazy beast Genius—I'll be shot if having vive load an acre on my wheat land could please me more!

Dame. Tummas, here comes Susan, reading the letter.

Ash. How pale she do look! dan't she?

Dame. Ah! poor thing!—If——

Ash. Hauld thy tongue, woolye? [*They retire.*

Enter SUSAN, *reading the Letter.*

Susan. Is it possible! Can the man to whom I've given my heart write thus!—"I am compelled to marry Miss Blandford; but my love for my Susan is unalterable—I hope she will not, for an act of necessity, cease to think with tenderness on her faithful Robert."——Oh, man! ungrateful man! it is from our bosoms alone you derive your power; how cruel then to use it in fixing in those bosoms endless sorrow and despair!——"Still think with tenderness"—Base, dishonourable insinuation—He might have allowed me to esteem him. [*Locks up the Letter in a Box on the Table, and exit weeping.*]

[ASHFIELD *and* DAME *come forward.*]

Ash. Poor thing!—What can be the matter?—She locked up the letter in thic box, and then burst into tears. [*Looks at the Box.*

Dame. Yes, Tummas; she locked it in that box sure enough.

[*Shakes a Bunch of Keys that hangs at her Side.*

Ash. What be doing, Dame? what be doing?

Dame. [*With affected Indifference.*] Nothing; I was only touching these keys.

[*They look at the Box and Keys significantly.*

Ash. A good tightish bunch!

Dame. Yes; they are of all sizes.

[*They look as before.*

Ash. Indeed!—Well—Eh!—Dame, why dan't ye speak? thou canst chatter fast enow zometimes.

Dame. Nay, Tummas—I dare say—if—you know best—but I think I could find——

Ash. Well, Eh!—you can just try you knaw [*Greatly agitated.*] You can try, just vor the vun on't: but mind, dan't ye make a noise. [*She opens it.*] Why, thee hasn't opened it?

Dame. Nay, Tummas! you told me.

Ash. Did I?

Dame. There's the letter!

Ash. Well, why do ye gi't to I?—I dan't want it, I'm sure. [*Taking it—he turns it over—she eyes it eagerly—he is about to open it.*]—She's coming! she's coming! [*He conceals the Letter, they tremble violently.*] No, she's gone into t'other room. [*They hang their Heads dejectedly, then look at each other.*] What mun that feythur an mother be doing, that do blush and tremble at their own dater's coming. [*Weeps.*] Dang it, has she desarv'd it of us—Did she ever deceive us?—Were she not always the most open hearted, dutifullest, kindest—and thee to goa like a dom'd spy, and open her box, poor thing!

Dame. Nay, Tummas——

Ash. You did—I zaw you do it mysel!—you look like a thief, now—you doe—Hush!—no—Dame—here be the letter—I won't read a word on't; put it where thee vound it, and as thee vound it.

Dame. With all my heart.

[*She returns the Letter to the Box.*

Ash. [*Embraces her.*] Now I can wi' pleasure hug my wold wife, and look my child in the vace again—

I'll call her, and ax her about it; and if she dan't speak without disguisement, I'll be bound to be shot —Dame, be the colour of sheame off my face yet?— I never zeed thee look ugly before——Susan, my dear Sue, come here a bit, woolye?

Enter SUSAN.

Susan. Yes, my dear father.

Ash. Sue, we do wish to give thee a bit of admonishing and parent-like conzultation.

Susan. I hope I have ever attended to your admonitions.

Ash. Ees, bless thee, I do believe thee hast, lamb; but we all want our memories jogg'd a bit, or why else do parson preach us all to sleep every Zunday— Zo thic be the topic—Dame and I, Sue, did zee a letter gi'd to thee, and thee—bursted into tears, and lock'd un up in thic box—and then Dame and I— we—that's all.

Susan. My dear father, if I concealed the contents of that letter from your knowledge, it was because I did not wish your heart to share in the pain mine feels.

Ash. Dang it, didn't I tell thee zoo? [*To his Wife.*

Dame. Nay, Tummas, did I say otherwise?

Susan. Believe me, my dear parents, my heart never gave birth to a thought my tongue feared to utter.

Ash. There, the very words I zaid!

Susan. If you wish to see the letter, I will show it to you. [*She searches for the Key.*

Dame. Here's a key will open it.

Ash. Drabbit it, hold thy tongue, thou wold fool! [*Aside.*] No, Susan. I'll not zee it—I'll believe my child.

Susan. You shall not find your confidence ill-placed—it is true the gentleman declared he loved me; it is equally true that declaration was not un-

pleasing to me—Alas! it is also true, that his letter contains sentiments disgraceful to himself, and insulting to me.

Ash. Drabbit it, if I'd knaw'd that, when we were cudgelling a bit, I wou'd ha' lapt my stick about his ribs pratty tightish, I wou'd.

Susan. Pray, father, don't you resent his conduct to me.

Ash. What! mayn't I lather un a bit?

Susan. Oh, no! I've the strongest reasons to the contrary!

Ash. Well, Sue, I won't—I'll behave as pratty as I always do—but it be time to go to the green, and zee the fine zights—How I do hate the noise of thic dom'd bunch of keys——But bless thee, my child—dan't forget that vartue to a young woman be vor all the world like—like—Dang it, I ha' gotten it all in my head; but zomehow—I can't talk it—but vartue be to a young woman what corn be to a blade o'wheat, do you zee; for while the corn be there it be glorious to the eye, and it be called the staff of life; but take that treasure away, and what do remain? why nought but thic worthless straw that man and beast do tread upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

An extensive View of a cultivated Country—A ploughed Field in the centre, in which are seen six different Ploughs and Horses—At one side a handsome Tent —A number of country People assembled.

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. Make way, make way for the gentry! and, do ye hear, behave pratty, as I do—Dang thee, stond back, or I'll knock thee down, I wool.

Enter SIR ABEL, *and* MISS BLANDFORD, *with* SERVANTS.

Sir Abel. It is very kind of you to honour our rustic festivities with your presence.

Miss B. Pray, Sir Abel, where is your son?

Sir Abel. What! Bob? Oh, you'll see him presently—[*Nodding significantly.*]—Here are the prize medals; and if you will condescend to present them, I'm sure they'll be worn with additional pleasure.—I say, you'll see Bob presently.—Well, Farmer, is it all over?

Ash. Ees, zur; the acres be plough'd, and the ground judged; and the young lads be coming down to receive their reward—Heartily welcome, miss, to your native land; hope you be as pleased to zee we as we be to zee you, and the like o'that.—Mortal beautizome to be zure—I declare, miss, it do make I quite warm zomehow to look at ye. [*A Shout without.*] They be coming—Now, Henry!

Sir Abel. Now you'll see Bob!—now my dear boy, Bob!—here he comes. [*Huzza.*

Enter HENRY *and two young Husbandmen.*

Ash. 'Tis he, he has don't—Dang you all, why dan't ye shout? Huzza!

Sir Abel. Why, zounds, where's Bob?—I don't see Bob—Bless me, what has become of Bob and my plough? [*Retires and takes out his Glass.*

Ash. Well, Henry, there be the prize, and there be the fine lady that will gi' it thee.

Henry. Tell me who is that lovely creature?

Ash. The dater of Sir Philip Blandford.

Henry. What exquisite sweetness! Ah! should the father but resemble her, I shall have but little to fear from his severity.

Ash. Miss, thic be the young man that ha' gott'n the goulden prize.

Miss B. This! I always thought ploughmen were coarse, vulgar creatures, but he seems handsome and diffident.

Ash. Ees, quite pratty behaved—it were I that teach'd un.

Miss B. What's your name?

Henry. Henry.

Miss B. And your family?

[HENRY, *in agony of grief, turns away, strikes his forehead, and leans on the shoulder of* ASHFIELD.]

Dame. [*Apart to* MISS B.] Madam, I beg pardon, but nobody knows about his parentage; and when it is mentioned, poor boy! he takes on sadly—He has lived at our house ever since we had the farm, and we have had an allowance for him—small enough to be sure—but, good lad! he was always welcome to share what we had.

Miss B. I am shocked at my imprudence—[*To* HENRY,] Pray pardon me; I would not insult an enemy, much less one I am inclined to admire—[*Giving her Hand, then withdraws it.*]—to esteem—you shall go to the castle—my father shall protect you.

Henry. Generous creature! to merit his esteem is the fondest wish of my heart—to be your slave, the proudest aim of my ambition.

Miss B. Receive your merited reward. [*He kneels—she places the Medal round his Neck—the same to the others.*]

Sir Abel. [*Advances.*] I can't see Bob; pray, sir, do you happen to know what is become of my Bob?

Henry. Sir?

Sir Abel. Did not you see a remarkable clever plough, and a young man——

Henry. At the beginning of the contest I observed a gentleman; his horses, I believe, were unruly; but my attention was too much occupied to allow me to notice more. [*Laughing without.*

Handy, jun. [*Without.*] How dare you laugh?

Sir Abel. That's Bob's voice! [*Laughing again.*

Enter HANDY, jun. *in a smock Frock, cocked Hat, and a piece of a Plough in his Hand.*

Handy, jun. Dare to laugh again, and I'll knock you down with this!—Ugh! how infernally hot! [*Walks about.*

Sir Abel. Why, Bob, where have you been?

Handy, jun. I don't know where I've been.

Sir Abel. And what have you got in your hand?

Handy, jun. What! All I could keep of your nonsensical ricketty plough.

[*Walks about,* SIR ABEL *following.*

Sir Abel. Come, none of that, sir.—Don't abuse my plough, to cover your ignorance, sir? where is it, sir? and where are my famous Leicestershire horses, sir?

Handy, jun. Where? ha, ha, ha! I'll tell you as nearly as I can, ha, ha! What's the name of the next county?

Ash. It be called Witshire, zur.

Handy, jun. Then, dad, upon the nicest calculation I am able to make, they are at this moment engaged in the very patriotic act of ploughing Salisbury plain, ha, ha! I saw them fairly over that hill, full gallop, with the curricle plough at their heels.

Ash. Ha, ha! a good one, ha, ha!

Handy, jun. But never mind, father, you must again set your invention to work, and I my toilet:—rather a deranged figure to appear before a lady in. [*Fiddles.*] Heyday! What! are you going to dance?

Ash. Ees, zur; I suppose you can sheake a leg a bit?

Handy, jun. I fancy I can dance every possible step, from the *pas ruse* to the war-dance of the Catawbaws.

Ash. Likely.—I do hope, miss, you'll join your honest neighbours; they'll be deadly hurt an' you won't gig it a bit wi' un.

Miss B. With all my heart.

Sir Abel. Bob's an excellent dancer.

Miss B. I dare say he is, sir; but on this occasion, I think I ought to dance with the young man, who gained the prize—I think it would be most pleasant—most proper, I mean; and I am glad you agree with me.—So, sir, if you'll accept my hand—

[HENRY *takes it.*

Sir Abel. Very pleasantly settled, upon my soul!—Bob, won't you dance?

Handy, jun. I dance!—no, I'll look at them—I'll quietly look on.

Sir Abel. Egad, now, as my wife's away, I'll try to find a pretty girl, and make one among them.

Ash. That's hearty!—Come, Dame, hang the rheumatics!—Now, lads and lasses, behave pratty, and strike up. [*A Dance.*

[HANDY, jun. *looks on a little, and then begins to move his Legs—then dashes into the midst of the Dance, and endeavours to imitate every one opposite to him; then being exhausted, he leaves the Dance, seizes the Fiddle, and plays till the Curtain drops.*]

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Castle.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *discovered on a Couch, reading,* SERVANTS *attending.*

Sir Philip. Is not my daughter yet returned?

Serv. No, Sir Philip.

Sir Philip. Despatch a servant to her.
[*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir, the old gardener is below, and asks to see you.

Sir Philip. [*Rises and throws away the Book.*] Admit him instantly, and leave me.— [*Exit* SERVANT.

Enter EVERGREEN, *who bows, then looking at* SIR PHILIP, *clasps his Hands together, and weeps.*

Does this desolation affect the old man?—Come near me—Time has laid a lenient hand on thee.

Everg. Oh, my dear master! can twenty years have wrought the change I see?

Sir Philip. No; [*Striking his Breast.*] 'tis the canker here that hath withered up my trunk;—but are we secure from observation?

Everg. Yes.

Sir Philip. Then tell me, does the boy live?

Everg. He does, and is as fine a youth—

Sir Philip. No comments.

Everg. We named him—

Sir Philip. Be dumb! let me not hear his name. Has care been taken he may not blast me with his presence?

Everg. It has, and he cheerfully complied.

Sir Philip. Enough! never speak of him more. Have you removed every dreadful vestige from the fatal chamber? [EVERGREEN *hesitates.*]—O speak!

Everg. My dear master! I confess my want of duty. Alas! I had not courage to go there.

Sir Philip. Ah!

Everg. Nay, forgive me! wiser than I have felt such terrors.—The apartments have been carefully locked up; the keys not a moment from my possession:—here they are.

Sir Philip. Then the task remains with me. Dread-

ful thought! I can well pardon thy fears, old man. —O! could I wipe from my memory that hour, when—

Everg. Hush! your daughter.

Sir Philip. Leave me—we'll speak anon.

[*Exit* EVERGREEN.

Enter MISS BLANDFORD.

Miss B. Dear father! I came the moment I heard you wished to see me.

Sir Philip. My good child, thou art the sole support that props my feeble life. I fear my wish for thy company deprives thee of much pleasure.

Miss B. Oh no! what pleasure can be equal to that of giving you happiness? Am I not rewarded in seeing your eyes beam with pleasure on me?

Sir Philip. 'Tis the pale reflection of the lustre I see sparkling there.—But, tell me, did your lover gain the prize?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. Few men of his rank—

Miss B. Oh! you mean Mr. Handy?

Sir Philip. Yes.

Miss B. No; he did not.

Sir Philip. Then, whom did *you* mean?

Miss B. Did you say lover? I—I mistook.—No—a young man called Henry, obtained the prize.

Sir Philip. And how did Mr. Handy succeed?

Miss B. Oh! It was so ridiculous!—I will tell you, papa, what happened to him.

Sir Philip. To Mr. Handy?

Miss B. Yes; as soon as the contest was over Henry presented himself. I was surprised at seeing a young man so handsome and elegant as Henry is.—Then I placed the medal round Henry's neck, and was told, that poor Henry—

Sir Philip. Henry!—So, my love, this is your account of Mr. Robert Handy!

Miss B. Yes, papa—no, papa—he came afterwards, dressed so ridiculously, that even Henry could not help smiling.

Sir Philip. Henry again!

Miss B. Then we had a dance.

Sir Philip. Of course you danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. How does Mr. Handy dance?

Miss B. Oh! he did not dance till—

Sir Philip. You danced with your lover?

Miss B. Yes—no papa!—Somebody said (I don't know who) that I ought to dance with Henry, because—

Sir Philip. Still Henry! Oh! some rustic boy. My dear child, you talk as if you loved this Henry.

Miss B. Oh! no, papa—and I am certain he don't love me.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Miss B. Yes, papa; for, when he touched my hand, he trembled as if I terrified him; and instead of looking at me as you do, who I am sure love me, when our eyes met, he withdrew his and cast them on the ground.

Sir Philip. And these are the reasons, which make you conclude he does not love you?

Miss B. Yes, papa.

Sir Philip. And probably you could adduce proof equally convincing that you don't love him?

Miss B. Oh, yes—quite; for in the dance he sometimes paid attention to other young women, and I was so angry with him! Now, you know, papa, I love you—and I am sure I should not have been angry with you had you done so.

Sir Philip. But one question more—Do you think Mr. Handy loves you?

Miss B. I have never thought about it, papa.

Sir Philip. I am satisfied.

Miss B. Yes, I knew I should convince you.

Sir Philip. Oh, love; malign and subtle tyrant, how falsely art thou painted blind! 'tis thy votaries are so; for what but blindness can prevent their seeing thy poisoned shaft, which is for ever doomed to rankle in the victim's heart.

Miss B. Oh! now I am certain I am not in love; for I feel no rankling at my heart. I feel the softest, sweetest sensation I ever experienced. But, papa, you must come to the lawn. I don't know why, but to-day nature seems enchanting; the birds sing more sweetly, and the flowers give more perfume.

Sir Philip. [*Aside.*] Such was the day my youthful fancy pictured!—How did it close!

Miss B. I promised Henry your protection.

Sir Philip. Indeed! that was much. Well, I will see your rustic here. This infant passion must be crushed. Poor wench! some artless boy has caught thy youthful fancy.—Thy arm, my child. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Lawn before the Castle.

Enter HENRY *and* ASHFIELD.

Ash. Well! here thee'rt going to make thy bow to Sir Philip. I zay, if he should take a fancy to thee, thou'lt come to farm, and zee us zometimes, wo'tn't, Henry?

Henry. [*Shaking his Hand.*] Tell me, is that Sir Philip Blandford, who leans on that lady's arm?

Ash. I don't know, by reason, d'ye zee, I never zeed'un. Well, good bye! I declare thee doz look quite grand with thic golden prize about thy neck, vor all the world like the lords in their stars, that do come to theas parts to pickle their skins in the zalt zea ocean! Good b'ye, Henry! [*Exit.*

Henry. He approaches! why this agitation? I wish, yet dread, to meet him.

Enter SIR PHILIP *and* MISS BLANDFORD, *attended.*

Miss B. The joy your tenantry display at seeing you again must be truly grateful to you.

Sir Philip. No, my child; for I feel I do not merit it. Alas! I can see no orphans clothed with my beneficence, no anguish assuaged by my care.

Miss B. Then I am sure my dear father wishes to show his kind intentions. So I will begin by placing one under his protection, [*Goes up the Stage, and leads down* HENRY, SIR PHILIP, *on seeing him, starts, then becomes greatly agitated.*]

Sir Philip. Ah! do my eyes deceive me! No, it must be him! Such was the face his father wore.

Henry. Spake you of my father?

Sir Philip. His presence brings back recollections, which drive me to madness!—How came he here? —Who have I to curse for this?

Miss B. [*Falling on his Neck.*] Your daughter.

Henry. Oh sir! tell me—on my knees I ask it! do my parents live? Bless me with my father's name, and my days shall pass in active gratitude—my nights in prayers for you. [SIR PHILIP *views him with severe contempt.*] Do not mock my misery! Have you a heart?

Sir Philip. Yes; of marble. Cold and obdurate to the world—ponderous and painful to myself—Quit my sight for ever!

Miss B. Go, Henry, and save me from my father's curse.

Henry. I obey: cruel as the command is, I obey it—I shall often look at this, [*Touching the Medal.*] and think on the blissful moment, when your hand placed it there.

Sir Philip. Ah! tear it from his breast.

[SERVANT *advances.*

Henry. Sooner take my life! It is the first honour I have earned, and it is no mean one; for it assigns

me the first rank among the sons of industry! This is my claim to the sweet rewards of honest labour! This will give me competence, nay more, enable me to despise your tyranny!

Sir Philip. Rash boy, mark! Avoid me, and be secure.—Repeat this intrusion, and my vengeance shall pursue thee.

Henry. I defy its power!—You are in England, sir, where the man, who bears about him an upright heart, bears a charm too potent for tyranny to humble. Can your frown wither up my youthful vigour? No!—Can your malediction disturb the slumbers of a quiet conscience? No! Can your breath stifle in my heart the adoration it feels for that pitying angel? Oh, no!

Sir Philip. Wretch! you shall be taught the difference between us!

Henry. I feel it now! proudly feel it!—You hate the man, that never wronged you—I could love the man, that injures me—You meanly triumph o'er a worm—I make a giant tremble.

Sir Philip. Take him from my sight! Why am I not obeyed?

Miss B. Henry, if you wish my hate should not accompany my father's, instantly begone.

Henry. Oh, pity me! [*Exit.*

[MISS BLANDFORD *looks after him*—SIR PHILIP, *exhausted, leans on his* SERVANTS.

Sir Philip. Supported by my servants! I thought I had a daughter!

Miss B. [*Running to him.*] O you have, my father! one that loves you better than her life!

Sir Philip. [*To* SERVANTS.] Leave us.

[*Exit* SERVANTS.

Emma, if you feel, as I fear you do, love for that youth—mark my words! When the dove wooes for its mate the ravenous kite; when nature's fixed an-

tipathies mingle in sweet concord, then, and not till then, hope to be united.

Miss B. O Heaven!

Sir Philip. Have you not promised me the disposal of your hand?

Miss B. Alas! my father! I didn't then know the difficulty of obedience!

Sir Philip. Hear, then, the reasons why I demand compliance. You think I hold these rich estates—Alas, the shadow only, not the substance.

Miss B. Explain, my father!

Sir Philip. When I left my native country, I left it with a heart lacerated by every wound, that the falsehood of others, or my own conscience, could inflict. Hateful to myself, I became the victim of dissipation—I rushed to the gaming table, and soon became the dupe of villains.—My ample fortune was lost; I detected one in the act of fraud, and having brought him to my feet, he confessed a plan had been laid for my ruin; that he was but an humble instrument; for that the man, who, by his superior genius, stood possessed of all the mortgages and securities I had given, was one Morrington.

Miss B. I have heard you name him before. Did you not know this Morrington?

Sir Philip. No; he, like his deeds, avoided the light—Ever dark, subtle, and mysterious. Collecting the scattered remnant of my fortune, I wandered, wretched and desolate, till, in a peaceful village, I first beheld thy mother, humble in birth, but exalted in virtue. The morning after our marriage she received a packet, containing these words: "The reward of virtuous love, presented by a repentant villain;" and which also contained bills and notes to the high amount of ten thousand pounds.

Miss B. And no name?

Sir Philip. None; nor could I ever guess at the generous donor. I need not tell thee what my heart

suffered, when death deprived me of her. Thus circumstanced, this good man, Sir Abel Handy, proposed to unite our families by marriage; and in consideration of what he termed the honour of our alliance, agreed to pay off every incumbrance on my estates, and settle them as a portion on you and his son. Yet still another wonder remains.—When I arrive, I find no claim whatever has been made, either by Morrington or his agents. What am I to think? Can Morrington have perished, and with him his large claims to my property? Or, does he withhold the blow, to make it fall more heavily?

Miss B. 'Tis very strange! very mysterious! But my father has not told me what misfortune led him to leave his native country.

Sir Philip. [*Greatly agitated.*] Ha!

Miss B. May I not know it?

Sir Philip. Oh, never, never, never!

Miss B. I will not ask it—Be composed—Let me wipe away those drops of anguish from your brow.—How cold your cheek is! My father, the evening damps will harm you—Come in—I will be all you wish—indeed I will. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. Was ever any thing so unlucky! Henry to come to the Castle and meet Sir Philip! He should have consulted me; I shall be blamed—but, thank Heaven, I am innocent.

[SIR ABEL *and* LADY HANDY *without.*]

Lady H. I will be treated with respect.

Sir Abel. You shall, my dear. [*They enter.*

Lady H. But how! but how, Sir Abel? I repeat it—

Sir Abel. [*Aside.*] For the fiftieth time.

Lady H. Your son conducts himself with an insolence I won't endure; but you are ruled by him, you have no will of your own.

Sir Abel. I have not, indeed.

Lady H. How contemptible!

Sir Abel. Why, my dear, this is the case--I am like the ass in the fable; and if I am doomed to carry a packsaddle, it is not much matter who drives me.

Lady H. To yield your power to those the law allows you to govern!—

Sir Abel. Is very weak, indeed.

Everg. Lady Handy, your very humble servant; I heartily congratulate you, madam, on your marriage with this worthy gentleman—Sir, I give you joy.

Sir Abel. [*Aside.*] Not before 'tis wanted.

Everg. Ay, my lady, this match makes up for the imprudence of your first.

Lady H. Hem!

Sir Abel. Eh! What!—what's that—Eh; what do you mean?

Everg. I mean, sir—that Lady Handy's former husband—

Sir Abel. Former husband!—Why, my dear, I never knew—Eh!

Lady H. A mumbling old blockhead!—Didn't you, Sir Abel? Yes; I was rather married many years ago; but my husband went abroad and died.

Sir Abel. Died, did he?

Everg. Yes, sir, he was a servant in the Castle.

Sir Abel. Indeed? So he died—poor fellow!

Lady H. Yes.

Sir Abel. What, you are sure he died, are you?

Lady H. Don't you hear?

Sir Abel. Poor fellow! neglected perhaps—had I known it, he should have had the best advice money could have got.

Lady H. You seem sorry.

Sir Abel. Why, you would not have me pleased at the death of your husband, would you?—a good kind of man?

Everg. Yes; a faithful fellow—rather ruled his wife too severely.

Sir Abel. Did he! [*Apart to* EVERGREEN.] Pray do you happen to recollect his manner?—Could you just give a hint of the way he had?

Lady H. Do you want to tyrannize over my poor tender heart?—'Tis too much!

Everg. Bless me! Lady Handy is ill—Salts! salts!

Sir Abel. [*Producing an Essence Box.*] Here are salts, or aromatic vinegar, or essence of—

Everg. Any—any.

Sir Abel. Bless me, I can't find the key!

Everg. Pick the lock.

Sir Abel. It can't be pick'd, it is a patent lock.

Everg. Then break it open, sir.

Sir Abel. It can't be broke open—it is a contrivance of my own—you see, here comes a horizontal bolt, which acts upon a spring, therefore—

Lady H. I may die, while you are describing a horizontal bolt. Do you think you shall close your eyes for a week for this?

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Sir Philip. What has occasioned this disturbance?

Lady H. Ask that gentleman.

Sir Abel. Sir, I am accused—

Lady H. Convicted! convicted!

Sir Abel. Well, I will not argue with you about words—because I must bow to your superior practice—But, Sir—

Sir Philip. Pshaw! [*Apart.*] Lady Handy, some of your people were inquiring for you.

Lady H. Thank you, sir. Come, Sir Abel. [*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Yes, my lady—I say [*To* EVERGREEN.] couldn't you give me a hint of the way he had—

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel!

Sir Abel. Coming, my soul! [*Exit.*

Sir Philip. So! you have well obeyed my orders in keeping this Henry from my presence.

Everg. I was not to blame, master.

Sir Philip. Has Farmer Ashfield left the castle!

Everg. No, sir.

Sir Philip. Send him hither. [*Exit* EVERGREEN.] That boy must be driven far, far from my sight—but where?—no matter! the world is large enough.

Enter ASHFIELD.

—Come hither. I believe you hold a farm of mine.

Ash. Ees, zur, I do, at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. I hope a profitable one?

Ash. Zometimes it be, zur. But thic year it be all t'other way as 'twur—but I do hope, as our landlords have a tightish big lump of the good, they'll be zo kind hearted as to take a little bit of the bad.

Sir Philip. It is but reasonable—I conclude then you are in my debt?

Ash. Ees, zur, I be—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. How much?

Ash. I do owe ye a hundred and fifty pounds—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Which you can't pay?

Ash. Not a varthing, zur—at your zarvice.

Sir Philip. Well, I am willing to give you every indulgence.

Ash. Be you, zur? that be deadly kind. Dear heart! it will make my auld dame quite young again, and I don't think helping a poor man will do your honour's health any harm—I don't indeed, zur—I had a thought of speaking to your worship about it—but then, thinks I, the gentleman, mayhap, be one of those that do like to do a good turn, and not have a word zaid about it—zo, zur, if you had

not mentioned what I owed you, I am zure I never should—should not, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. Nay, I will wholly acquit you of the debt, on condition—

Ash. Ees, zur.

Sir Philip. On condition, I say, you instantly turn out that boy—that Henry.

Ash. Turn out Henry!—Ha, ha, ha! Excuse my tittering, zur; but you bees making your vun of I, zure.

Sir Philip. I am not apt to trifle—send him instantly from you, or take the consequences.

Ash. Turn out Henry! I do vow I shou'dn't knaw how to zet about it—I should not, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. You hear my determination. If you disobey, you know what will follow—I'll leave you to reflect on it. [*Exit.*

Ash. Well, zur, I'll argufy the topic, and then you may wait upon me, and I'll tell ye. [*Makes the Motion of turning out.*]—I shou'd be deadly awkward at it, vor zartain—however, I'll put the case—Well! I goes whiztling whoam—noa, drabbit it! I shou'dn't be able to whiztle a bit, I'm zure. Well! I goas whoam, and I zees Henry zitting by my wife, mixing up someit to comfort the wold zoul, and take away the pain of her rheumatics—Very well! Then Henry places a chair vor I by the vire zide, and says—"Varmer, the horses be fed, the sheep be folded, and you have nothing to do but to zit down, smoke your pipe, and be happy!" Very well! [*Becomes affected.*] Then I zays —"Henry, you be poor and friendless, zo you must turn out of my house directly." Very well! then my wife stares at I—reaches her hand towards the vire place, and throws the poker at my head. Very well! then Henry gives a kind of aguish shake, and getting up, sighs from the bottom of his heart—then holding up his head like a king, zays—"Varmer, I have too "long been a burden to you—Heaven protect you,

as you have me—Farewell! I go." Then I says, "If thee doez I'll be domn'd." [*With great Energy.*] Hollo! you Mister Sir Philip! you may come in.—

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Zur, I have argufied the topic, and it wou'dn't be pratty—zo I can't.

Sir Philip. Can't! absurd!

Ash. Well, zur, there is but another word—I won't.

Sir Philip. Indeed!

Ash. No, zur, I won't—I'd zee myself hang'd first, and you too, zur—I wou'd indeed! [*Bowing.*

Sir Philip. You refuse then to obey.

Ash. I do, zur—at your zarvice. [*Bowing.*

Sir Philip. Then the law must take its course.

Ash. I be zorry for that too—I be, indeed, zur, but if corn wou'dn't grow I cou'dn't help it; it wer'n't poison'd by the hand that zow'd it. Thic hand, zur, be as free from guilt as your own.

Sir Philip. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*

Ash. It were never held out to clinch a hard bargain, nor will it turn a good lad out into the wide wicked world, because he be poorish a bit. I be zorry you be offended, zur, quite—but come what wool, I'll never hit thic hand against here, but when I be zure that zumeit at inside will jump against it with pleazure. -[*Bowing.*] I do hope you'll repent of all your zins--I do, indeed, zur; and if you shou'd, I'll come and zee you again as friendly as ever—I wool, indeed, zur.

Sir Philip. Your repentance will come too late. [*Exit.*

Ash. Thank ye, zur—Good morning to you—I do hope I have made myself agreeable—and so I'll go whoam. [*Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

A Room in ASHFIELD'S *House.*

DAME ASHFIELD *discovered at Work with her Needle,* HENRY *sitting by her.*

Dame. Come, come, Henry, you'll fret yourself ill, child. If Sir Philip will not be kind to you, you are but where you were.

Henry. [*Rising.*] My peace of mind is gone for ever. Sir Philip may have cause for hate,—spite of his unkindness to me, my heart seeks to find excuses for him—oh! that heart dotes on his lovely daughter.

Dame. [*Looking out.*] Here comes Tummas home at last. Heyday! what's the matter with the man? He doesn't seem to know the way into his own house.

Enter ASHFIELD, *musing; he stumbles against a Chair.*

Tummas, my dear Tummas, what's the matter?

Ash. [*Not attending.*] It be lucky vor he I be's zoo pratty behaved, or dom if I— [*Doubling his Fist.*

Dame. Who—what?

Ash. Nothing at all; where's Henry?

Henry. Here, farmer.

Ash. Thee woultn't leave us, Henry, wou't?

Henry. Leave you! What, leave you now, when by my exertion I can pay off part of the debt of gratitude I owe you? oh, no!

Ash. Nay, it were not vor that I axed, I promise thee; come, gi' us thy hand on't then. [*Shaking Hands.*] Now, I'll tell ye. Zur Philip did zend vor I about the money I do owe 'un; and said as how he'd make all straight between us——

Dame. That was kind.

Ash. Ees, deadly kind. Make all straight, on condition I did turn Henry out o' my doors.

Dame. What!

Henry. Where will his hatred cease?

Dame. And what did you say, Tummas?

Ash. Why I zivelly told 'un, if it were agreeable to he to behave like a brute, it were agreeable to I to behave like a man.

Dame. That was right. I wou'd have told him a great deal more.

Ash. Ah! likely. Then a' zaid I shou'd ha' a bit a laa vor my pains.

Henry. And do you imagine I will see you suffer on my account? No—I will remove this hated form— [*Going.*

Ash. No, but thee shat'un—thee shat'un—I tell thee. Thee have givun me thy hand on't, and dom'me if thee sha't budge one step out of this house. Drabbit it! what can he do? he can't send us to jail. Why, I have corn will zell for half the money I do owe 'un —and ha'n't I cattle and sheep? deadly lean to be zure—and ha'n't I a thumping zilver watch, almost as big as thy head? and Dame here a got——How many silk gowns have thee got, dame?

Dame. Three, Tummas—and sell them all—and I'll go to church in a stuff one—and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases.

Henry. Oh, my friends, my heart is full. Yet a day will come, when this heart will prove its gratitude.

Dame. That day, Henry, is every day.

Ash. Dang it! never be down hearted. I do know as well as can be, zome good luck will turn up. All the way I comed whoam I looked to vind a purse in the path. But I didn't though.

[*A knocking at the Door.*

Dame. Ah! here they are, coming to sell I suppose—

Ash. Lettun—lettun zeize and zell; we ha' gotten here [*Striking his Breast.*] what we won't zell, and they can't zell. [*Knocking again.*] Come in—dang it, don't ye be shy.

Enter MORRINGTON *and* GERALD.

Henry. Ah! the strangers I saw this morning. These are not officers of law.

Ash. Noa!—Walk in, gemmen. Glad to zee ye wi' all my heart and zoul. Come, dame, spread a cloth, bring out cold meat, and a mug of beer.

Gerald. [*To* MORRINGTON.] That is the boy.

[MORRINGTON *nods.*

Ash. Take a chair, zur.

Mor. I thank, and admire your hospitality. Don't trouble yourself, good woman.—I am not inclined to eat.

Ash. That be the case here. To-day none o' we be auver hungry: misfortin be apt to stay the stomach confoundedly—

Mor. Has misfortune reached this humble dwelling?

Ash. Ees, zur. I do think vor my part it do work its way in every where.

Mor. Well, never despair.

Ash. I never do, zur. It is not my way. When the sun do shine I never think of voul weather, not I; and when it do begin to rain, I always think that's a zure zign it will give auver.

Mor. Is that young man your son?

Ash. No, zur—I do wish he were wi' all my heart and zoul.

Gerald. [*To* MORRINGTON.] Sir, remember.

Mor. Doubt not my prudence. Young man, your appearance interests me;—how can I serve you?

Henry. By informing me who are my parents.

Mor. That I cannot do.

Henry. Then, by removing from me the hatred of Sir Philip Blandford.

Mor. Does Sir Philip hate you?

Henry. With such severity, that even now he is about to ruin these worthy creatures, because they have protected me.

Mor. Indeed! misfortune has made him cruel. That should not be.

Ash. Noa, it should not, indeed, zur.

Mor. It shall not be.

Ash. Shan't it, zur? But how shan't it?

Mor. I will prevent it.

Ash. Wool ye 'faith, and troth? Now, dame, did not I zay zome good luck would turn up?

Henry. Oh, sir, did I hear you rightly? Will you preserve my friends?- will you avert the cruel arm of power, and make the virtuous happy? my tears must thank you. [*Taking his Hand.*

Mor. [*Disengaging his Hand.*] Young man, you oppress me—forbear! I do not merit thanks—pay your gratitude where you are sure 'tis due—to Heaven. Observe me—here is a bond of Sir Philip Blandford's for 1000*l.*—do you present it to him, and obtain a discharge for the debt of this worthy man. The rest is at your own disposal—no thanks.

Henry. But, sir, to whom am I thus highly indebted?

Mor. My name is Morrington. At present that information must suffice.

Henry. Morrington.

Ash. [*Bowing.*] Zur, if I may be so bold——

Mor. Nay, friend——

Ash. Don't be angry, I hadn't thanked you, zur, nor I won't.—Only, zur, I were going to ax, when you wou'd call again. You shall have my stamp note vor the money, you shall, indeed, zur. And in the mean time, I do hope you'll take zomeit in way of remembrance as 'twere.

Dame. Will your honour put a couple of turkies in your pocket?

Ash. Or pop a ham under your arm? don't ye zay no, if it's agreeable.

Mor. Farewell, good friends, I shall repeat my visit soon.

Dame. The sooner the better.

Ash. Good bye to ye, zur,—Dame and I wool go to work as merry as crickets. Good bye, Henry.

Dame. Heaven bless your honour—and I hope you will carry as much joy away with you, as you leave behind you—I do indeed.

[*Exeunt* ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Mor. Young man, proceed to the castle, and demand an audience of Sir Philip Blandford. In your way thither, I'll instruct you further.—Give me your hand. [*Exeunt* MORRINGTON, *looking stedfastly on* HENRY, GERALD *following.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Castle.

SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD *discovered*—MISS BLANDFORD *reading.*

Miss B. Shall I proceed to the next essay?

Sir Philip. What does it treat of?

Miss B. Love and friendship.

Sir Philip. A satire?

Miss B. No, father;—an eulogy.

Sir Philip. Thus do we find, in the imaginations of men, what we in vain look for in their hearts.—Lay it by. [*A knocking at the Door.*] Come in—

Enter EVERGREEN.

Everg. My dear master, I am a petitioner to you.

Sir Philip. [*Rises.*] None possesses a better claim to my favour—ask, and receive.

Everg. I thank you, sir. The unhappy Henry—

Miss B. What of him?

Sir Philip. Emma, go to your apartment.

Miss B. Poor Henry!

Sir Philip. Imprudent man!

Everg. [SIR PHILIP *turns from him with Resentment.*] Nay, be not angry; he is without, and entreats to be admitted.

Sir Philip. I cannot, will not, again behold him.

Everg. I am sorry you refuse me, as it compels me to repeat his words: "If," said he, "Sir Philip denies my humble request, tell him, I demand to see him."

Sir Philip. Demand to see me! well, his *high* command shall be obeyed then [*Sarcastically*]. Bid him approach. [*Exit* EVERGREEN.

Enter HENRY.

Sir Philip. By what title, sir, do you thus intrude on me?

Henry. By one of an imperious nature, the title of a creditor.

Sir Philip. I *your* debtor!

Henry. Yes; for you owe me justice. You, perhaps, withhold from me the inestimable treasure of a parent's blessing.

Sir Philip. [*Impatiently.*] To the business that brought you hither.

Henry. Thus then—I believe this is your signature. [*Producing a Bond.*

Sir Philip. Ah! [*Recovering himself.*] it is—

Henry. Affixed to a bond of 1000*l.* which, by assignment, is mine. By virtue of this I discharge the debt of your worthy tenant, Ashfield! who, it seems, was guilty of the crime of vindicating the injured, and protecting the unfortunate. Now, Sir Philip, the retribution my hate demands is, that what remains of this obligation may not be now paid to me, but wait your entire convenience and leisure.

Sir Philip. No! that must not be.

Henry. Oh, sir! why thus oppress an innocent man?—why spurn from you a heart, that pants to serve you? No answer, farewell. [*Going.*

Sir Philip. Hold—one word before we part—tell me—I dread to ask it [*Aside.*]—How came you possessed of this bond?

Henry. A stranger, whose kind benevolence stepped in and saved—

Sir Philip. His name?

Henry. Morrington.

Sir Philip. Fiend! tormentor! has he caught me!—You have seen this Morrington?

Henry. Yes.

Sir Philip. Did he speak of me?

Henry. He did—and of your daughter. "Conjure him," said he, "not to sacrifice the lovely Emma, by a marriage her heart revolts at. Tell him, the life and fortune of a parent are not his own; he holds them but in trust for his offspring. Bid him reflect, that, while his daughter merits the brightest rewards a father can bestow, she is by that father doomed to the harshest fate tyranny can inflict."

Sir Philip. Torture! [*With Vehemence.*] Did he say who caused this sacrifice?

Henry. He told me you had been duped of your fortune by sharpers.

Sir Philip. Ay, he knows that well. Young man, mark me:—This Morrington, whose precepts wear the face of virtue, and whose practice seems benevolence, was the chief of the hellish banditti that ruined me.

Henry. Is it possible?

Sir Philip. That bond you hold in your hand was obtained by robbery.

Henry. Confusion!

Sir Philip. Not by the thief who, encountering you as a man, stakes life against life, but by that most cowardly villain, who, in the moment when reason sleeps, and passion is roused, draws his snares around you, and hugs you to your ruin.

Henry. On your soul, is Morrington that man?

Sir Philip. On my soul, he is.

Henry. Thus, then, I annihilate the act—and thus I tread upon a villain's friendship. [*Tearing the Bond.*

Sir Philip. Rash boy! what have you done?

Henry. An act of justice to Sir Philip Blandford.

Sir Philip. For which you claim my thanks?

Henry. Sir, I am thanked already—here. [*Pointing to his Heart.*] Curse on such wealth! compared with its possession, poverty is splendour. Fear not for me—I shall not feel the piercing cold; for in that man, whose heart beats warmly for his fellow creatures, the blood circulates with freedom—My food shall be what few of the pampered sons of greatness can boast of, the luscious bread of independence; and the opiate, that brings me sleep, will be the recollection of the day passed in innocence.

Sir Philip. Noble boy!—Oh Blandford!

Henry. Ah!

Sir Philip. What have I said?

Henry. You called me Blandford.

Sir Philip. 'Twas error—'twas madness.

Henry. Blandford! a thousand hopes and fears rush on my heart. Disclose to me my birth—be it what it may, I am your slave for ever. Refuse me, you create a foe, firm and implacable as——

Sir Philip. Ah! am I threatened? Do not extinguish the spark of pity my breast is warmed with.

Henry. I will not. Oh! forgive me.

Sir Philip. Yes, on one condition—leave me—Ah! some one approaches. Begone, I insist—I entreat.

Henry. That word has charmed me? I obey: Sir Philip, you may hate, but you shall respect, me. [*Exit.*

Enter HANDY, *jun.*

Handy, jun. At last, thank Heaven, I have found somebody. But, Sir Philip, were you indulging in soliloquy?—You seem agitated.

Sir Philip. No, sir; rather indisposed.

Handy, jun. Upon my soul, I am devilish glad to find you. Compared with this castle, the Cretan labyrinth was intelligible; and unless some kind Ariadne gives me a clue, I shan't have the pleasure of seeing you above once a week.

Sir Philip. I beg your pardon, I have been an inattentive host.

Handy. jun. Oh, no; but when a house is so devilish large, and the party so very small, they ought to keep together; for, to say the truth, though no one on earth feels a warmer regard for Robert Handy than I do—I soon get heartily sick of his company—whatever he may be to others, he's a cursed bore to me.

Sir Philip. Where's your worthy father?

Handy, jun. As usual, full of contrivances that are impracticable, and improvements that are retrograde; forming, altogether, a whimsical instance of the confusion of arrangement, the delay of expedition, the incommodiousness of accommodation, and the infernal trouble of endeavouring to save it—he has now a score or two of workmen about him, and intends pulling down some apartments in the east wing of the castle.

Sir Philip. Ah! ruin!—Within there!——Fly to Sir Abel Handy—Tell him to desist! order his people, on the peril of their lives, to leave the castle instantly! Away!

Handy, jun. Sir Philip Blandford, your conduct compels me to be serious.

Sir Philip. Oh, forbear! forbear!

Handy, jun. Excuse me, sir,—an alliance, it seems, is intended between our families, founded on ambition and interest. I wish it, sir, to be formed on a nobler basis, ingenuous friendship and mutual confidence. That confidence being withheld, I must here pause; for I should hesitate in calling that man father, who refuses me the name of friend.

Sir Philip. [*Aside.*] Ah! how shall I act?

Handy, jun. Is my demand unreasonable?

Sir Philip. Strictly just—But oh!—you know not what you ask—Do you not pity me?

Handy, jun. I do.

Sir Philip. Why then seek to change it into hate?

Handy, jun. Confidence seldom generates hate—Mistrust always.

Sir Philip. Most true.

Handy, jun. I am not impelled by curiosity to ask your friendship. I scorn so mean a motive. Believe me, sir, the folly and levity of my character proceed merely from the effervescence of my heart—you will find its substance warm, steady, and sincere.

Sir Philip. I believe it from my soul.—Yes, you shall hear my story; I will lay before your view the agony, with which this wretched bosom is loaded.

Handy, jun. I am proud of your confidence, and am prepared to receive it.

Sir Philip. Not here—let me lead you to the eastern part of the castle, my young friend—mark me: This is no common trust I repose in you: for I place my life in your hands.

Handy, jun. And the pledge I give for its security is, what alone gives value to life, my honour.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A gloomy Gallery in the Castle—in the centre a strongly Barred Door.—The Gallery hung with Portraits.

HENRY *discovered examining a particular Portrait, which occupies a conspicuous situation in the Gallery.*

Henry. Whenever curiosity has led me to this gallery, that portrait has attracted my attention—the features are peculiarly interesting. One of the house of Blandford—Blandford—my name—perhaps my father. To remain longer ignorant of my birth, I feel impossible. There is a point when patience ceases to be a virtue—Hush! I hear footsteps—Ah! Sir Philip

and another in close conversation! Shall I avoid them?—No—Shall I conceal myself, and observe them?—Curse on the base suggestion!—No—

Enter SIR PHILIP *and* HANDY, *jun.*

Sir Philip. That chamber contains the mystery.

Henry. [*Aside.*] Ah!

Sir Philip. [*Turning round.*] Observe that portrait. [*Seeing* HENRY—*starts.*] Who's there?

Handy, jun. [*To* HENRY.] Sir, we wish to be private.

Henry. My being here, sir, was merely the effect of accident. I scorn intrusion. [*Bows.*] But the important words are spoken—that chamber contains the mystery. [*Aside.—Exit.*

Handy, jun. Who is that youth?

Sir Philip. You there behold his father—my brother—[*Weeps.*]—I've not beheld that face these twenty years.—Let me again peruse its lineaments. [*In an agony of grief.*] Oh, God! how I loved that man!—

Handy, jun. Be composed.

Sir Philip. I will endeavour. Now listen to my story.

Handy, jun. You rivet my attention.

Sir Philip. While we were boys, my father died intestate. So I, as elder born, became the sole possessor of his fortune; but the moment the law gave me power, I divided, in equal portions, his large possessions, one of which I with joy presented to my brother.

Handy, jun. It was noble.

Sir Philip. [*With suppressed agony.*] You shall now hear, sir, how I was rewarded. Chance placed in my view a young woman of superior personal charms; my heart was captivated—Fortune she possessed not—but mine was ample. She blessed me by consenting to our union, and my brother approved my choice.

Handy, jun. How enviable your situation!

Sir Philip. Oh! [*Sighing deeply.*] On the evening previous to my intended marriage, with a mind serene as the departing sun, whose morning beam was to light me to happiness, I sauntered to a favourite tree, where, lover-like, I had marked the name of my destined bride, and, with every nerve braced to the tone of ecstacy, I was wounding the bark with a deeper impression of the name—when, oh, God!——

Handy, jun. Pray proceed.

Sir Philip. When the loved offspring of my mother, and the woman my soul adored—the only two beings on earth, who had wound themselves round my heart by every tie dear to the soul of man, placed themselves before me; I heard him—even now the sound is in my ears, and drives me to madness—I heard him breathe vows of love, which she answered with burning kisses—He pitied his poor brother, and told her he had prepared a vessel to bear her for ever from me.—They were about to depart, when the burning fever in my heart rushed upon my brain—Picture the young tiger, when first his savage nature rouses him to vengeance—the knife was in my gripe—I sprung upon them—with one hand I tore the faithless woman from his damned embrace, and with the other—stabbed my brother to the heart.

Handy, jun. The wretched woman——

Sir Philip. Was secretly conveyed here—even to that chamber.—She proved pregnant, and in giving birth to a son, paid the forfeit of her perjury by death. My task being ended, yours begins.

Handy, jun. Mine!

Sir Philip. Yes, that chamber contains evidence of my shame; the fatal instrument, with other guilty proofs, lies there concealed—can you wonder I dread to visit the scene of horror—can you wonder I implore you, in mercy, to save me from the task? Oh! my friend, enter the chamber, bury in endless

night those instruments of blood, and I will kneel and worship you.

Handy, jun. I will.

Sir Philip. [*Weeps.*] Will you? [*Embraces him.*] I am unused to kindness from man, and it affects me. Oh! can you press to your guiltless heart that blood-stained hand!

Handy, jun. Sir Philip, let men without faults condemn—I must pity you.

[*Exeunt* HANDY, jun. *leading* SIR PHILIP.

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

A wooded view of the Country.

Enter SUSAN ASHFIELD, *who looks about with anxiety, and then comes forward.*

Susan. I fear my conduct is very imprudent.—Has not Mr. Handy told me he is engaged to another? But 'tis hard for the heart to forego, without one struggle, its only hope of happiness; and, conscious of my honour, what have I to fear? Perhaps he may repent of his unkindness to me—at least I'll put his passion to the proof; if he be worthy of my love, happiness is for ever mine; if not, I'll tear him from my breast, though from the wound my life's blood should follow. Ah! he comes—I feel I am a coward, and my poor alarmed heart trembles at its approaching trial—pardon me, female delicacy, if for a moment I seem to pass thy sacred limits.

[*Retires up the Stage.*

Enter HANDY, *jun.*

Handy, jun. By Heavens! the misfortunes of Sir Philip Blandford weigh so heavily on my spirits, that—but confusion to melancholy! I am come here to meet an angel, who will, in a moment, drive away the blue devils like mist before the sun. Let me again read the dear words; [*Reading a Letter.*] "I confess, I love you still;" [*Kisses the Letter.*] but I dare not believe their truth till her sweet lips confirm it. Ah! she's there—Susan, my angel! a thousand thanks. A life of love can alone repay the joy your letter gave me.

Susan. Do you not despise me?

Handy, jun. No; love you more than ever.

Susan. Oh! Robert, this is the very crisis of my fate——From this moment we meet with honour, or we meet no more. If we must part, perhaps, when you lead your happy bride to church, you may stumble over your Susan's grave. Well, be it so.

Handy, jun. Away with such sombre thoughts!

Susan. Tell me my doom—yet hold—you are wild, impetuous—you do not give your heart fair play—therefore promise me (perhaps 'tis the last favour I shall ask), that before you determine whether our love shall die or live with honour, you will remain here alone a few moments, and that you will give those moments to reflection.

Handy, jun. I do—I will.

Susan. With a throbbing heart I will wait at a little distance. May virtuous love and sacred honour direct his thoughts! [*Aside.—Exit.*

Handy, jun. Yes, I will reflect, that I am the most fortunate fellow in England. She loves me still—what is the consequence?—that love will triumph—that she will be mine—mine without the degradation of marriage—love, pride, all gratified—how I shall be

envied, when I triumphantly pass the circles of fashion! One will cry, "Who is that angel?"—another, "Happy fellow!" then Susan will smile around—will she smile? oh yes—she will be all gaiety—mingle with the votaries of pleasure, and—what! Susan Ashfield the companion of licentious women!—Damnation!—no! I wrong her—she would not—she would rather shun society—she would be melancholy—melancholy! [*Sighs, and looks at his Watch.*]—'would the time were over!—Pshaw! I think of it too seriously—'Tis false—I do not.—Should her virtue yield to love, would not remorse affect her health? should I not behold that lovely form sicken and decay—perhaps die?—die! then what am I?—a villain, loaded with her parents' curses and my own. —Let me fly from the dreadful thought.—But how fly from it?—[*Calmly.*]—By placing before my imagination a picture of more honourable lineaments.—I make her my wife.—Ah! then she would smile on me—there's rapture in the thought;—instead of vice producing decay, I behold virtue emblazoning beauty; instead of Susan on the bed of death, I behold her giving to my hopes a dear pledge of our mutual love. She places it in my arms—down her father's honest face runs a tear—but 'tis the tear of joy. Oh, this will be luxury! paradise!—Come, Susan!—come, my love, my soul—my *wife*.

Enter SUSAN—*she at first hesitates—on hearing the word* wife, *she springs into his arms.*

Susan. Is it possible?

Handy, jun. Yes, those charms have conquered.

Susan. Oh! no; do not so disgrace the victory you have gained—'tis your own virtue that has triumphed.

Handy, jun. My Susan! how true it is that fools alone are vicious. But let us fly to my father, and obtain his consent. On recollection, that may not be

quite so easy. His arrangements with Sir Philip Blandford are—are—not mine, so there's an end of that. And Sir Philip, by misfortune, knows how to appreciate happiness. Then poor Miss Blandford—upon my soul I feel for her.

Susan. [*Ironically.*] Come, don't make yourself miserable. If my suspicions be true, she'll not break her heart for your loss.

Handy, jun. Nay, don't say so; she will be unhappy.

Ash. [*Without.*] There he is. Dame, shall I shoot at un?

Dame. No.

Susan. My father's voice.

Ash. Then I'll leather un wi' my stick.

Enter ASHFIELD *and* DAME.

Ash. What do thee do here with my Sue, eh?

Handy, jun. With your Sue!—she's mine—mine by a husband's right.

Ash. Husband! what, thee Sue's husband?

Handy, jun. I soon shall be.

Ash. But how tho'?—What! faith and troth?—What! like as I married Dame?

Handy, jun. Yes.

Ash. What! axed three times!

Handy, jun. Yes; and from this moment I'll maintain, that the real temple of love is a parish church—Cupid is a chubby curate—his torch is the sexton's lantern—and the according pæan of the spheres is the profound nasal thorough bass of the clerk's Amen.

Ash. Huzza! only to think now—my blessing go with you, my children!

Dame. And mine.

Ash. And Heaven's blessing too. Ecod, I believe now, as thy feyther zays, thee canst do every thing!

Handy, jun. No; for there is one thing I cannot do—injure the innocence of woman.

Ash. Drabbit it! I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach.

Susan. You must ride with me, father.

Dame. I say, Tummas, what will Mrs. Grundy say then?

Ash. I do hope thee will not be asham'd of thy feyther in laa, wool ye?

Handy, jun. No; for then I must also be ashamed of myself, which I am resolved not to be again.

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Sir Abel. Heyday, Bob? why an't you gallanting your intended bride? but you are never where you ought to be.

Handy, jun. Nay, sir, by your own confession I *am* where I ought to be.

Sir Abel. No! you ought to be at the castle—Sir Philip is there, and Miss Blandford is there, and Lady Handy is there, and therefore—

Handy, jun. You are *not* there. In one word, I shall not marry Miss Blandford.

Sir Abel. Indeed! who told you so?

Handy, jun. One who never lies—and, therefore, one I am determined to make a friend of—my conscience.

Sir Abel. But zounds! sir, what excuse have you?

Handy, jun. [*Taking* SUSAN'S *Hand.*] A very fair one, sir—is not she?

Sir Abel. Why, yes, sir, I can't deny it—but,'sdeath, sir, this overturns my best plan!

Handy, jun. No, sir; for a parent's best plan is his son's happiness, and that it will establish. Come, give us your consent. Consider how we admire all your wonderful inventions.

Sir Abel. No, not my plough, Bob—but 'tis a devilish clever plough.

Handy, jun. I dare say it is. Come, sir, consent, and perhaps, in our turn, we may invent something that may please you.

Sir Abel. He! he! he! well—but hold—what's the use of my consent without my wife's—bless you! I dare no more approve, without—

Enter GERALD.

Gerald. Health to this worthy company!

Sir Abel. The same to you, sir.

Handy, jun. Who have we here, I wonder?

Gerald. I wish to speak with Sir Abel Handy.

Sir Abel. I am the person.

Gerald. You are married?

Sir Abel. Damn it! he sees it in my face.—Yes, I have that happiness.

Gerald. Is it a happiness?

Sir Abel. To say the truth—why do you ask?

Gerald. I want answers, not questions—and depend on't 'tis your interest to answer me.

Handy, jun. An extraordinary fellow this!

Gerald. Would it break your heart to part with her!

Sir Abel. Who are you, sir, that——

Gerald. Answers—I want answers—would it break your heart, I ask?

Sir Abel. Why, not absolutely, I hope. Time, and philosophy, and——

Gerald. I understand—what sum of money would you give to the man, who would dissolve your marriage contract?

Handy, jun. He means something, sir.

Sir Abel. Do you think so, Bob?

Gerald. Would you give a thousand pounds?

Sir Abel. No!

Handy, jun. No!

Sir Abel. No; I would not give one; but I would give five thousand pounds.

Gerald. Generously offered—a bargain—I'll do it.

Sir Abel. But, an't you deceiving me?

Gerald. What should I gain by that?

Sir Abel. Tell me your name?

Gerald. Time will tell that.

Lady H. [*Without.*] Sir Abel, where are you?

Gerald. That's your wife's voice—I know it.

Sir Abel. So do I.

Gerald. I'll wait without—Cry, "Hem!" when you want me.

Sir Abel. Then you need not go far—

[*Exit* GERALD.

I dare not believe it—I should go out of my wits—and then if he fail, what a pickle I shall be in! Here she is.

Enter LADY HANDY.

Lady H. So, sir, I have found you at last?

Handy, jun. My honoured mamma, you have just come in time to give your consent to my marriage with my sweet Susan.

Lady H. And do you imagine I will agree to such degradation?

Ash. Do'e, Lady Nelly, do'e be kind hearted to the young loviers.—Remember how I used to let thee zit up all night a sweethearting.

Lady H. Silence! and have you dared to consent?

[*To* SIR ABEL.

Sir Abel. Oh, no, my lady!

Handy, jun. Sir, you had better cry—"Hem."

Sir Abel. I think it's time, Bob—Hem!

Handy, jun. Hem!

Lady H. What do you mean by—Hem!

Sir Abel. Only, my dear, something troublesome, I want to get rid of—Hem !

Enter GERALD.

There he is—never was so frightened in all my life.

[GERALD *advances.*]

Lady H. [*Shrieks and exclaims,*] Gerald !

Gerald. Yes.

Lady H. An't you dead, Gerald ? Twenty years away, and not dead ?

Gerald. No, wife.

Sir Abel. Wife ! did you say, wife ?

Gerald. Yes.

Sir Abel. Say it again.

Gerald. She is my wife.

Sir Abel. Once more.

Gerald. My lawful, wedded wife.

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear fellow !—Oh, my dear boy! Oh, my dear girl !—*Embraces* GERALD *and the rest.*] Oh, my dear! [*Running to* MRS. GERALD.] No—yes, now she an't my wife, I will—well—how will you have the five thousand ? Will you have it in cash, or in bank notes—or stocks, or India bonds, or lands, or patents, or——

Gerald. No—land will do—I wish to kill my own mutton.

Sir Abel. Sir, you shall kill all the sheep in Hampshire.

Gerald. Sir Abel, you have lost five thousand pounds, and with it, properly managed, an excellent wife, who, though I cannot condescend to take again as mine—you may depend on't shall never trouble you. Come! this way [*Beckoning to* MRS. GERALD.] —important events now call on me, and prevent my staying longer with this company. Sir Abel, we shall meet soon. Nay, come, you know I'm not used to

trifle; Come, come—[*She reluctantly, but obediently, crosses the stage, and runs off*—GERALD *follows.*]

Sir Abel. [*Imitating.*] Come, come—That's a damn'd clever fellow! Joy, joy, my boy! Here, here, your hands—The first use I make of liberty, is to give happiness—I wish I had more imitators—Well, what will you do? [*Walks about exultingly.*] Where will you go? I'll go any where you like—Will you go to Bath, or Brighton, or Petersburgh, or Jerusalem, or Seringapatam? all the same to me—we single fellows—we rove about—nobody cares about us—we care for nobody.

Handy, jun. I must to the Castle, father.

Sir Abel. Have with you, Bob. [*Singing.*] "I'll sip every flower—I'll change every hour."—[*Beckoning.*] —Come, come—[*Exeunt* SIR ABEL, HANDY, *jun. and* SUSAN. SUSAN *kisses her hand to* ASHFIELD *and* DAME.]

Ash. Bless her! how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry!

Dame. And then, Tummas, think of the wedding.

Ash. [*Reflecting.*] I declare I shall be just the zame as ever—may be I may buy a smartish bridle, or a zilver backy stopper, or the like o'that.

Dame. [*Apart.*] And, then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there—

Ash. I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends. [*Apart.*]

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then I just look at her in this manner.

Ash. [*Apart.*] How dost do, Peter—Ah, Dick,—glad to zee thee wi' all my zoul. [*Bows towards the centre of the Stage.*

Dame. [*Apart.*] Then, with a kind of half curt'sy, I shall—[*She advances to the centre also, and their heads meet.*]

Ash. What an wold fool thee be'st, Dame—Come along, and behave pratty, do'e. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The same as Act fourth, Scene third.

Enter HANDY, *jun. with caution, bearing a Light, and a large Key.*

Handy, jun. Now to fulfil my promise with Sir Philip Blandford—by—entering that chamber, and removing—'Tis rather awful—I don't half like it, somehow, every thing is so cursedly still. What's that? I thought I heard something—no—why, 'sdeath, I am not afraid—no—I'm quite su—su—sure of that—only every thing is so cursedly hush, and—[*A flash of Light, and a tremendous explosion takes place.*] What the devil's that? [*Trembling.*] I swear I hear some one—lamenting—who's there?

Enter SIR ABEL HANDY.

Father? [*Trembling.*]

Sir Abel. [*Trembling.*] Bob!

Handy, jun. Have you seen any thing!

Sir Abel. Oh, my dear boy!

Handy, jun. Damn it, don't frighten one—

Sir Abel. Such an accident, Mercy on us!

Handy, jun. Speak!

Sir Abel. I was mixing the ingredients of my grand substitute for gunpowder, when somehow it blew up, and set the curtains on fire, and—

Handy, jun. Curtains! zounds, the room's in a blaze!

Sir Abel. Don't say so, Bob.

Handy, jun. What's to be done? Where's your famous preparation for extinguishing flames?

Sir Abel. It is not mixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your fire escape?

Sir Abel. It is not fixed.

Handy, jun. Where's your patent fire engine?

Sir Abel. 'Tis on the road.

Handy, jun. Well, you are never at a loss.

Sir Abel. Never.

Handy, jun. What's to be done?

Sir Abel. I don't know. I say, Bob, I have it—perhaps it will go out of itself?

Handy, jun. Go out! it increases every minute—Let us run for assistance—Let us alarm the family. [*Exit.*

Sir Abel. Yes—dear me! dear me!

Servant. [*Without.*] Here, John! Thomas! some villain has set fire to the Castle. If you catch the rascal, throw him into the flames.

[SIR ABEL *runs off, and the Alarm Bell rings.*

SCENE III.

The Garden of the Castle.—The Effects of the Fire shown on the Foliage and Scenery.

Enter HENRY, *meeting* EVERGREEN.

Henry. The Castle in flames! What occasioned it?

Everg. Alas! I know not!

Henry. Are the family in safety?

Everg. Sir Philip is.

Henry. And his daughter?

Everg. Poor lady! I just now beheld her looking with agony from that window!

Henry. Ah! Emma in danger!—Farewell!

Everg. [*Holding him.*] Are you mad? the great staircase is in flames.

Henry. I care not! Should we meet no more, tell Sir Philip I died for his daughter.

Everg. Yet reflect.

Henry. Old man, do not cling to me thus—'Sdeath, men will encounter peril to ruin a woman, and shall I hesitate when it is to save one? [*Exit.*

Everg. Brave, generous boy? Heaven preserve thee!

Enter SIR PHILIP BLANDFORD.

Sir Philip. Emma, my child, where art thou?

Everg. I fear, sir, the Castle will be destroyed.

Sir Philip. My child! my child! where is she? speak!

Everg. Alas! she remains in the Castle!

Sir Philip. Ah! then will I die with her! [*Going.*

Everg. Hold, dear master! if human power can preserve her, she is safe—The bravest, noblest of men has flown to her assistance.

Sir Philip. Heaven reward him with its choicest blessings!

Everg. 'Tis Henry.

Sir Philip. Henry! Heaven will reward him—I will reward him!

Everg. Then be happy; Look, sir!

Sir Philip. Ah! dare I trust my eyes!

Everg. He bears her safe in his arms.

Sir Philip. Bountiful Creator, accept my thanks!

Enter HENRY, *bearing* EMMA *in his Arms.*

Henry. There is your daughter.

Sir Philip. My child! my Emma, revive!

Henry. [*Apart.*] Ay, now to unfold the mystery —The avenue to the eastern wing is still passable— the chamber not yet in flames—the present moment lost, and all is closed for ever. I will be satisfied, or perish. [*Exit.*

Miss B. Am I restored to my dear father's arms?

Sir Philip. Yes, only blessing of my life! In future thy wishes shall be mine—thy happiness my joy.

Enter HANDY, *jun.* *and* SUSAN.

Handy, jun. My dear friend safe! and the lovely Emma in his arms! Then let the bonfire blaze,

Sir Philip. But, Emma, where is your Henry? I wish to be just to him—I wish to thank him.

Miss B. He has withdrawn, to avoid our gratitude.—

Everg. No—he again rushed into the Castle, exclaiming, "I will penetrate that chamber, or perish in the attempt."

Sir Philip. Then all is discovered.

Handy, jun. Hush, for Heaven's sake collect yourself!

Enter HENRY, *in great Agitation.*

Miss B. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Thank Heaven, he's safe! What urged you, Henry, again to venture in the Castle?

Henry. Fate! the desperate attempt of a desperate man!

Sir Philip. Ah!

Henry. Yes; the mystery is developed. In vain the massy bars, cemented with their cankerous rust, opposed my entrance—in vain the heated suffocating damps enveloped me—in vain the hungry flames flashed their vengeance round me! What could oppose a man struggling to know his fate? I forced the doors, a firebrand was my guide, and among many evidences of blood and guilt, I found—these!

[*Produces a Knife and bloody Cloth.*

Sir Philip. [*Starts with horror, then, with solemnity,*] It is accomplished! Just Heaven, I bend to thy decree! —Blood must be paid by blood! Henry, that knife, aimed by this fatal hand, murdered thy father!

Henry. Ah! [*Grasping the Knife.*

Miss B. [*Placing herself between him and her Father.*] Henry! [*He drops his Hand.*] Oh, believe him not! 'Twas madness! I've heard him talk thus wildly in his dreams! We are all friends! None will repeat his

words—I'm sure none will! My heart will break!—Oh, Henry, will you destroy my father?

Henry. 'Would I were in my grave!

Enter GERALD.

Sir Philip. Ah, Gerald here! How vain concealment! Well, come you to give evidence of my shame?

Gerald. I come to announce one, who for many years has watched each action of your life.

Sir Philip. Who?

Gerald. Morrington.

Sir Philip. I shall then behold the man who has so long avoided me——

Gerald. But ever has been near you—he is here.

Enter MORRINGTON, *wrapped up in his Cloak.*

Sir Philip. Well, behold your victim in his last stage of human wretchedness! Come you to insult me?

[MORRINGTON *clasps his hands together, and hides his face.*]

Ah! can even you pity me? Speak—still silent—still mysterious—Well, let me employ what remains of life, in thinking of hereafter—[*Addressing Heaven.*] Oh, my brother! we soon shall meet again—And let me hope, that, stripped of those passions which make men devils, I may receive the heavenly balm of thy forgiveness, as I, from my inmost soul, do pardon thee.

[MORRINGTON *becomes convulsed with agony, and falls into* GERALD'S *arms.*]

Ah! what means that agony? He faints! give him air!

[*They throw open his Cloak and Hat.*]

[*Starts.*] Angels of mercy! my brother! 'tis he! he lives! Henry, support your father!

Henry. [*Running to* MORRINGTON.] Ah, my father! he revives!

Sir Philip. Hush!

[MORRINGTON *recovers—seeing his brother, covers his Face with shame, then falls at his Feet.*]

Mor. Crawling in the dust, behold a repentant wretch?—

Sir Philip. [*Indignantly.*] My brother Morrington!

Mor. Turn not away—in mercy hear me!

Sir Philip. Speak!

Mor. After the dreadful hour that parted us, agonized with remorse, I was about to punish home what your arm had left unaccomplished; when some angel whispered—" Punishment is life, not death—Live and atone!

Sir Philip. Oh! go on!

Mor. I flew to you—I found you surrounded by sharpers—What was to be done? I became Morrington! littered with villains! practised the arts of devils! braved the assassin's steel! possessed myself of your large estates—lived hateful to myself, detested by mankind—to do what? to save an injured brother from destruction, and lay his fortune at his feet! [*Places Parchments before* SIR PHILIP.]

Sir Philip. Ah! is it possible!

Mor. Oh, is that atonement? No—By me you first beheld her mother! 'Twas I that gave her fortune! Is that atonement? No—But my Henry has saved that angel's life—Kneel with me, my boy—lift up thy innocent hands, with those of thy guilty father, and beg for mercy from that injured saint. [HENRY *kneels with him.*]

Sir Philip. O God! How infinite are thy mercies! Henry, forgive me—Emma, plead for me—
There.—There. [*Joining their Hands.*]

Henry. But, my father——

Sir Philip. [*Approaching*.] Charles!

Mor. Philip!

Sir Philip. Brother, I forgive thee.

Mor. Then let me die—blest, most blest!

Sir Philip. No, no. [*Striking his Breast*. Here--I want thee here—Raise him to my heart.

[*They raise* MORRINGTON—*in the effort to embrace, he falls into their arms exhausted.*]

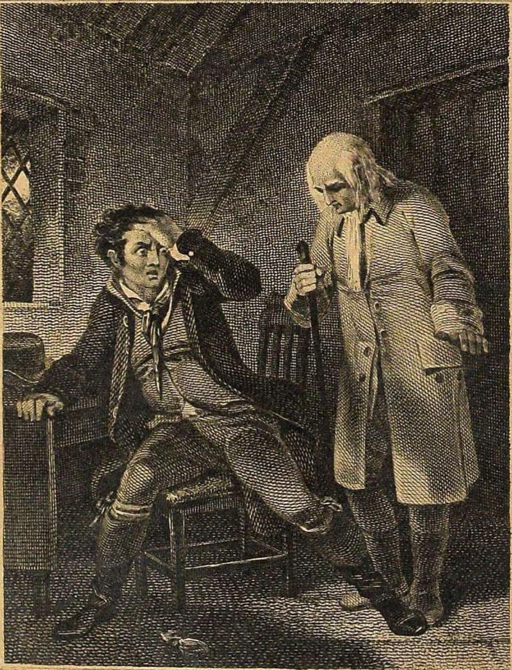
Again! [*They sink into each other's arms.*]

Handy, jun. [*Comes forward*.] If forgiveness be an attribute which ennobles our nature, may we not hope to find pardon for our errors—*here?*

[*The Curtain falls.*]

THE END.

SCHOOL OF REFORM



OLD MAN — AH! IT IS MY SON.

ACT III. SCENE III.

PAINTED BY SINGLETON. PUBLISH'D BY LONGMAN & Co. 1807. ENGRAVED BY C. WARREN.

THE

SCHOOL OF REFORM;

OR,

HOW TO RULE A HUSBAND;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY THOMAS MORTON, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

This comedy, like every other of the author's compositions, was received with high marks of approbation.

It is bold in its outline—interesting in its events and moral in its purposes. Still it is not amongst the best dramas of Mr. Morton. The reader will here find both improbable characters, and occurrences.—In the one Mr. Ferment stands foremost, and in the other, some of the incidents in which he is chiefly concerned.

But as imperfection attaches to all human productions, the reader will consider himself, as the editor has done, compelled to admire an ingenious work, though it does not soar to that excellence which is above criticism.

The author has dedicated this play to the members of the Philanthropic School, and has furnished incidents which are meant to redound to the honour of that most charitable society.

In a speech delivered from one of his characters, like a true Englishman, he praises the virtues of his own country. It would be somewhat more polite, though not, perhaps, equally just, to carry our eulogiums to neighbouring nations; but, the vice of vanity is always tolerated, when national prejudice, or national spirit, is its foundation. Good manners, which, in other cases, oblige every one to

praise that, in which they have no concern, and to pass by in silence their own merits, is violated perpetually by the dramatic patriot; whilst he is sure to gain unbounded applause for being a puffer of virtues, that should require no such aid to charm an admiring world.

The author tells us truly, that "we have in England, palaces for poverty, and princely endowments for calamity"—The English are charitable, but they are too apt to boast of their benevolent endowments: a higher boast would be, to have fewer paupers who require them.

Were the defects of this play as numerous as even its beauties, it contains one speech, that would atone for them all.

Couched in a few simple lines, the most persuasive eloquence urges the avoidance of evil, and the practice of good so irresistibly, that whoever reads this speech, and reflects seriously upon it, must either continue, or become, virtuous.

"He's a deep one" are part of the words belonging to this edifying sentence, delivered by Tyke somewhere near the end of the fourth act.

Though Mr. Emery's representation of this noted character, does not rank with that class of imitations which requires the display of grace, eloquence, or any of the dignified passions, yet his mimic art is so perfect in its nature, as to give infinite amusement to such minds as can find delight in contemplating the debased, as well as the elevated orders of mankind.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Avondale	*Mr. Cooke.*
General Tarragan	*Mr. Munden.*
Mr. Ferment	*Mr. Lewis.*
Frederick	*Mr. C. Kemble.*
Tyke	*Mr. Emery.*
Old Man	*Mr. Murray.*
Timothy	*Mr. Beverley.*
Peter	*Mr. Klanert.*
Bailiff	*Mr. Atkins.*
Gaoler	*Mr. Jeffries.*
Mrs. St. Clair	*Mrs. Gibbs.*
Julia	*Miss Brunton.*
Mrs Ferment	*Mrs. Litchfield.*
Mrs. Nicely	*Mrs. Davenport.*
Shelah	*Mrs. Beverley.*

THE

SCHOOL OF REFORM.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

The Interior of a Pavilion attached to the Castle of LORD AVONDALE. PETER *and other* SERVANTS *employed in nailing up a large Cabinet.*—MRS. NICELY *seated, giving directions.*

Mrs. N. Come, that will do; but don't make more litter than you can help. [*Rises.*] Be it what it may, I am glad it is safely put up, however.

Peter. I say, Mrs. Nicely, should not you like to know what's in the inside?

Mrs. N. Should not you, Peter?

Peter. Oh fie! no. Curiosity don't become a servant.

Mrs. N. Umph! can't it be opened, think you?

Peter. Opened—no, no.—I've been trying these two hours.

Mrs. N. Indeed!—you have no curiosity, and yet you try to pick your master's locks;—now I own I

have the greatest curiosity in the world, but for the world I would not so gratify it.—Well, now every thing is in its place.

Peter. Yes, Mrs. Nicely, you have fagged us prettily; and for what? Do you think his lordship thanks you for keeping every thing in its place?

Mrs. N. Why, I fear there is one thing he will have no reason to thank me for, and that is for keeping you in your place, coxcomb!—[*A knocking at the Door.*]—Go and attend the door—Whoever he be, he is scraping his shoes, and that's always a good sign.

Fred. [*Without.*] Let the carriage proceed. I have business here, and will walk to the castle. [*Enters, and places on the Table a Portfolio.*]—Ay, this is the pavilion his lordship mentioned—the cabinet, I see, is already placed—his lordship shall know your prompt attention.—[*Sits, and takes a Letter from the Portfolio.*]

Mrs. N. Who is he, I wonder.

Peter. I'll tell who he is:—his father was a thief.

Mrs. N. A thief!

Peter. A convicted felon.

Mrs. N. Poor youth!

Peter. And you know, what's bred in the bone—that's all.

Mrs. N. Why, there may be something in that; for I remember, Peter, your father was an informer, and you can't help following the trade.

Fred. [*To the* SERVANTS.] Be good enough to take that portfolio, and accompany me to the castle. [SERVANTS *smile, whisper, and point at him.*] So, so! —even here the busy tongue of fame has proclaimed my disgraceful origin—heighho!—Madam, I presume I address the housekeeper of Lord Avondale, [*Looking at the Letter, and presenting it.*] Mrs. Nicely.

Mrs. N. [*Putting on Spectacles.*] 'Tis in his lordship's hand; and you have kept it very nice and tidy, young man.—[*Apart.*] I don't know what may be in

the bone, but the flesh is handsome and comely, however.—[*Reads.*] *My good old lady*,—Ah! if I was as sure that I am good, as I am that I am old—well, well—*on the receipt of this, you will prepare for my immediate arrival at the castle.*—All is prepared.—*It will be delivered to you by my private secretary: he is a youth of singular worth—to his courage I owe my life.* [*To* SERVANTS.] Do you hear that?—*I need not desire you to pay him respect, as his virtues will better command it; those of my establishment who wish to gain my regard, will best secure it by endeavouring to obtain his.* AVONDALE.

[*The* SERVANTS *officiously take up the Port-folio, and bow to* FREDERICK.

Fred. Let it rest; I will carry it myself. I have no occasion for your attendance.

Mrs. N. Don't stand scraping there, dirtying the floor; but go along, all of you, as you are bid. [*Exeunt* SERVANTS.] And shall I see his lordship in good health, sir?

Fred. Perfectly so.

Mrs. N. I am glad to hear it; for he has plague enough in that Parliament House.—Why, I read the other day in the news, that he was on his legs three hours, poor man! and yet, goodnatured soul! he said he was content.

Fred. The situation of the pavilion does credit to his lordship's taste—the prospect is enchanting.

Mrs. N. Yes—but I believe it has a recommendation more enchanting in his eyes—for here stood the cottage of a lady he loved: I was her nurse—poor Emily!

Fred. Was she unfortunate?

Mrs. N. Ay; and though he is my master, shame on him for making her so, good dear soul!—Why, she would live a month in a room without so much as rumpling a chair cover; and then the tears she shed! Ah, sir, had you seen the quantity of pocket hand-

kerchiefs I had to wash, it would have melted your heart.—My memory fails me now, or I could tell you all about her.—It will be twenty years, come the first Wednesday in January, since he took her away—it was a fine clear frosty morning—he came about seven o'clock—

Fred. Your memory does not seem so very bad, Mrs. Nicely.

Mrs. N. Yes, 'tis gone. He was not a lord then; it was before he went abroad.

Fred. But these follies of his youth are now no more.

Mrs. N. Follies!—I think they used to be called vices, young man.

Fred. His lordship is about to be married.

Mrs. N. I think I can remember his father's marriage; it will be nine and forty years come next Lammas—they were rather too late at the church, and—

Fred. Shall we not be too late at the castle?—you forget.

Mrs. N. Ay, I do indeed!—the bride wore a white and silver negligee—[*Looking out.*]– Heyday! what is that? Have they got a man in custody?

Fred. Yes; last night General Tarragan and his daughter were attacked by a robber: they are now taking him to the castle, till his lordship arrives.

Mrs. N. Let us follow, or there will be sad dirty doings.

Gen. [*Without.*] Away with him, a rascal!

Fred. That is General Tarragan, who, in the Indies, has won by his sword wealth enough to offer his daughter in marriage to Lord Avondale.

Gen. [*Without.*] His lordship not here!—then I'll see who is here—

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN.

Why, what a gew-gaw place is this!—'Sblood! a four-

pounder would blow it to atoms in——Eh, who goes there?

Fred. I am——

Gen. Five feet eleven, a'n't you?

Fred. I believe so.

Gen. Well, what regiment?

Fred. I am not in the army.

Gen. Not in the army?

Fred. No, sir—I am——

Gen. Don't trouble yourself—tis no matter what you are.

Fred. I am a dependent on Lord Avondale.

Gen. A dependent, and five feet eleven!—hope no offence—if there be, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

Fred. Quarrelling with Lord Avondale's friend would ill repay the obligations I owe——

Gen. Sir, I hope you don't pretend to have more obligations to Lord Avondale than I have. 'Sdeath, sir, but for Lord Avondale, I should not have been worth a scar. But for Lord Avondale, I might, at this moment, have been, a sound, healthy, peaceable man; fit for nothing but to kill time, wound feelings, and cut up reputations with old tabbies at a tea-table, —Madam, I did not see you—hope no offence—if there be, you, doubtless, have relations; and, in that case, I guess what will follow, and must take the consequences.

Fred. I hope your daughter has recovered from the alarm——

Gen. What, you heard of it?—Yes, we had a pleasant sort of a skirmish—a fellow clapt a pistol to my head.—My daughter screamed confoundedly, and jumped out of the carriage; but she got protection from some clodhopper——

Fred. Which was your humble servant.

Gen. The devil! Well, sir, I've said it; I conclude an apology won't be accepted, and so——

Fred. I do not even wish you, sir, to make one.

Gen. Don't you! Then, sir, I ask your pardon with all my heart.—Yes, I slapped off a couple of barrels at the rascal, but I missed him: the fact is, I have not lately had the practice I could wish.—But, zounds, my Julia will get to the castle before us. I say, how do you like her?

Fred. [*Embarrassed.*] Miss Tarragan is——such charms—I—

Gen. You don't like her: well, it can't be helped.

Fred. Indeed, general, your daughter is only in danger of exciting too warm an interest.

Gen. Poor wench! she's new to England;—born in India;—none of your routing, flouting, highfliers—all strut and streamers, like a young ensign. No, I have only to say, open arms! first rank, kneel! down she goes; supple as a whanyee:—that's old Tarragan's manual, my old girl.

Mrs. N. Tarragan! ah, my poor head! Why, sure you can't be the son of old Tarragan the haberdasher, of Beverley?

Gen. Why, yes, I believe I am—I can't deny it.

Mrs. N. Deny it! why should you? he was an honest man.

Gen. Yes, I believe he was—come along.

Mrs. N. Why, then, you must be little Joey, that went to the Indies.

Gen. Yes, I'm Joey—Come along, I say.

Fred. General, can I assist you?

Gen. Assist me—damn your assistance! though you are five feet eleven. Take care of the old girl.

Mrs. N. What a memory have I! Now I can't for my life recollect, whether or no there was not a little bill left unsettled at your father's——

Gen. Oh, confound your memory! I say [*To* FREDERICK.] walk fast—breathe her—that's our only chance. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Saloon in Avondale Castle.—Shouts without.

Enter PETER *and* SERVANTS.

Peter. Now, you stand there—and you, there. I think I hear the carriage—Zounds! where's Mrs. Nicely?

Enter MRS. NICELY.

Mrs. N. Bless me! bless me! I hope I'm not too late. There—hold up your heads, and pull out your frills—I'm in such a pucker!

Enter FREDERICK.

Is his lordship coming?

Fred. Heard you not those applauding shouts?

Enter LORD AVONDALE *and* SERVANTS.

My benefactor! Oh, how sweetly must those sounds of joy vibrate on a patriot heart!

Lord A. Guard against its fascination, by remembering how many, to gain a nation's approbation, have parted with their own. Believe me, Frederick, unless conscience echoes back the approving plaudit, the world presents not an object more pitiable than the victim of ambition. Let those memorials, I mentioned, be copied.

Fred. It is already done.

Lord A. [*Taking his Hand.*] Good boy! thy active zeal still anticipates my wishes.

Mrs. N. [*After having fidgetted about* LORD AVONDALE.] Hem! hem!

Lord A. Mrs. Nicely, I heartily rejoice to see you bear your years more as an ornament than a burden.

Mrs. N. I am pretty well, thank your honour, excepting that my memory is gone.

Lord A. I am not very sorry to hear that. [*Apart.*

Mrs. N. Your lordship came through the hall?

Lord A. Yes, and marked your diligence.

Mrs. N. The old rusty armour and shields now look like a row of nice pewter dishes. It is a pretty sight.

Lord A. [*To* FREDERICK.] Enough to drive an antiquary mad.

Mrs. N. And the colours that came from abroad, all torn to rags with bullets, I've had them so neatly darned and scoured, that nobody would suppose they had ever been out of the parish. And, my lord, I have placed the cabinet in the pavilion, just where the window used to be where poor Emily sat, when——

Lord A. Silence! I thought your memory was gone. Is it not enough that I never can forget?

Mrs. N. It will break my heart, if I've offended you. Bad as my poor head is, I must to the grave remember your lordship's kindness.

Lord A. Nay, nay, I meant no anger;—do not kneel, I insist.

Mrs. N. Well, dear master! I won't. As there is no carpet, it might dirty my apron, to be sure.

Lord A. You will now see my bride.

Mrs. N. Well, she won't be handsomer than Emily was.

Lord A. Again!—fie! fie!

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN *and* JULIA.

General Tarragan, a thousand welcomes!

Gen. There, my lord: my girl and my fortune are all I possess;—they are yours.

[*Taking his Daughter's Hand, and presenting her to* LORD AVONDALE.

Lord A. To intrude on you, at this moment, professions of regard, would insult feelings, that even now seem wounded; but there are professions which may be made with delicacy, and heard with pleasure—those of friendship, lady; in the character of friend alone, honour me with your consideration, till you may be pleased to change it for one more endearing.

Julia. My lord, I am highly sensible of your goodness—attribute my agitation to the alarm I last night suffered.—My father's will to me is——

Gen. Martial law.

Lord A. [*To* FREDERICK.] Is she not beautiful?

Fred. [*Sighs.*] She is, indeed.

Gen. But, my lord, my people have got the rascal that wanted to blow me to the devil: you had better commit him, and put him out of his misery.

Lord A. Well remembered: Frederick, prepare for his examination:—but hold, I ought to make you acquainted with this worthy youth.

Gen. Oh, we have met; and the young dog had a mind to pick a quarrel with me.

Fred. My lord, on my honour—

Julia. I last night benefited by this gentleman's protection;—his delicate attentions I must ever remember with gratitude.

Gen. And I'll return the obligation:—I will, sir, for all your proud menacing looks: I guess what you would be at. So, my lord, tell me his family.

Lord A. At present we will wave that subject—there is a difficulty.

Fred. [*Advancing.*] My lord, pardon me; my soul abhors mystery and concealment—My story is soon told. I—[*Is overcome by his Feelings, then, collecting himself, proceeds.*]—In me you behold the son of a criminal!

Julia. A criminal!

Fred. Even so: my father's name is not known to

me; for in my earliest infancy he was, for his crimes, banished his native land.

Julia. O Heaven! and were you left to meet the desertion of an unfeeling world?

Fred. No, lady. I was left to meet the special protection of Heaven; for by those generous men—those guardians of infant virtue—I was snatched from infamy, and placed at the Philanthropic School; there, soon as the dawn of reason chased away the dreams of childhood, I endeavoured to repay the blessings bestowed on me by diligence, emulation, and gratitude.

Gen. Bravo!—why, they made you a philosopher.

Fred. Sir, I am indebted to them for a nobler title; for they made me a christian. Some time since, Providence blessed me by making me its instrument in preserving the life of Lord Avondale; and how has he rewarded me? he has placed me near his person—he has asked me to call him friend.—Oh! if the devotion of this life——

Lord A. Dear Frederick! no more.

Fred. One moment. 'Tis true, I think of my birth with grief, but, till vice can be proved hereditary, I will not think of it with shame: if virtue be an inmate in this breast, shall I basely scorn the fostering hands that placed it there?—no, rather let me proclaim that my protectors were the noblest spirits of the land. O, generous imperial Britain! look proudly round; and, while other nations boast their Pantheons of gods, do thou display thy princely endowments for calamity—thy palaces for poverty. I've talked too long—pray pardon me; but, oh! this heart—this grateful heart—was bursting! [*Exit.*

Gen. Damn that fellow, to make an old woman of a general! [*Wiping his Eyes.*] Oh, if they had but made him a drummer, by this he might have been a hero—and as dead as Alexander the Great.

Julia. Dear father, what a horrid thought!—how fortunate is he in so noble a a patron!

Lord A. His merit steps before his fortune; for if, proudly blossoming on the tree of hereditary honour, so many produce only the fruit of vice, how greatly should he be esteemed in whose breast (spite of the uncultivated soul, the nipping blasts of adversity, and the foul and poisonous weeds that envelope it) virtue takes firm root; and, warmed by the divine ray of our religion, gives produce grateful to Heaven—a blessing to mankind! [*Noise without.*

Julia. Here comes the criminal!—allow me to retire.

Lord A. Honour me with your hand. This good lady will attend you.

[*Exeunt* LORD AVONDALE, JULIA, MRS. NICELY, *and* ATTENDANTS.

Gen. So, here comes Scapegrace!

Enter FREDERICK, *with* TYKE, *in Custody of Black* SERVANTS.

Fred. You may now unbind him.

[*Takes out a Pocket Book.*

Tyke. Ah, do; for ease, you know, is every thing. [*They unbind him.*] Ay, now we're all alike—and that makes company pleasant. Give me my hat, though;—for I wish to be mannerly; and a hat helps a body a bit. [*Moving his Hat about.*

Fred. Well, fellow!—behold the vile situation to which you have brought yourself.

Tyke. No, sur, don't say that; because I did not bring myself—they brought me: bless you! I did not wish to come.—I just mention it, 'cause right's right.

Fred. From whence do you come?

Tyke. Fra t' other side of watter—I come fra abroad.

Fred. Your name?

Tyke. Why, my name's Bobby.

Fred. Your surname?

Tyke. Oh! I understand, mun—Tyke.

Fred. Robert Tyke?

Tyke. Yes.

Gen. You have occasionally changed your name?

Tyke. Nay, never: sister changed hurs when she were married—but then I never was married. This is a very pretty room—don't you think so?

Fred. Insolent!

Tyke. Oh no, sur; I civilly thought you might like to change conversation: too much of one thing, you know——

Fred. More knave than fool, I find.

Gen. Well, scoundrel!—

Tyke. Sur, I ax pardon; but consider I'm no' but a stranger; and saying scoundrel is rather macking free at first sight, I think.

Gen. But at first sight you clapped a pistol to my head, and be damned to you! I'll trounce you, you black rascal!

Tyke. [*To black* SERVANT.] You hear what your master says to you?

Fred. And you shall hear what Lord Avondale will say to you.

Tyke. But now, why should we trouble his lordship? I'm sure if you will propose any thing at all in reason, you'll not find me fractious.

Gen. Go to the devil!

Tyke. [*Looking at* SERVANTS.] Ecod, I seem to have got there already.—

Gen. Here comes my lord.

Enter LORD AVONDALE.

Lord A. Where is the prisoner?

Tyke. Ay, where's prisoner? My lord wants to know where prisoner is.—

[LORD AVONDALE, *on seeing* TYKE, *starts;* TYKE *looks at him with an Eye of Recognition.*

Lord A. It is impossible—Yet those features—

Tyke. If it should—but, no, it can't be—

Lord A. [*Recovering.*] What is the prisoner's name?

Fred. Robert Tyke.

Lord A. [*Apart.*] It is the man!—How shall I proceed?

Tyke. I'm dommed, but it's him! Oh, then all's just as nice as ninepence.

[*Apart, and snapping his Fingers.*

Lord A. This man a robber?—impossible!

Tyke. Quite foolish to suppose it.

Lord A. I know him well. He is my tenant.

Tyke. Yes; and if I had been a rogue, 'tis very likely you would have trusted me, as you did, with——

Lord A. [*Interrupting him.*] Very large sums of money. General, can you swear that this man presented a pistol to your breast?

Gen. Oh no, my lord! I can't see very well by day, and it was as dark as the devil.

Lord A. What evidence, then, have you of his guilt?

Tyke. We have not got ony at all, sur.

Gen. Why, when I fired, the robber fled into a wood; and my servants found this fellow perched on a tree.

Tyke. Yes, that's right enough—that's no lie.

Gen. Lie! Oh that you were a gentleman!

Tyke. Thank you, sur; perhaps you could help me to someit in that line?

Lord A. How came you, fellow, on that tree?

Tyke. Sur—my lord, I mean—you was not a lord though when——

Lord A. [*Interrupting him.*] When you were my tenant?—no: go on.

Tyke. Why, I was taking alone by myself a salutary walk, thinking of what not—about the moon, and cheeses, and politics, and pigs, and things I'm acquainted with like—quite natural, you know—when I heard a shooting off o' gunpowder; so, says I to myself, without speaking tho', as sure as my name's Bob, here's a parcell of rogues or smugglers, gammering and fighting, and ecod an honest man may get himsel shot among 'em; so I clavvered up a tree—quite natural, you know.—

Lord A. This is far from improbable.

Tyke. Very far. 'Tis highly improbable, I assure you.

Lord A. [*To* GENERAL.] A word—You have certainly mistaken the man. A victorious general becoming the prosecutor of a felon would not, perhaps, be very agreeable?

Gen. No;—I should not like it. I say, send him about his business.

Lord A. There are suspicions; but——

Gen. Suspicions don't become a gentleman.

Lord A. Perhaps he might again attack you.

Gen. Do you think he would? [*Apart.*] That's just what I should like. Let him go; I won't prosecute: only let him go, that's all.

Lord A. Frederick, the evidence adduced being too slight to place the life of man in danger, or injure his character by unfounded accusation, he is discharged.

Fred. Discharged!

Lord A. Yes, sir, discharged! [*With Severity.*] Unless your superior judgment and authority change the determination.

Fred. 'Tis very strange;—discharge the prisoner!

Tyke. That's me—I'm prisoner, I know.

Fred. You may depart.

Tyke. Thank you, sur. I'm sorry to break up company like— [*Going.*

Lord A. Hold! [*To* TYKE *apart.*] This time you have escaped; but if again——

Tyke. Oh! why should I? I shall want for nothing now, you know. He! he! I was varry glad to see you, sur—my lord; for I don't suppose among strangers my innocence would have stood me in much stead—I don't indeed.

Lord A. Be prudent. Frederick, at more leisure I mean to admonish this man respecting his future conduct;—convey him to a secure apartment, and let him not converse with my people. Come, general; your lenity does credit to your feelings.

Gen. My lord, I'll not contradict you, because it might lead to unpleasant consequences.

[*Exeunt* LORD AVONDALE *and* GENERAL TARRAGAN, *followed by black* SERVANTS.

Fred. What should this mean?—I am ready to attend you.

Tyke. Sir, 'tis too much—really too much—

Fred. Go before—

Tyke. Upon my honour, I'm quite shocked like—Ha! ha! ha! But if I must—why—

[*Puts on his Hat.—Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

The House. A Pleasure Ground of MRS. FERMENT'S. MRS. FERMENT *is discovered at the Top of the Stage, adjusting some Flowers.*

Enter TIMOTHY, *from the House.*

Tim. Dear, dear, where can mistress be!—My master is in such a combustion and a passion—[MRS. FERMENT *advances.*]—Madam, my master wants to see you directly; he says he has a plan—

Mrs. F. A plan—you mean a hundred.—Very well, I'll come. [*Moves the other Way.*

Tim. That's a queer way of coming.—

Mrs. F. Did you not hear me, sir? [*Exit* TIMOTHY.] A plan, indeed! heigho! unless I take care, this good man of mine, by his profound penetration, and superior foresight, will absolutely run blindfold into ruin.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. My master, madam, is quite angry with me, because you won't come:—now, madam, that's not my fault, you know, because—

Mrs. F. Silence!—Has Miss Tarragan returned from Avondale Castle? Oh, I see her carriage. [*She kisses her Hand.*] Tell your master I'll come presently.

Tim. I have told him that, but—

Mrs. F. Don't you hear, sir? [*Exit* TIMOTHY.

Enter JULIA.

My dear girl, welcome back!—Well, all quiet there? [*Pointing to* JULIA'S *Heart.*] Eh! were you not dazzled with the splendid emanation of his lordship's diplomatic fame?

Julia. [*Bursting into Tears.*] O madam!

Mrs. F. My sweet girl! pardon me; I am shocked at my levity—But, tell me, does this projected alliance render you miserable?

Julia. Oh! truly so.

Mrs. F. I have not the honour of his lordship's acquaintance, but am convinced he never will press the fulfilment of an engagement which would entail misery on one so lovely and amiable.

Julia. [*With Vivacity.*] Do you think so?—Ah! but then my father is determined.

Mrs. F. And are you determined to obey?

Julia. You know, madam, I must obey my father, as much as if he were my husband.

Mrs. F. Umph! Why, as much as *that* perhaps you may; but there are instances, my love, where even husbands are not always obeyed.

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. My master, madam, insists on it you come to him.

Mrs. F. I cannot come—I'm engaged—say so. [*Exit* TIMOTHY.] Ha! ha! rather an apt illustration.—

Julia. Govern a husband!

Mrs. F. Yes.

Julia. But how is it done?

Mrs. F. What a question!—of course by the tongue.

Julia. Ha! ha! I have heard, indeed, that its voluble exertion will achieve—

Mrs. F. Nothing, positively nothing;—on the con-

trary, I maintain that its flexibility is the grand cause of female subjugation.—Words, my love, give animation to the contest; there's blow for blow, and, the weapon not being fatal, victory is seldom obtained—but, to sullen inveterate silence what can be opposed? —My motto is—Be dumb, and conquer.

Julia. I wonder, then, silence is not more practised.

Mrs. F. Oh! my dear child, 'tis very difficult——even I, anxious, of course, for the honour of my system, can hardly keep my tongue quiet—I do so long to prattle, that, upon my honour, I am forced sometimes to give it a bite.

Julia. Ha! ha!

Mrs. F. My dear young friend! I don't mean to make a rebel of you; but if you honour us with your company a few days, I think you will be convinced that a woman may sometimes govern with propriety.

Tim. [*Speaks in the House.*] Yes, sir—My mistress is in the garden.

Mr. F. [*Within.*] Oh, very well; then I'll go to her.

Mrs. F. Ah! here he comes! Fly, my love, fly—for it would be cruel in me to allow you to anticipate the *joys* of matrimony.—Now for a duet, which I fear will be distinguished rather by its spirit than its harmony, and will probably end in a solo by my dear crazy husband.—Pursue this walk, and I'll come to you presently—look here—this way. [*Exeunt.*

Mr. F. [*Without.*] You are sure she's here.—

Tim. [*Without.*] Yes, sir.

MR. FERMENT *enters from the House—Papers in his Hand—others sticking out of his Pocket*—TIMOTHY *follows.*

Mr. F. So, madam, I must come to you—must I? —Why did you say my wife was here?

Tim. Why, sir, I am sure she was—if you'll allow me, sir, only to—

Mr. F. Don't be tedious.

Tim. Sir, I only—

Mr. F. Blockhead! don't you know you address a man of penetration and talents?

Tim. I'm sure I ought to know, for you have told me so a hundred times.—There's a man in the hall waiting for you—'tis—

Mr. F. I know who it is—'tis the churchwarden.

Tim. No, sir, it is not; 'tis—

Mr. F. I know it is Mr. Visto, the author of the picturesque and beautiful—

Tim. No, sir, it is not the picturesque and beautiful gentleman—'tis Dr. Oxygen, the man that cures folks by giving them airs to drink—

Mr. F. True, Timothy; and I mean to be his patient.—

Tim. Don't, sir.—Lord, I'm sure you can give yourself airs plenty.—

Mr. F. Silence!—Give the doctor this certificate of cures.

Tim. Yes, sir—[*Reading and going.*]—*Mortality bill for the year*—

Mr. F. You stupid rascal! you have got the wrong paper.

Tim. Yes, sir—I ax pardon for your giving it me—[MRS. FERMENT *appears again.*]—Sir, here is—

Mr. F. I know—'tis my wife. [TIMOTHY *smacks his Hands together.*] What did you mean by that?

Tim. I'll be shot if for *once* you have not guessed right.—

Mr. F. For once guessed right!—begone!—[*Exit* TIMOTHY.]—What a misfortune to possess talents, penetration, foreknowledge, and be surrounded by a parcel of ignorant—

Mrs. F. Hem!—

Mr. F. I think, madam, you might have attended my summons a little sooner.—[*She shakes her Head.*] Ay, that means no! [*She nods.*] Ah, that means yes!—but why not say so?—damn it, there can't be much trouble in saying—yes—[*She smiles.*]—Ah, my dear wife! never shall I forget what you said last July was a twelvemonth.—You said, and I thought it the music of the spheres, that nothing was so delicious as a congenial interchange of sentiment.

Mrs. F. I think so still.

Mr. F. She speaks—now for a charming prattle—you think so still?

Mrs. F. Yes, my dear; and provided you talk reasonably—

Mr. F. Certainly.

Mrs. F. And don't contradict—

Mr. F. I never do—there I must contradict you—Now tell me, when did I ever contradict my dear wife?—This is delightful, "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." Well, how go on the improvements?—Now here, for instance—[*Looking towards the Audience.*]—the hot-house—charming, is it not?—The choicest gems of nature nurtured by the refined hand of art, lovely to behold, but difficult to collect them—the beauties seem rather crowded though—

Mrs. F. I should be very sorry to part with one of them.

Mr. F. I don't wonder at it.—That approach to the left is infernal—we must plant laurels by thousands.

Mrs. F. Why, indeed, the planting of laurels becomes rather a necessary duty, when so many of our gallant countrymen are determined to gather them.—

Mr. F. Oh! pretty, pretty!

Mrs. F. But instead of laurel-trees, bay-trees, or pedigree-trees, I could mention a tree that I fear, husband, you will never cultivate—and yet it is the parent stock from which these scions proudly flourish.

Mr. F. Indeed!

Mrs. F. It is called, my dear, the tree of industry;—its soil is liberty—its root is integrity—its stem is independence—its branches are benevolence—its blossoms are honours—and its fruit—a plum.

Mr. F. How she talks! But you like this plan of pulling down the house—putting a hundred acres under water?

Mrs. F. No.

Mr. F. Why, my love? explain in full—be ample, my darling.

Mrs. F. Because we cannot afford the expense—indeed, my dear George, if you would turn your attention to the means of increasing our fortune instead of diminishing it—consider our children.

Mr. F. Oh bless you, my very thoughts—that's sympathy—what I call the nuptials of the soul.—Sit down, my darling Fanny! I've such a plan! You know, my love, that my relative Miss Tarragan is about to be married to Lord Avondale. [*She nods.*] Nay, hang it, don't do that!—[*Imitating.*]—as the man says in the play, 'If thou canst nod, speak too.'

Mrs. F. Very well.

Mr. F. Then I shall be introduced.—

Mrs. F. Very well.—

Mr. F. You know I'm a devilish clever fellow.—

Mrs. F. No, I don't.

Mr. F. Yes, you do—and Lord Avondale is a first rate—a monstrous great gun.—Now his interest, backed, by a few thousands, for which we could mortgage our estate—[*She shows symptoms of discontent.*]—would obtain me a seat in a certain assembly, which, with my talents, would lead to——[*Pause.*]—Eh!—now what do you say? it would lead to—[*Pause.*]—Dumb again!—[*She turns her Chair from him, and looks at an Ornament suspended at her Breast.*]—That's my hair in the locket, is not it? [*Loud.*]—Don't you hear? [*Pause, greatly irritated.*] Allow me,

madam, to ask you one question, which is—What the devil's the use, when I can't get an answer?—You are a scandal to your sex, do you hear that? I'll be divorced—'tis a new case.—I'll be divorced, I tell you. Now what have you to say to that, eh? [*Pause.*] Blockhead! to explain my grand designs to such a ninny—I've done with you.

Enter TIMOTHY, *who whispers* MRS. FERMENT.

Mrs. F. Very well—I'll come—

Mr. F. Eh?—very—what did you say, my dear? What do you want, sir?

Tim. My mistress will inform you, sir. [*Exit.*

Mr. F. Will she? Well, if she will, I shall be much obliged—[*Exit* MRS. FERMENT *into the House.*]—Gone! Oh I shall go mad!—I wish I could hate her. —Now must I abandon all my delicious plans, or I shall never get another word from her—[*Listens.*]—She's coming back: oh ho! she relents—now I must manage this in my best manner—I won't condescend to look at her.—

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN.

So, you've thought proper to return—pretty time to quarrel indeed, as if I should not have plague enough with that old absurd general! Sit down—I must let you into his character; you don't know him—I do—[GENERAL *seats himself.*]—He talks devilishly about fighting, but I have my doubts—a word in your ear—[*Turning round, sees* GENERAL TARRAGAN.

Gen. And a word in yours—you may satisfy your doubts directly.

Mr. F. [*Stammering, and affecting to laugh.*] Devilish comical, was not it?—I thought it was my wife; and it is very hard that a man can't say what he pleases to his own wife—Ha! ha!—you don't dislike a joke, my dear general?

Gen. Not if it's a good one—but I can't say much for yours.

Mr. F. Indeed!—then say no more about it. [*Apart.*] Well parried.—Did you meet my wife?

Gen. Yes—a very fine woman—perhaps you don't think so?—

Mr. F. Oh yes, I do—I adore her; but—

Gen. But—ah! there's always a but.

Mr. F. Did she speak a little to you?

Gen. Certainly.

Mr. F. Happy fellow!

Gen. Oh! what she's apt to speak too much to you?

Mr. F. No; damn it! she won't speak at all.—My dear cousin, considering how very few silent wives there are, 'tis devilish hard that I should be cursed with a dummy.—

Gen. Why, I own your case is singular; but I'll give you a bit of advice, I have often received advice from you—

Mr. F. You have been so fortunate.

Gen. And bad enough it was.

Mr. F. Nay, don't say that.

Gen. Well, I won't; but it was very bad.

Mr. F. That is not fair.

Gen. I own it is not—but damned bad it was, to be sure.

Mr. F. Nay.

Gen. Well, tell me—does she ever talk?

Mr. F. Oh, yes, sometimes!

Gen. Then mark—when she's inclined, don't let her.

Mr. F. Not let her! 'tis my delight—the solace of——

Gen. Never mind; when she begins, do you thunder, gabble away, never stop—How are your lungs?

Mr. F. Pretty well.

Gen. Don't give it up—Suppose you go and re-

hearse—the water mill's going—very pretty double for a lady's prattle.

Mr. F. But, my dear General, when am I to be introduced to the peer?—I pant for the interview—the public ought and shall benefit by my powers. I mean to get into parliament. [*In a loud Whisper.*

Gen. Why, you'll have no want of conversation there.—

Mr. F. True; and married men make the best members—they bear contradiction with a good grace—never in a hurry to call for the question, and get home—so—But you must own that my advice never did you any harm.

Gen. Well, I own it never did; for, to say the truth, friend Ferment, damme if ever I took it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Apartment in Avondale Castle.

Enter LORD AVONDALE; *he Pauses, then proceeds to the Opposite Door, and opens it.*

Enter from it, TYKE.

Lord A. Come hither—How is this, Robert? When I left England you were a youth, whose example was pointed out as an object of imitation—your morals were pure, your industry exemplary—how is it then that I now see you an abandoned outcast?

Tyke. Ah, sur, it was all along wi' you.

Lord A. Me! was not my bounty ample? did not I give you independence?

Tyke. Ah, that was it--when you sent me that little child to take care on—

Lord A. Hush!

Tyke. Well, well;—and that big lump of money! you see, as I had not worked for it, it made me quite fidgetty; I always had my hand in my pocket, scrummelling it about like—so, as all Yorkshire lads like galloping horses, I bought one, and took't to races, up at our country side—and, ecod! I pulled stuff into my hat as clean as nine-pence. Oh, ho! says I, I'll make short work of this; I'll go to Newmarket, where the lords do bring their cattle, and settle matters in a hurry. So I went, and mighty pleased I was; for the jockey lords called me squire, you see—and clapping me on the back in this manner, says, squire, your horse will beat every thing!

Lord A. Indeed!

Tyke. Yes, yes—that was pleasant enough; but, unluckily, the jockey lords told me a damned heap o' lies; for ma horse always cam in *lag*-last.—Then they told ma to hedge; but it was not the hedging I had been used to, and somehow I got intid ditch like—So what with that, and playing cards at *Lamb skinnings* (for, bless you, I could not catch them at Snitchums) I was—

Lord A. Ruined.

Tyke. Yes; as jockey lords said—completely cleaned out.

Lord A. Did you not return to honest labour?

Tyke. Oh, no, I could not—my hands had got soft and smooth, and I had a ring girt about my finger: —no, I could not tak to work.

Lord A. Go on.

Tyke. Why, as I could stay there no longer, I thought it would not be a bad plan to go away—so I went intid stable, and, would you believe it? the horse that beat mine sometimes coax'd, and contrived to get me on his back like—and, ecod, gallopped off wi' me a matter of an hundred miles.—I thought no more about it myself—

Lord A. But they did.

Tyke. Yes, dom them, and were very cross indeed; for they put me intid castle, and tried me at sizes.

Lord A. What could you say to avert your fate?

Tyke. Why, I told the judge—says I, my lord, I hope you'll excuse my not being used to this kind of tackle—exchange is no robbery—mistakes of this kind will happen—but, I assure you, I've kept the best of company wi' the jockey lords, and such like as yourself.—So they all smiled, as much as to say, he's one of us like—and I thought all was right enough; but the judge puts him on a black cap, and, without saying with your leave, or ony thing, orders me to be hanged?—

Lord A. Poor wretch!

Tyke. Don't you be frightened; they did not hang ma mun—dont'e believe that;—no, bless you, they sent ma' to Botany Bay for fourteen years.

Lord A. Where, I hope, you remained, resigned to your fate.

Tyke. Oh! quite resigned—for I could not get away:—I dare say I tried a hundred times.

Lord A. Why did not I know it?—Had you sent to my house—

Tyke. I did send to your house.

Lord A. Well!

Tyke. Why, they wrote word, I think, that you had been called up to t'other house—but then I did not know where that was—and that you was sent abroad by government:—I was sorry to hear that, because I knew what that was by myself like—not that it surprised me, because I heard of your always being at Cockpit, and I guessed what that would end in.

Lord A. Pshaw!—Come hither; tell me—I dread to ask it—that child—where—hush! we are interrupted—retire into that room.

Tyke. Certainly: oh, you'll find me quite an agreeable companion like.—There seems some varry pratty clothes of yours in that room.—I should not wonder

at all if one of them coats would fit me—for we're a good deal alike as to person and manner, I think.—

Lord A. Well, well,—go in, go in. [*Exit* TYKE.

Enter FREDERICK.

Frederick, welcome; you must execute a commission for me. Look here, this is my portrait, painted many years since; present it to my lovely bride—Why do you start?

Fred. My lord, I am ill suited to the task.

Lord A. By no means. This marriage, Frederick, is of the highest import to my happiness and honour. —The claims made on the purse of him who boasts the people's favour, few fortunes can uphold—mine has sunk beneath them;—and, but for this wealthy alliance, obloquy might foully spot the proud name of Avondale:—therefore, good Frederick, you must be my advocate.

Fred. Indeed, my lord, I shall disgrace your cause.

Lord A. Is it then much to praise a friend, who, perhaps, has merited your praise?

Fred. Oh no! [*Taking the Picture.*] on that theme doubt not my zeal.—I fly to know my duty. [*Going, returns.*] I had forgot—General Tarragan begs a few minutes' conversation. It seems, as well as I can collect from his discourse, that he has conducted to England a Mrs. St. Clair, in whose cause he wishes to interest your Lordship.

Lord A. She may command my services: how are they to be directed?

Fred. She wishes, as I understand, to institute an inquiry respecting the child of a deceased friend, a Mrs. Radnor.

Lord A. [*Starting.*] Radnor!

Fred. It is your Lordship's family name.

Lord A. [*Embarrassed.*] Yes; that occasioned my surprise.—Where did the general meet this lady?

Fred. On the confines of Spain: she resided many years in the convent where Mrs. Radnor died.

Lord A. Died!—[*Seems in thought.*]

Fred. Shall he attend you here?

Lord A. Yes; no——

Fred. He means to publish the particulars, and offer a large reward.

Lord A. [*With energy.*] Not for the world!—[*Recovering.*] that is, I would not advise it. Bring me to him——hold—is he alone?

Fred. He is attended by Mr. Ferment, your neighbour.

Lord A. Ferment! I know him not; I must see him alone—tell him so, good Frederick.

Fred. He will be rejoiced to hear how much your lordship is interested in the cause of his fair friend.

Lord A. I am interested—[*Exit* FREDERICK.]—oh, deeply interested.—Should it be so, what follows? ruin, shame, dishonour.——Oh, guilt! guilt! [*Exit.*

MR. FERMENT *peeps through the Door, looks about, then enters.*

Mr. F. While his lordship is engaged with the general, no harm in taking a peep——Charming rooms! fit for expanded genius like mine:—here I shall meander through these enchanting labyrinths, till I reach the closet—the sanctum sanctorum—the——eh! somebody in that room: it would be cursed mal-a-propos to stumble on the peer before I'm introduced—but he's safe with the general, so never mind.

Enter TYKE, *in a different Coat.*

Sir, your most devoted servant.

Tyke. Same to you, sir; same to you.

Mr. F. Odd figure!—Oh, I see at once who he is—great county man, in the commission—get well with him—may be useful. Sorry, sir, the robbery was not brought home to that rascal.

Tyke. Are you? Now there we differ.

Mr. F. Indeed!—You, who are used to the sessions, must know these things better than I. Your friend, Lord Avondale, is a great character, extremely popular:—Did you hear his last speech?

Tyke. No? I don't myself much fancy last speeches.

Mr. F. In the country, perhaps?

Tyke. No; I was out of the country.

Mr. F. Abroad?

Tyke. Yes.

Mr. F. What, run out a little, eh—rather out at the elbows?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You'll excuse me; but I see things in a moment.—What—cards, hazard—ah, my dear sir, you should have got some friend to have tied you up.

Tyke. You think so? Why I could have got that done fast enough.

Mr. F. But I suppose you were determined to take your swing.

Tyke. Not exactly: but I did not go abroad on that account.

Mr. F. Oh, I know it in a moment—ill health?

Tyke. Why, I certainly should have died if I had stayed.

Mr. F. Indeed!—Oh, my dear sir, in this world we must all have our trials, and you have had yours.

Tyke. I have.

Mr. F. Suffer much confinement?

Tyke. A good deal.

Mr. F. You of course were properly attended; you had good judges of your case?

Tyke. They were reckoned so; I did not much fancy them myself.—

Mr. F. And they said a voyage would save you?

Tyke. To a certainty.

Mr. F. You must have been transported at the news

Tyke. I was.

Mr. F. Has it cured you?

[*Offering a Pinch of Snuff.*

Tyke. I don't know; I think I feel some of my old symptoms—[*Takes the Box.*]—This is a varry pratty box—I've lost mine.

Mr. F. Do me the honour to use that—till——[*Apart.*]—If he would but keep it!—[TYKE *puts it in his Pocket.*]—he has—My dear sir, you have doubtless considerable interest with Lord Avondale.

Tyke. Why, I believe he would not much like to offend me.

Mr. F. Lucky fellow!—[*Apart.*]—My name, sir, is Ferment; by and by I shall be introduced to the peer. You know business—a word thrown in by you would prevent my being in the wrong box—eh? [TYKE *winks and nods.*]—I apprehend you.

Tyke. You apprehend me, do you? [*Alarmed.*

Mr. F. That is, I conceive—I understand—ah, sir, you don't know me.

Tyke. No, I don't; and you don't know me.

Mr. F. Yes, I do; you are a generous, disinterested gentleman—I can see what others can't.

Tyke. Yes, you can.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, *unobserved by* FERMENT.

Lord A. Ah! whom have we here? [*Apart.*

Mr. F. As for the peer, you'll see how I'll manage him. I'll worm into his secrets.—I say, which is the weak side—where is he ticklish?

Tyke. Ticklish!—I'm sure I never tried.

Mr. F. Never mind; I know.—Between ourselves—see the whole man as plain as if he stood before me.

[LORD AVONDALE *has placed himself close to* FERMENT'S *Chair.*

Tyke. Why for that matter, so do I.

Mr. F. I'll soon find the right place to tickle him.

[*Turns round, sees* LORD AVONDALE *at his elbow, who eyes him with severity*—FERMENT *attempts to speak, but cannot*—LORD AVONDALE *advances*—FERMENT *escapes at the door where he entered.*

Lord A. Worm into my secrets!—What does he mean?—Who is he?

Tyke. He calls himself Ferment.

Lord A. I shall remember him.

Tyke. He gave me this box to speak a good word for him like—he seems but a silly bad sort of chap, I think.

Lord A. At present he is not worth a thought—for I have received information that alarms—distracts me.—Come near—that boy—(what a question for a parent!)—does he survive?

Tyke. I don't know.

Lord A. Not know?

Tyke. No.

Lord A. Where did you leave him?

Tyke. Where did I leave him? Why—come, come, talk of something else. [*Seems disturbed.*

Lord A. Impossible!—Have you to human being ever told from whom you received that child?

Tyke. No.

Lord A. Then my secret's safe.

Tyke—I've said so.

Lord A. Why that frown? What! not even to your father?

Tyke. Who! [*Starts.*

Lord A. What agitates you?—You had a father.

Tyke. Had a father! be quiet, be quiet.

[*Walks about greatly agitated.*

Lord A. By the name of Him who indignantly looks down on us, tell me—

Tyke. [*Striking his Forehead.*] Say no more about that, and you shall hear all.—Yes, I had a father;

and when he heard of my disgrace, the old man walked, wi' heavy heart I warrant, all the way tid' jail to see me; and he prayed up to Heaven for me [*Pointing, but not daring to look up.*] just the same as if I had still been the pride of his heart like.

[*Speaks with difficulty, and sighs heavily.*

Lord A. Proceed.

Tyke. Presently.

Lord A. Did you entrust the child to his care?

Tyke. I did.

Lord A. Do not pause—you rack me.

Tyke. Rack you!—well, you shall hear the end out.—I meant to tell father all about the child; but, when parting came, old man could not speak, and I could not speak:—well, they put me on board a ship, and I saw father kneeling on the shore with the child in his arms.—

Lord A. Go on.

Tyke. 'Tis soon said—[*Collecting his Fortitude.*]—When the signal gun for sailing was fired, I saw my old father drop down dead—and somebody took up child and carried it away. I felt a kind of dizziness; my eyes flashed fire, the blood gushed out of my mouth—I saw no more.——

[*Sinks exhausted into a Chair.*

Lord A. Horrible!—What! record a father's death without a tear?

Tyke. Tear! Do you think a villain who has a father's death to answer for can cry?—No, no, I feel a pack of dogs worrying my heart, and my eyes on fire—but I can't cry. [*A vacant stare of horror.*

Lord A. And is this desolation my work?—Oh, repent! repent!

Tyke. [*Starting up.*] For what? is not father dead?—a'nt I a thief—cursed—hated—hunted?——Why should I be afraid of the devil?—don't I feel him here? My mouth's parched—

Lord A. Within is wine.

Tyke. Brandy! brandy!

Lord A. Compose yourself--follow me—you want sleep.

Tyke. Sleep! ha! ha! under the sod I may.

[*Points down, and groans heavily.—Exit, following* LORD AVONDALE.

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

A Garden belonging to MR. FERMENT.

Enter MRS. FERMENT *and* JULIA.

Mrs. F. Look, my dear, the windows of Mrs. St. Clair's apartment are open—probably we may see her.

Julia. Here comes her attendant—an Irish girl.

Enter SHELAH.

Well, good Shelah, how is my friend?

Shelah. Oh! mighty weak, madam.

Mrs. F. I fear her indisposition increases.

Shelah. Then Heaven keep her as she is, poor lady, for fear she grows worse.—She wishes to take a walk out, so I am going to carry a coach to her.

Mrs. F. I'll take care of that.—Did you reside in the same convent with your lady?

Shelah. I did, madam, till the soldiers came with

their bayonets and turned us all out into the wide wicked word, as merry as grigs, madam. [*Courtesies.*

Mrs. F. You doubtless are acquainted with Mrs. St. Clair's story?

Shelah. I am, madam.

Mrs. F. Then pray tell me.

Shelah. I won't, madam. [*Courtesying.*

Mrs. F. My faithful girl, believe me, my question would not have tended to abuse the confidence placed in you.

Shelah. I hope not, madam; for my fidelity is all in this world I can call my own—and that's my lady's.

Mrs. F. Accept this, as a reward for that fidelity. [*Offering Money.*

Shelah. Ah, madam, and would you be after paying me for what is no trouble at all, and what I can't help?—Had I, indeed, betrayed my dear lady, that would have been a mighty trouble to me, and I should have deserved every thing you could offer me. Excuse my boldness in refusing—my mistress wants me. [*Courtesies, and exit.*

Julia. Here comes my friend.

Enter MRS. ST. CLAIR, *leaning on* SHELAH.

Mrs. F. Dear madam!

Julia. My charming friend!

Mrs. St. C. Pardon me; but when the mind is care-worn, kindness oppresses, and, but that the grateful heart can return the tribute of a tear, benevolence would oft destroy what it so nobly aims to cherish.

Mrs. F. I hope to tempt you abroad; the surrounding scenery is esteemed beautiful.

Mrs. St. C. Too well I know its charms.—[*Apart.*] Surely the hand of Providence has guided me to the place where first I saw a loved, but cruel husband.—Oh Heaven! should he yet live, and thy unerring

finger point to his devoted head—first grant me thy justice—then let the dispensations of thy mercy pardon his offences!

Enter FREDERICK.

Julia. Good morning, sir!—Mrs. St. Clair— [*Presenting him.*

Fred. Lord Avondale, madam, warmly solicitous that his services may contribute to your happiness, asks when he may be permitted the honour of attending you?

Mrs. St. C. Express my humble gratitude to his Lordship.—All times must equally suit her who has in this world but one business—one care.

Fred. I shall say so; and if the efforts of him who addresses you can serve you, lady, point but the road; inquiry must pursue, and zeal and diligence will do their best to supply the absence of influence or talent.

Mrs. St. C. Oh, sir!—Dear girl, speak my gratitude.

Julia. He is already thanked for the kind heart, while prompting the tongue to speak its dictates, receives, in return, the grateful whispers of approving virtue.

Fred. What fascinating sweetness!—but, stern duty! I obey thee.—My noble friend begs leave to lay at the feet of his fair bride this offering of his devotion—of his love.

[*He tremblingly presents a Portrait—she receives it—both remain silent.*

Mrs. F. Upon my honour, this offering seems a talisman—it has absolutely chained both your tongues. Why, sir, if an antiquary present to his society an old saucer, he makes a bit of a speech about it.—Let me see——Why, my love, is Lord Avondale so young, and so handsome?—

Julia. I don't know. [*Pettishly.*

Mrs. F. Well, well; I asked a civil question—ha! ha!

Fred. It was painted many years since.

Mrs. St. C. The portrait of the nobleman who has so kindly interested himself in my behalf?

Mrs. F. Yes: really a charming man, is he not?

[*Presenting the Picture to* MRS. ST. CLAIR.

Mrs. St. C. Heaven! Oh, support me! [*Faints.*

Mrs. F. She recovers.

Mrs. St. C. A sudden oppression—Where is that youth? [*Grasps* FREDERICK'S *Hand, and speaks with difficulty.*] Are—you—his—son?

Fred. Alas! madam, a poor orphan—the creature of his bounty.

Mrs. St. C. Has he no son?

Fred. None, madam; his lordship was never married.

Mrs. St. C. I'm sick at heart; lead me in;—forgive me for ungratefully repelling your kindness—I must be alone.

Fred. May I convey to Lord Avondale the papers?—[*She waves her hand refusingly.*]—Shall his lordship attend?

Mrs. St. C. Never! [*To* SHELAH.] 'Tis he!

Shelah. Ah!

Mrs. St. C. Hush!

[*Exeunt* MRS. ST. CLAIR *and* SHELAH.

Fred. How changed—how mysterious—how to develope?—but is that my duty? No, no.

Julia. Dear, dear! I wish I could divert her from her solitude;—I wish—I'll tell you—I wish I could purchase for her a pretty low phaeton and two little quiet ponies, that I could drive. Sir, here is a purse; and when I consider that its contents might have lightened the heart of misery, I blush that it has so long remained here a useless burden.—Will you execute this commission for me?

Fred. With my best skill.

Julia. I am sure your sympathising heart will convert this trouble to a pleasure.

Fred. Ah, lady! of the cup of flattery we all wish to taste; but when it is presented by the hand of a Hebe, what fortitude can resist the sweet intoxication? [*Apart.*] Ah, perfidious wretch! is this pleading my noble patron's cause?—I humbly take my leave. [*Bows and exit.*—JULIA *looks after him.*

Mrs. F. So, so!—my love, that's a gate.

Julia. Yes, I know 'tis a gate; but, at that moment my thoughts were—

Mrs. F. On the other side of it.—Here comes your father, and with him my dear wise husband.

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN *and* FERMENT.

Mrs. F. My dear general, I have something very important to tell you. I don't like your daughter's intended husband—and she don't like him; and you ought to consult her happiness.

Gen. Why, don't I consult it? Zounds, madam, wont her house be besieged by all the fashion of London?—Won't she be hated by all her female friends? —Will she have a moment's peace or comfort?— What the devil would a woman have?

Julia. You don't love your daughter.

Gen. Better than any thing in the world, except my regiment.

Mrs. F. Then don't transfer her duty, where she can't serve with pleasure—unless the heart be a volunteer, mutiny and desertion will follow.—Consider a woman like a soldier.

Gen. I hope, madam, you won't compare a woman to—

Mrs. F. Yes, sir; to the best grenadier in your van: for, like him, she is pretty sure to conquer.

Gen. Indeed! Now I think a woman is more like a soldier left in the rear.

Mrs. F. Ay; why?

Gen. Because he generally has a devilish deal of the baggage about him. Let them take that. [*To* FERMENT.

Mr. F. I say—she seems in a rare humour: suppose you speak to her now about her silence to me.

Gen. I will.

Mr. F. You promised, you know, to put an end to it for ever.

Gen. I'll do it in a minute for you, and make her own she's wrong.

Mr. F. Do, my dear cousin; now's the time.

Gen. To be sure—Madam, I am going to ask a favour.

Mrs. F. Then, in other words, general, you are going to procure me a gratification.

Gen. [*To* FERMENT.] You hear.—Madam, we have all our little foibles.

Mrs. F. If you allude to mine, pray call them faults.—Come! what are they! and how may I correct them?

Gen. [*To* FERMENT.] I told you how easy it was.

Mr. F. Thank you!—thank you!—Now for it!

Gen. Why, then, madam, my cousin complains of a certain reserve—you understand—a glum kind of a silence; and when I consider that man is—a man, why I own I am at a loss for your reasons, and wait to hear them.—Now mind her answer. [*To* FERMENT.] And, as I said before, wait to hear them.—[*Pause—he confused.*]—You know we can argue the matter pleasantly.—[*Pause—he more confounded.*]—Because want of temper in such a case is—Eh!—[*Pause—he becomes irritated.*]—Upon my soul, madam, I must say—[*She holds up her Hands to stop him.*]—well, madam—very well—I've done; and now let's hear.

[*She takes* JULIA'S *Hand and courtesies.—They exeunt.*

Mr. F. Well, you've settled it!

Gen. Eh? [*Abashed.*

Mr. F. You've done it!

Gen. Yes, yes; you see she had not a word to say for herself.

Mr. F. No; but you forgot to make her own she was wrong.

Gen. But silence gives consent, you know.

Mr. F. [*Sighing.*] 'Tis very pleasant!—Is not it?

Gen. Oh, 'tis the devil!—Curse it!—'tis as bad as fighting without a drum.

Mr. F. I'll forget her.

Gen. That's right!—And now we'll go to Lord Avondale's, and I'll introduce you. I would have done it to-day, if I could have found you.

Mr. F. And forget her!—But, my dear cousin, every thing depends on the manner.—Now will you do it my way?—I have a plan.—I'll instruct you as we go along—and never think of her.

Gen. No, never.

Mr. F. I tell you what, poor creature!—I pity her about you!

Gen. Yes—and what's more, I pity you.

Mr. F. No, no!

Gen. Yes, I do pity you, upon my soul!

Mr. F. No, no!

Gen. But I do, though. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

An Apartment in Avondale Castle.

Enter MRS. NICELY, *followed by an* OLD MAN.

Mrs. N. Walk in, walk in.—Are you ill?

Old Man. Feeble!—very feeble!

Mrs. N. And unhappy?

Old Man. Ah, madam!

Mrs. N. Come, come; tell me who you are, and all about it.—He is a nice tidy old man.

Old Man. I was a tenant of Lord Avondale's father, and had a son.

Mrs. N. Well, that was a comfort!

Old Man. Ah, no! a profligate son, who put thorns into my pillow, and wore furrows in my cheeks! I neither expected nor hoped to survive his shame—but Heaven willed it otherwise. I employed a gentleman of the law, who always flattered me he would obtain a remission of the sentence my boy was condemned to suffer. The expenses I have, for years, vainly endeavoured to pay, and now a prison opens to receive these aged limbs.—But it matters not much where they lie!

Mrs. N. But it does matter a great deal, though. —To shelter age and infirmity is a sacred duty, and woe be to them who neglect it!

Old Man. Having heard that Lord Avondale has returned to this country, I have walked here, in the hope he will pity an old man's sorrows.—Here is a paper, which will explain.

Mrs. N. He shall have it.—Come into my room, and take something to refresh you, and come again to-morrow.

Old Man. I'm very troublesome.

Mrs. N. Nonsense!—troublesome, indeed!—come very often, I shall always be very glad to see you, when it is not dirty.—Troublesome, indeed!

[*Exeunt* OLD MAN and MRS. NICELY.

Enter LORD AVONDALE.

Lord A. Within, there!

Enter PETER.

Find Frederick, and send him to me.

Peter. Yes, my lord.—General Tarragan waits.

Lord A. Introduce him.

Peter. And Mr. Ferment.

Lord A. Who?

Peter. The general is accompanied by Mr. Ferment, your lordship's neighbour.

Lord A. Ferment!—ah, I recollect that gentleman's honourable intentions, and shall, of course, reward them.—Well, show them in here. [*Exit.*

Enter GENERAL TARRAGAN *and* MR. FERMENT.

Peter. Gentlemen, his lordship will wait on you immediately.

Mr. F. You mentioned my name?

Peter. Mr. Ferment.

Mr. F. That's right; you're a fine fellow! [*Exit* PETER.] Now, my dear general, are you perfect?

Gen. Yes, yes!

Mr. F. But consider, 'tis the most important event!—an epoch!—a crisis!—the very acme—

Gen. Well, I'll introduce you in your own words.

Mr. F. But do say them again—" My lord, give me leave"—now do indulge me—I'm his lordship—now begin—" My lord, give—"

Gen. Well, well, be quiet—" My lord, give me leave to present you this—"

Mr. F. Bravo!

Gen. Bravo!—I thought it was gentleman!

Mr. F. To be sure!

Gen. Then don't put me out—" this gentleman, whose wishes, hopes, and ambition, centre in a zeal for your lordship's service."

Mr. F. Vastly well!—Now—" I doubt not, General, but his talents and virtues will command my esteem."—That he'll say of course.

Gen. You think so.

Mr. F. Think so!—don't I know?—You only mind

what you have to say yourself.—"Command my esteem."—Now—

Gen. Be quiet!—"To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life."

Mr. F. Very well!—"Then I receive him as my friend."

Gen. "In doing that, my lord, you will confer on me an everlasting obligation."

Mr. F. Oh, thank you, my dear cousin! [*Embracing.*] Then I pour forth such a torrent of eloquence —the awful moment's at hand!—he comes!—I'm all agitation! hope—

Enter LORD AVONDALE.

[*Prompting* GENERAL.] My lord, give me leave—

Gen. Damn it, be quiet!—My lord, give me leave to present this—

Mr. F. Beautiful!

Gen. Beautiful gentleman!—no—this gentleman— don't put me out—whose wishes, hopes, and ambition, centre only in a zeal for your lordship's service.

[*The* GENERAL *only attending to what he is to say next.*

Lord A. I already know the object of his zeal; it is to insinuate himself into my confidence, most honourably to worm into my secrets.

Gen. To accomplish that darling object will be the sole aim of his life.

Lord A. Indeed! Then, general, with your permission, I shall order a servant to show him the door.

Gen. In doing that, my lord, you will confer on me an everlasting obligation.

[*Exit* LORD AVONDALE.

[FERMENT *in Agonies.*] Perfect to a letter!—there, I've done for you!

Mr. F. Yes, you've done for me!

Gen. Well, I seldom praise myself; but if that was not what it ought to be—What! is his lordship gone?

Mr. F. Gone!—Zounds! did you not hear what he said?

Gen. No, not I; you told me not to mind.—What, wrong again? eh, Ferment!

Mr. F. Blockhead! to trust to such an old—If you know as little about war—

[*Walks about irritated.*

Gen. What's that you say? [*Following him.*

Mr. F. Sir, I'll say what I please.—I'm roused, and would advise you to be careful.

Gen. Oh, I can take a hint!

Mr. F. What! do you talk to me of hints?—any thing to say to me—speak out like a man.

Gen. Will you fight?

Mr. F. No, sir, I won't!—Damn it, I'll show a proper spirit here.

Gen. Do you see this cane?

Mr. F. That for your cane. [*Snapping his Fingers.*] Don't think you have one of those to deal with, who, because they have not manly fortitude enough to bear a few knocks, run into Hyde Park—load pistols—fire in the air—shake hands.—Pretty courage!—No, no!

Gen. [*Indignantly.*] Sir, I ask your pardon.

Mr. F. Sir, I'm satisfied. [*Grasping his Hand.*

Gen. But, zounds!—

Mr. F. Sir, I won't hear another word!—You have asked my pardon—pity nobody hears—you have asked my pardon, and there's an end.—Do you suppose I want you to go on your knees?

Enter PETER, *who whispers* GENERAL.

Gen. Immediately!—Oh, very well!

Mr. F. Duelling, indeed!—Pshaw.

Gen. Why, true;—'tis but poor, shabby work—a mere snack: but in glorious war—damme! there's

cut and come again!—Good bye, Ferment.—I say, "My lord, give me leave"—Oh, you're a beautiful gentleman!—Ha! ha! [*Exit* GENERAL.

Mr. F. Oh, I could cry! [*Sits down.*] Pretty figure I shall make when I go home! [PETER *bows.*] What's the matter with you?—What are you bobbing your head at me for—Eh?

Peter. I wait your commands, sir.

Mr. F. I've no commands for you, my honest fellow!

Peter. Yes, sir, you certainly have.

[*Bows, and points to the Door.*

Mr. F. Have I? [*Rises.*] Your name's Thomas?

Peter. No, sir, Peter.

Mr. F. Ah, Peter! you never come to see my Timothy, Peter!

Peter. No, sir, I never intrude.

[*Pointing to the Door.*

Mr. F. Don't you, Peter!

Peter. A pleasant walk to you! [*Pointing.*

Mr. F. Thank you, Peter.—Lived long here?

Peter. Yes, sir, and hope to live here much longer.

Mr. F. I don't wonder at it, Peter.

Peter. A good morning, sir.

Mr. F. A last look!—Oh!— [*Exeunt.*

Enter LORD AVONDALE *and* GENERAL TARRAGAN.

Lord A. Not see me?

Gen. No, my lord.

Lord A. Not trust the papers and evidences in my possession?

Gen. No.—I don't understand it.

Lord A. What do they contain?

Gen. Why, as she tells me, certificates of marriage and baptism, letters, jewels; in short, as complete a chain of evidence as justice could desire.

Lord A. I rejoice to hear it.—Distraction!—Where are these papers?

Gen. I can't say. I suppose in Ferment's custody.
Lord A. Ah!—Within there!

Enter PETER.

Run, directly, and tell that gentleman to return. [*Exit* PETER.] General, I'll follow you. I fear I was rather harsh to your friend.

Gen. Why, he's harmless; and, if he did not pretend to see twice as far as other folks, he might have credit for seeing half as far. Ha! ha! A mere blank cartridge, my lord; makes a bit of a bounce and a splutter, and ends in smoke. [*Exit.*

Enter MR. FERMENT, *abashed.*

Lord A. Sir, I ask pardon for giving you the trouble of returning.

Mr. F. Oh! no trouble, my lord: I had only got to the other side of the door.

Lord A. Give me your hand, sir.

Mr. F. [*Running up to him.*] Oh, my lord!

Lord A. Grant me your pardon, and allow me a place in your esteem.

Mr. F. My lord, you—you overpower me.

Lord A. The fatigue of business, the many cares that press on me, tease and——

Mr. F. To be sure—I know—papers to read—all those drawers full, I dare say.

Lord A. I understand, sir, Mrs. St. Clair has intrusted to you certain documents.

Mr. F. In my house, my lord, but not in my custody. And leave me alone to expose to the whole world the villain who has basely deserted his wife and child.

Lord A. Rascal! [*Apart.*

Mr. F. Oh, I'm getting on here surprisingly! [*Apart.*

Lord A. [*Apart.*] I must know where they are

concealed.—I never had the pleasure of seeing your villa; if a visit would not be deemed impertinent——

Mr. F. Impertinent!—My dear lord, the honour would be such an honour that—I'll go and prepare. [*Going.*

Lord A. No, no, we must not part so.—You must dine with me.

Mr. F. Dine!—My boy, you have done it! [*Exultingly.*

Lord A. [*To* SERVANT.] Go to Mr. Ferment's—say he dines with me.

Mr. F. [*Affectedly.*] Yes, say I dine with his lordship; and they must do without me, as well as they can. And tell my wife, if she has any thing to say—why, she must wait till I come home.

Lord A. Come, sir. [*Offering his Hand.*

Mr. F. Oh, my lord!—Peter, you see how it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

*Inside of a Cottage—Table, and a Candle burning on it.—*OLD MAN *seated, his Handkerchief to his Eyes. Two* BAILIFFS *standing near him. A Book in the Table Drawer.*

Bailiff. Come, come, sir, we shall be late.

Old Man. [*Rising.*] I am ready. But your employer might have given me a little more time. I had presented a petition to a nobleman, and, perhaps, in a day or two—Well, well, now to a prison.—'Tis hard!

Bailiff. Why, master, our business, at best, is not a very pleasant one; but if we had to answer for those we deal with, none but a devil would be a bailiff.

Old Man. Reach me my hat, and let me take something to comfort me.

[*Opens a Drawer, and takes out a Book.*

Bailiff. Ay, we'll take a drop with you—What! a book?

Old Man. Yes, of devotion! And had your employer tasted of its spirit, he would have turned the cup of bitterness from the lips of the afflicted.

Bailiff. Why, that may be; but remember, old gentleman, that for one unfeeling creditor, we get hold of a hundred hard-hearted debtors, who, to have twenty dishes on their own table, will prevent twenty honest men from having one upon theirs.

Old Man. Ay, that's true!—that's very true!—It grows late—I cannot walk very fast.

Bailiff. Then the sooner we set out the better.

Old Man. I'll do my best.

Bailiff. Come, we'll help you.

Fred. [*Without.*] Hollo!

Bailiff. Come in.

Enter FREDERICK.

Fred. Good people, I have mistaken my way. Pray inform me which road leads to the Castle?

Bailiff. Why, if you mean York Castle, we can show you, for we are going there.

Fred. To a prison!—Are you, sir, in the custody of these men?

Old Man. Alas!

Fred. Good Heaven!

Bailiff. Why, is it so very singular that an old man, past work, should be behindhand in the world?

Fred. No, but I hope 'tis singular that he should suffer for it.—To prison, but not to-night. [BAILIFF *shakes his Head.*] Defer his fate but till the morning —on my word, I'll return.

Bailiff. Young gentleman, we must do our duty and words won't do.—If you chuse to pay fifty, pounds, indeed——

Fred. Alas! I have not—ah, this purse!—for what was it intended?—to allow a lady to breathe the air

more commodiously—if applied here it may prevent age and infirmity from perishing in a dungeon's noxious vapour:—'tis not mine; but will not Julia thank me? and will not my industry soon supply it?—How have you incurred this debt?

Old Man. In endeavouring to restore a lost son to his fond father's arms.

Fred. Ah, in the sacred cause of paternal love!—here, take the money! and with it take the thanks of him whose cheek was never bedewed by a father's precious tear. [*Weeps.*] Come, your demand?

Bailiff. Nay, your honour! we do but obey orders; but if the gentleman can pay, why, Lawyer Claw desired us to be quite civil; and so, as there's plenty of money—why, another time—[FREDERICK *gives Money.* Thank you, sir.—Good night, old gentleman; and I hope, for your sake, that we may never meet again. [*Exit* BAILIFF.

Old Man. Surely this was sent by an angel!

Fred. It was, indeed!—An angel who will smile on her minister, when, to her pitying ear, he tells thy story.

Tyke. [*Without.*] Ay, a comely kind of lad.

Bailiff. [*Without.*] Why, there's such a one in that cottage.

Enter TYKE, *running.*

Tyke. Ay, there he is, sure enough!—I say, young fellow, run off 'tid castle as fast as you can.—His lordship's quite in a taking—all the servants after you.

Fred. Which road?

Tyke. To the right.—Come, be sharp!—be sharp!

Fred. Farewell! [*Taking* OLD MAN'S *Hand.*] and doubt not but Heaven has in store a blessing to reward thy virtues!—Come, come, be of good cheer.—I'll see you soon again. [*Exit.*

Old Man. Pray, sir, who is that generous youth?

Tyke. Why, he's a kind of foreman like, to Lord Avondale—my friend.

Old Man. Are you the friend of that worthy nobleman?

Tyke. Yes—between ourselves—I have him under my thumb;—but I say that out of confidence—you understand.—That's a smartish purse you've got there; but, I tell you what, I don't think it's very safe, just now.

Old Man. Indeed, sir!—You alarm me!

Tyke. I tell you what—I'll take care of this for you. [*Takes the Purse.*

Old Man. Well, sir, you are very kind.—You live at the castle?

Tyke. Yes, yes!

Old Man. Then, perhaps, you could aid a petition I have presented to his lordship—my name is—

Tyke. Well, well, let's hear your name.

Old Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke. Eh!—what!—speak!—no, don't!

Old Man. Robert Tyke!

Tyke. [*Trembling violently, rushes to the Table, brings down the Candle, looks at the* OLD MAN, *dashes Candle and Purse on the Ground, and tears his Hair in agony.*] Oh, villain!—villain!

Old Man. What's the matter?

Tyke. Don't you know me?

Old Man. No, sir.

Tyke. I'm glad on't!—I'm glad on't!—Ruin my own father!

Old Man. Ah! did I hear rightly?—Father!—What!—Oh! let me see—let me see! [TYKE, *with a Countenance strongly impressed with Shame and Horror, turns round.*] Ah! it is my son!—my long lost, dear, profligate, boy! Heaven be thanked!—Heaven be thanked!

Tyke. [*Groaning, strikes his Breast.*] Oh! burst,

burst, and ease me! Eh!—but he's alive—father's alive!—Ha! ha! [*Laughs hysterically.*

Old Man. You terrify me. Robert, Robert, hear me!—Take my forgiveness—take my blessing!

Tyke. What!—forgive—bless—such a rogue as—
[*Bursts into a Flood of Tears.*

Old Man. Be composed.

Tyke. Let me cry; it does me good, father—it does me good.

Old Man. Oh! if there be holy water, it surely is the sinner's tears.

Tyke. But he's alive! [*Rushes into his Arms.*

Old Man. Ay! alive to comfort and pardon thee, my poor prodigal—and Heaven will pardon thee!

Tyke. No, don't say that, father, because it can't.

Old Man. It is all-merciful.

Tyke. Yes, I know it is. I know it would if it could—but not me!—No, no!

Old Man. Kneel down, and ask its mercy.

Tyke. I dare—father—I dare not!—Oh, if I durst but just thank it for thy life!

Old Man. Angels will sing for joy.

Tyke. What, may I, think you?—May I—may I?
[*By Degrees he tremblingly falls on his Knees, and clasps his Hands in energetic Devotion. —The Curtain falls.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

MR. FERMENT'S *House.*

Enter MR. FERMENT, *followed by* TIMOTHY.

Mr. F. What does your mistress say?

Tim. Why, I suppose she'll obey your commands, sir.

Mr. F. Yes, I know—she said she would come directly.

Tim. No, not quite, sir.

Mr. F. What did she say?

Tim. Why, she said plump she would not.

Mr. F. Confusion!

Tim. [*Apart.*] Yes, there's plenty of that in this house.

Mr. F. But, yet, I'll condescend to introduce her to Avondale Castle. Yes, yes, I'll take her under my wing, poor woman!—Timothy, go and prepare the sociable.

Tim. The sociable!—for whom, sir?

Mr. F. For my wife and myself.

Tim. What! together in a sociable! Why, that's so comfortable! Ecod! it shall be ready in a minute. [*Exit.*

Mr. F. But 'tis devilish hard to come home in triumph, overflowing with exultation, and no one to partake in my joy—not a word of congratulation——

Enter SHELAH.

How do you do? how do you do?

Shelah. Oh! thank you, sir—I hope your honour is well.

Mr. F. Now, she'll talk to me!—What, you've been pulling a posy—

Shelah. For my dear mistress, sir. But, oh! she's unhappy; and, in that case, as I have read in an Irish poetry book,—the perfume of flowers will not please the eye—the peaceful silence of evening does not charm the ear—nor heavenly dreams refresh the mind, which cannot take repose.

Mr. F. Pray, my dear, did you meet my wife?

Shelah. No, sir.—Oh, what a happy man you are!—

Mr. F. Am I?

Shelah. To have a wife so handsome, and such a sweet spoken lady.

Mr. F. Is she?

Shelah. Oh! to hear her talk is delightful!—

Mr. F. Delightful, is it?—Indeed!—Now, would not this drive a man mad?

[*Throws himself into a Chair.*

Shelah. Any thing the matter?—Are you ill, sir? Can I offer any consolation?

Mr. F. Eh! what? Can you offer consolation? [*Jumps up.*]—Egad, I've hit it!—Suppose I try to make my wife jealous?—'Tis a brilliant thought, and here's a very pretty subject!—If that won't untie her tongue, the devil's in't.—'Tis a monstrous fine thought!—What shall I say, though?—I—I—you—you—we—we—eh!

Shelah. What's the matter? Are you dying?

Mr. F. I am—with love for you, my darling!

Shelah. [*Alarmed.*] Sir!

Mr. F. You are a divine creature, and I am a man of honour and secrecy. Don't be terrified, my little trembler!

Shelah. And is it yourself would take advantage of

a poor weak girl? [*She pushes him from her with great Force: he falls into a Chair.*] Oh! oh! [*She weeps.*

Mr. F. Zounds! [*Recovering.*] don't weep, my angel: behold me at your feet!

Shelah. And is it that you want your throat cut by my little brother Samson, that you dare insult? Rise, sir! [*Jerks him up violently.*

Mr. F. Zounds! no!—[*Rubbing his Shoulder.*]—Hush! Damn it, 'tis all a fetch. 'Tis only to make my wife jealous!—Don't howl so.—I'll explain.—*I* wish to take advantage of your weakness! [*Rubbing his Shoulder.*] Oh lord! not I.—Here comes my wife. —Now, do humour the thought, that's a good soul! and, if I should offer to kiss you, now don't knock me down, that's a dear little girl!

[*He gallants in dumb Show.*

Enter MRS. FERMENT.

Mrs. F. Heavens! what do I see?—Sir!

Mr. F. Madam!

Mrs. F. Am I thus insulted?—

Mr. F. Silence!—

Mrs. F. Sir, I shall not be silent; and I say—

Mr. F. I know what you would say—you would say your love is wounded—but I say I don't care that for your love.—

Mrs. F. This usage—

Mr. F. Is not to be borne, you say; but I say, you must bear much more.

Mrs. F. What! won't you hear me?

Mr. F. No, ma'am. You are always chattering; and you know I despise the paltry prattle of the sex, so let me have mute obedience.—

Mrs F. Inhuman! was ever woman so insulted?

Mr. F. [*Apart.*] Charming!

Mrs. F. I, that have made your real happiness the study of my life—

Mr. F. Delightful!

Mrs. F. I, that have had that confidence in your love, that nothing but the evidence of my senses—Cruel man! have I deserved this?—oh!— [*Weeps.*

Mr. F. It will do, it will do!

Mrs. F. [*Overhears him; turns to* SHELAH, *who explains in dumb Show, and exit.*] Is it so?

Mr. F. Well, I hope you have done with your silly idle complainings? [*Pause.*]—Hold your tongue, madam! [*Pause.*]—Why don't you hold your tongue? [*Pause.*]—Not but what I would condescend to hear what you complain of—justice demands that—but don't be tedious. [*Pause.*]—Damme but she's dumb again!—Dry your tears, my darling Fanny, and I'll convince you that my love is still—

Mrs. F. Ha! ha! ha!

Mr. F. What do you laugh at, madam? I'll give you a hundred pounds to tell me what you laugh at. I'll—I've done with you: and if ever I open these lips to you again, may all the——

Mrs. F. George!

Mr. F. Oh! that voice—how it sooths!—my love!

Mrs. F. Go!

Mr. F. Go! go where? what do you mean by go? [*Pause.*]—Yes, I will go to the world's end. [*Going, returns.*[—No, I won't go. [*Sits down.*]—And now I should like to hear what you can say. [*She retires.*]—What, then, you'll go?—very well, madam!—good bye to you!—won't you say good bye? [*Exit* MRS. FERMENT.]—Won't you say—you won't say good bye? [*Bawling after her.*]—Furies! Devils! Let discord reign for ever! Oh!—

Enter TIMOTHY.

Tim. The sociable's ready, sir.

Mr. F. Stand out of my way, you rascal! or I'll—
[*Exit, driving off* TIMOTHY.

SCENE II.

The Pavilion.

Enter SHELAH *with Caution: she looks about.*

Shelah. Madam, you may approach; there is no one here.

Enter MRS. ST. CLAIR.

Mrs. St. C. Ah! do I again behold the place which gave me birth; where I fondly gamboled round my parents' knees?—Oh! could their kind hearts have known the sorrows their child was doomed to suffer! Alas! how changed! For the lowly cottage, I see the gaudy palace! 'Stead of the modest woodbine, tangling its ligaments in the humble thatch, and giving sweetness to the breath of nature—behold the proud exotic, in sullen majesty shedding its feverish perfume!—just emblem of its imperious master!—

Shelah. Imperious! Give him his true title—a villain.

Mrs. St. C. No, no.

Shelah. What! is he not going to be married again?—

Mrs. St. C. Nay,—you know he thinks me dead. —Ah! what do I see?—that cabinet!—it was mine—it contained—Are we observed?

Shelah. No, dear lady.

Mrs. St. C. If I am right, the secret spring will unfold——

[*Touching it, the Doors open, and discovers a Portrait of* MRS. ST. CLAIR, *in a Spanish Habit, her right Hand pointing to the Ring on her left.*

Shelah. Sure, and 'tis your own sweet self!—and in the dress you have with such care preserved!

Mrs. St. C. Yes; the better to conceal our marriage, I assumed the dress of the country.—Oh, memory! thou torturer of the wretched! why dost thou whisper to this aching heart,—that I was then a happy mother and a wife? Now—yet some consolation steals into my breast—perhaps he has raised this to my memory—perhaps he sometimes sits here alone, and to my wrongs pays the tribute of a repenting tear:—but then my little cherub—my darling boy—torn from my breast—abandoned—lost!—can a mother pardon that?—no, never, never.—Yet I'll save him from a further crime!—but how?—Ah, that dress!—it shall be so!—Yes: at an awful moment he shall again behold an injured wife—shall hear a mother's moans—then see me leave him, and the world, for ever.

Shelah. Oh, then, dear lady, take me with you!

Mrs. St. C. Ah! we're surprised!—I hear footsteps——

Shelah. [*Runs and closes the Cabinet.*] Don't be alarmed. This way—this way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter LORD AVONDALE, *followed by* MRS. NICELY, *bearing a small Box, which he places on the Table.*

Lord A. Set it down. I hope the weight has not fatigued you?

Mrs. N. No, no, 'tis not heavy; and when the heart's light, the body's nimble, be it ever so old—ha! ha!

Lord A. I am glad to see you so merry.

Mrs. N. Ah! a clean house and a clean conscience will make any one merry.

Lord A. Heighho!—I have not forgot the petition.

Mrs. N. Oh, my lord, 'tis all settled.—Mr. Fre-

derick, Heaven bless him! saved the old man! he has gained the love of every body.

Lord A. I rejoice to hear it.

Mrs. N. Indeed! but I fancy you won't be glad to hear that he has gained the love of one who—

Lord A. What mean you?

Mrs. N. Why, if I know what eyes say, Miss Julia and he—

Lord A. Ah!

Mrs. N. They just look as you and poor Emily used to do.

Lord A. Oh, spare me! spare me! [*A Knocking at the Door.*]—See who is there.

[MRS. NICELY *goes out, and returns.*

Mrs. N. 'Tis the young man who comes here by your appointment.

Lord A. Show him in.—'Tis plain I am suspected! —And shall the name of Avondale become the sport of foes—the jest of fools?—No, no!—It is determined!—These evidences of my shame must—shall be mine!—Now to my purpose! [*He unlocks the Box, and takes out a Cloak, a Mask, and Pistol. On hearing some one approach, he covers the Pistol with the Cloak.*] —This fellow will be a fit instrument to effect it.

Enter TYKE.

[*Beckons* TYKE *to approach—turning round, is surprised at His Appearance, which is changed to a plain, but very neat Dress.*]—Astonishing! can this be the man?

Tyke. No, it is not; I be quite another man to-day—ha! ha!

Lord A. Why do you laugh!

Tyke. Why, I laugh, my lord, because I've been crying, ha! ha! I say, I've found old man—father's alive—he! he! and, do you know, he says positive sure Heaven will forgive me; and I declare, I somehow feel so warm and comfortable, that, between you and me, I should not at all wonder, if it had already.

Lord A. You thought your father dead?

Tyke. Yes, and he thought so himself, poor man! but it was really what you gentry call a fine—a fine-nomenoun—You understand, that the ironmonger who made tackle for our legs, picked father up, got life into him again, and took him up to Lunnon, and just advertised in news the antidote about his case, and, would you believe it? next morning, fine ladies, in their own coaches, came tid' old man, wi' tears in their pratty eyes, and bank notes in their pratty hands, to a matter of forty pound—Now, I've just one commentation to mak on this matter:—I've seen your player show folks, and such like wiggeling and waggeling, and chattering about London pride, and London profligation, and what not—Now I think, if one of them was just to set about talking a little of London kindheartedness and London charity, it would be rather more truerer, and quite as becoming.

Lord A. Tell me, knows he aught of that boy?

Tyke. What! your son?—no, never could hear a word about him—Ah! could we but make him out now, then, mayhap, your lordship would try your hand at a bit of a laugh:—let me only once see him—I'll find him out directly.

Lord A. Ah!

Tyke. That is, if I know 'tis him—you understand.

Lord A. Pshaw!

Tyke. Because I put a mark upon him.

Lord A. Indeed!

Tyke. Oh yes, I managed it right enough.

Lord A. Explain.

Tyke. Why, you know, before you were a lord, your name was Mr. Philip; so I got some gunpowder, and marked an F on his neck, because F stands for Philip—yes, yes—it struck me as proper.

Lord A. Come hither, Robert—I sent for you to

—[*Looks at the Cloak.*] to tell you that—that you—possess my regard—

Tyke. Thank you, my lord.

Lord A. And may command my patronage and protection.

Tyke. And you mine—quite mutual, I assure you.

Lord A. You can confer on me happiness.

Tyke. Why no, sure.

Lord A. By putting me in possession of certain evidences, you can save me from ruin.

Tyke. What! can I though?—I'll go through water or fire, or any thing—Come, let's begin—How—where?

Lord A. Look under that cloak—it will explain the means.

Tyke. I will—he! he!—I declare I'm as happy as —[*Lifts up the Cloak, sees Pistol and Mask, then trembling, drops the Cloak.*]

Lord A. [*Catching his Hand.*] You know the use of those?

Tyke. I do.

Lord A. You must employ them.

Tyke. Hush! [*Still trembling.*

Lord A. What alarms you?

Tyke. Hush!

Lord A. No one hears.

Tyke. Yes, there does.

Lord A. Impossible!

Tyke. There does, I tell you—there does.

Lord A. Ah! how! where?– [TYKE, *shuddering, points up to Heaven.*]—Damnation!—baffled—trod on by this wretch!—and must I stoop to dissemble?—Robert, I am satisfied.

Tyke. I wish I was.

Lord A. 'Twas but to try your virtue.

Tyke. Was not it, though?—well, I hope that's true; but it flustered me sadly—I declare, I'm all of a dother now.

Lord A. But swear to me——

Tyke. No, I'll never swear no more.

Lord A. True, 'tis unnecessary—Here, take this purse, good fellow.

Tyke. Eh! no, no.

Lord A. For the friendship I bear you.

Tyke. Yes, I understand; only, you see—you'll excuse me.

Lord A. Do you scorn my bounty?

Tyke. By no means, only it won't do—no more purses.

Lord A. For your father's sake—

Tyke. Yes, yes, I'm sensible about all that—but as to father, you see, I happen to have a couple of hands at his service—I'm much obliged—only I've grown a little cute and knowing lately.

Lord A. And would I again plunge his soul in guilt?—Oh, villain! villain!

Tyke. Did you speak to me?—Oh—talking of yourself—yes, yes—Why, I'll tell you a bit of secret, my lord: I've found out that the honestest are the cunningest chaps—Why, there is father now—he's a deep one—do you know he can lay his head on his pillow, and think of dying wi' a smile—I say, he mun have kept a pratty sharp look out as to what's right like—must not he?

Lord A. Leave me.

Tyke. I will—I say, my lord, he! he! I is going tid' plough this afternoon, to earn a supper for old man, ha! ha!—[*Snapping his Fingers.*]—Do your lordship's heart good to come and see I work.

[*Rubbing his hands exultingly.*

Lord A. Leave me, I say!

Tyke. Wi' pleasure—Ah! I see how it is—Excuse the liberty I take wi' your poor soul; but if you would but be persuaded to fall a crying, and be comfortable——

Lord A. Instantly begone!

Tyke. I will.—Shall I send old man to you? Oh, he's a capital hand at your deplorable case. [*Exit.*

Tyke. [*Without.*] Yes, yes; you'll find his lordship in that room.

Enter FREDERICK.

Lord A. Ah, Frederick, speak—ease this agonized breast; this tortured brain!—what hast thou heard?

Fred. All access to the lady, or the evidence she possesses, is impossible.

Lord A. Be it so. Frederick, I love—I envy—I fear thee.

Fred. My dear lord! fear him who would sacrifice his life?

Lord A. Thy life?—wouldst thou?

Fred. Put my firmness to the proof.

Lord A. I shall do so.—Mark me—In early life—blest years of innocence!—I loved a sweet and virtuous girl, but lowly born—come and behold her—[*Opens the Cabinet.*]—Ill-fated Emily! oh, could I recall that guilty hour———

Fred. With what melancholy sweetness she points to the pledge of virtuous love!

Lord A. Yes, to avoid a parent's anger, we were privately married: I went abroad, in the suit of an ambassador, and she imprudently followed me: She lived in profound retirement—I could seldom see her; but her regret at my absence was softened by the endearments of our infant son.

Fred. Have you a son?

Lord A. I had—oh, do not torture, but hear me! Shortly after, the ambassador died, and I was thought worthy of the splendid appointment. From that moment ambition took full possession of my soul, and my buoyant fancy twined round my brow, the proudest honours a subject can enjoy; but this secret, this degrading, marriage, crushed each aspiring thought.

Fred. But surely the affections of a virtuous woman would compensate——

Lord A. That was prevented: for my wife was secretly, but falsely, accused of practices against the religion of the country.

Fred. How I envy you the proud joy of asserting her innocence, and affording her the protecting arm of the husband she loved!

Lord A. True; but—

Fred. Did you not so?

Lord A. No;—it might have injured my fortunes at home.

Fred. What! a virtuous wife injure the fortunes of a British statesman!—You know, my lord, it is not so; you know you libel your august patron.—Did you discover the secret villain who accused her?

Lord A. Villain!

Fred. Was he not a damned one?

Lord A. He was.—Oh, Frederick! avert that face, lest the indignant lightning of thy eye blast me! I was that villain!

Fred. You freeze my blood!—The man that I have worshipped—that my very soul is bound to——

Lord A. My innocent wife was secretly immured in a convent, and the news shortly reached me—that she was no more.

Fred. It cannot be! Oh, tell me so! My noble patron is the nurse of merit, the scourge of baseness; the good man's hope, the villain's fear; the great man's envy, and the poor man's friend.

Lord A. Thou tortur'st me, for such I might have been:—but now view me in all my horrors—behold the selfish patriot, the abject hypocrite, the savage father, and the murdering husband.

Fred. Oh, ambition!

Lord A. Ay, it was my god: for that I suffered this lovely flower to wither in a cloister's gloom; for

damned ambition, I tore my infant from it's mother's panting breast, and he is lost—lost for ever! But mark! Heaven who is as watchful to lay bare the villain's breast, as it is to shelter that of innocence, has, as from the grave, raised up evidence of my shame; I know where they are concealed—they must instantly be mine.

Fred. But how?

Lord A. By theft.

Fred. Forbid it, Heaven!

Lord A. Think'st thou I would live to hear my name coupled with dishonour, or behold myself (as inquisitors treat their victims) drest out in hellish shapes, and thus exposed to public mockery and scorn?—No, no— [*Seizes the Pistol and Mask.*

Fred. Ah!

Lord A. Frederick, didst thou not say thou wouldst sacrifice thy life?

Fred. Ay, my life, but not my honour: to save you, pluck out this heart—but its last pulse shall throb with virtue.

Lord A. Thou dost refuse!

Fred. It is impossible—no wretch can be found—

Lord A. Yes, there is one I am sure of.

Fred. Ah! who?

Lord A. Avondale!—Tell me, is he not a villain fitted to my purpose? [*Snatches up the Cloak.*] Farewell! should we meet no more—and if my aim fail, it will be so—thou wilt find that in my death I have not forgot thee. [*Is strongly affected.*]—Pardon, good, dear youth, the trial to which I put thy virtue: on my soul, I am glad that it sustained it. [*Weeps.*

Fred. Ah, tears! obey their sacred impulse.—Plunge not your soul in horrors. Thus I'll cling to you—thus save you from a damning deed. [*Kneels.*

Lord A. Frederick, beware!—[*Presents the Pistol to him.*]—Thou art the only soul on earth I love: but thee, even thee, would I roll at my feet a corpse, didst

thou check my purpose. Do not pull more murders on my head.—'Tis in vain—farewell!

[*Breaks from him, and rushes out.*

Fred. Father of mercies, pity and pardon!

[*Follows him.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

An enclosed Apartment with Two Doors, and a Flight of Steps, as leading to a Turret.—FREDERICK *descends.*

Fred. Not returned! I've watched from the turret, which commands the road, till my strained eye-balls refuse their office.—This agony of doubt is dreadful! Hark! sure I heard a confused noise—again!—[*A Pistol is fired.*]—O Heaven! he is no more—

[*A noise is made at the Door, it opens,* LORD AVONDALE *rushes in, and takes off his Mask.*

Fred. Ah, he lives!

Lord A. Behold, they're mine—

[*Showing Casket and Papers.*

Fred. I heard the report of a pistol.

Lord A. It was levelled at one who pursued me. Let me but plunge these in eternal night, then fate I defy. [FERMENT *without.*] Follow, follow; this way!

Lord A. Ah! I'm pursued.

Fred. Hush! here we may avoid—ah! this door beset?

Lord A. Then escape is impossible—and, bereft of the means of death! O Frederick! if thou lovest me, take this faithless weapon, nerve thy young arm, and in mercy dash out this maddening brain.

Gen. [*Without.*] We have him, sure enough.

Lord A. Dost thou hear? Wilt thou behold me dragged forth a criminal?

Fred. Distracting thought?—how—where? Oh that my life could save you!—My life—Ah! it shall be so.

Lord A. What dost thou mean?

Fred. Give me this weapon—this mask.

Lord A. Frederick, what wouldst thou?

Fred. [*Rushing into his Arms.*] Save my benefactor I cannot sin, but I can suffer for you.

Gen. [*Without.*] Force the door.

Lord A. Think me not so damned.

Fred. There is no time for words—fly to the turret.—I being found, all search will cease.

Lord A. Thou shalt not suffer, by Heaven!

Fred. No, no, fear not; I will escape—a moment more, and all is lost: they force the door—away, away!

[LORD AVONDALE *retreats to the Turret*—FREDERICK *puts on Cloak and Mask—the Door is forced,*

GENERAL TARRAGAN, FERMENT, *and* SERVANTS *rush in.*

Gen. Ah, there he stands! unmask the villain!

Mr. F. I'll do that.

Going up to FREDERICK, *he shows the Pistol*—FERMENT *retreats*—FREDERICK *then takes off the Mask.*

All. Frederick!

Gen. What!—no!—it can't be!—let me see him, only let me see him!—[*Wiping his Eyes.*]—Villain! viper! hypocrite!—'Sdeath! what am I about?—I, that have lighted the mine that was to blow into the air hundreds of innocent souls, and now to snivel at a ——but they are red hot drops of fury, damme! I shall be choked instead of him. Seize him! Where's his lordship? [SERVANTS *seize him.*

Mr. F. I'll find him directly.—I know I shall succeed to the situation he has dishonoured. Where's my wife? [*Exit.*

Gen. You have disgraced the charity that fostered you; your example may palsy the warm hand of benevolence, and many an innocent may suffer for your crime!

Fred. Oh!

Julia. [*Without.*] What do I hear! I'll not believe it.

Fred. Julia's voice! Oh, save me from this pang—lead me to my prison.

Gen. Hold!

Enter JULIA.

Julia. O Frederick! then it is so—father, support me!

Gen. Look at this girl, the daughter of General Tarragan—more—the heiress to a princely fortune—nay, more—the darling child of an honest man. I don't cry, you rascal!—now, do I?—she, yes, she confessed she loved you.

Fred. Oh, brain! brain! brain!

Gen. Recover, and hear more. I, like a fond father—no, like a damned old rascal—was about to ask Lord Avondale's consent to your union. Now, away with him!

Fred. Hold off one moment. [*He breaks from them, and falls at* JULIA'S *Feet.*] Angel of pity, through

whose cherub lips the breath of hatred never yet found way! oh, do not curse me!

Julia. Say, then, you are innocent.

Fred. I am.

Julia. Innocent?

Fred. Oh, most unfortunate!

Gen. Away with him, I say!

Fred. Stand off! Julia mine—that heaven within my reach. Instant conduct me to——

Julia. Where? speak, speak, Frederick—where?

Fred. To——[*After a Struggle, which overpowers him.*]—to my prison. [*Exit, attended.*

Gen. Zounds! I'm as hot as—I'm a portable furnace: but where is his lordship? you shall be his instantly: I won't eat—I won't sleep, till you are Lady Avondale.

Julia. My happiness is gone for ever.

Gen. No, it is not—you shall be happy—you shall be a happy bride. Fly, rascals! find Lord Avondale. [*Exeunt* SERVANTS.] Come along; you shall be this day a happy, happy bride. [*Exeunt*

SCENE III.

A Room in the Castle.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, *followed by* TYKE.

Lord A. My good fellow——

Tyke. Bless me, my lord, what can be the matter?

Lord A. I am distracted.

Tyke. Oh, now I understand: he's going to be married, poor man, and, of course, in a taking about it; why, that's all natural enough.

Lord A. Hear me; Frederick has been detected—

Tyke. Detected!

Lord A. In the commission of a robbery.

Tyke. What! that mask! that pistol!

[*Shaking his Head.*

Lord A. Hush! dost thou not pity him?

Tyke. I do indeed! poor lad! I say, you know, he is not half so bad as either of us.

Lord A. Robert, I was once thy landlord; I trust not a severe one.

Tyke. Severe! nay, that's cutting; that's as much as to say that I've forgot your kindness to me. Did not you put me to school? and though I settled all my matters there in a month, that was no fault of yours: you gave me money—If I misused it, you were not to blame: only tell me how I can show my love, honestly, wi' submission like.

Lord A. Procure Frederick's escape.

Tyke. I'll do my best.

Lord A. See this purse, 'tis richly stored; and, properly disposed of, it may do much: promise any thing, half my estates; and remember, Robert, that in saving him, you will preserve my life.

Tyke. What! your life? that's enough.

[*Takes the Purse, and runs off.*

Lord A. Never, Frederick, shall judgment be pronounced against thee. Here, I swear, that if the hour of trial come, Avondale will stand forth, arrayed in all his guilt, and save that innocent, that noble, youth.

Enter PETER.

Peter. General Tarragan requests your immediate attendance; he entreats the marriage ceremony may instantly take place. [LORD AVONDALE *starts.*] The preparations have already begun.

Lord A. I'll come to him. [*Exit* PETER.] Marriage! why does the thought terrify? My heart ceases

to beat; my numbed limbs seem to fasten on the earth, and the faded form of Emily flits before my dazzled sight. Let me shake off this horrid lethargy —let me collect my thoughts. [*Sinks into a Chair.*

Enter MR. *and* MRS. FERMENT.

Mr. F. There he is—he seems unhappy; but as soon as he perceives me, you'll see the difference. I suppose the evidence of your own eyes and ears will convince you? now mark the attention, the joy.—How do you do, my lord?—how do you do? [LORD AVONDALE *looks, then turns from him*—FERMENT, *disappointed, carries his Chair round to the other Side.*] I see how it is, my lord; the villany of that young viper which you fostered in your bosom—but I flatter myself, that, in your humble servant, you will find more talent, and a zeal warm as——

Lord A. Did you speak?

Mr. F. Yes, a little.

Lord A. Oh! [*Relapsing into Inattention.*

Mr. F. But for me, the monster would have escaped.

Lord A. [*Starting up, and turning to him.*] Ah! indeed!

Mr. F. [*Apart.*] Oh! now we come on a little: Did not your lordship know that I detected him?

Lord A. No. [*Restraining his Rage.*

Mr. F. Oh! all owing to me—caught a glimpse of the villain in my house—followed him up close—he thought to frighten me. Pugh!—fired at me—received his shot like a castle—it passed through my hat—not this hat—but I take no merit.

Lord A. Yet take—

Mr. F. Oh, my sweet lord! any thing that you propose.

Lord A. Yes; take my everlasting curses. [*Exit.*

Mr. F. Oh, lord! oh, dear! I'm very ill. Fanny, wife—one word—only one—let me hear some voice

beside my own in this damned infernal house, as poor Juliet says, or I shall faint.

Mrs. F. Do you confess you are wrong?

Mr. F. I do.

Mrs. F. Will you abandon your schemes?

Mr. F. I will.

Mrs. F. Will you sometimes follow my advice?

Mr. F. Always; you shall be my magnet.

Mrs. F. The first that ever attracted lead, I believe, ha! ha!

Mr. F. Say what you will, only talk, and if ever I go a lord-hunting again, may I lose this worthless head!

Mrs. F. Then, if ever I think of ruling again, may I lose your estimable heart!

Mr. F. What!—don't make me cry—then that for you, old sour crout. [*Snapping his Fingers.*] I have a plan!

Mrs. F. A plan! [*Alarmed.*

Mr. F. A plan for imitating your silence, my dear Fanny.

Mrs. F. Then my plan shall be to imitate your prattling: You know, after so long a silence—

Mr. F. You must have a great many words by you.

Mrs. F. I shall talk till I tire you.

Mr. F. No, you won't.

Mrs. F. Yes, I shall.

Mr. F. No; Oh, delicious! charming!

[*Exeunt, embracing.*

SCENE IV.

Inside of a Prison.

FREDERICK *discovered; his Figure and Dress bespeaking the Desolation of his Mind.*

Fred. When the contemplative mind approaches death, how little seems the mighty war of passions which agitate this atom, man!—O Julia! to know thy love only to meet thy hate! Perhaps, even now, he leads her to the altar—Ah! that thought is madness! but no, it cannot be! this is no hour for joy! my fate must banish pleasure from their hearts! no, no, 'tis impossible—I wrong my friend!—I wrong thee, lovely Julia! [*A Chime of Bells sounds at a Distance.*] Ah! those sounds! it is the marriage peel—and with it, my dying knell!—Julia, hear me! I am innocent!—Avondale, hold! inhuman, guilty man!

[*The Door is unlocked.*

Enter TYKE *and* GAOLER—TYKE *motions* GAOLER *to retire.—Exit* GAOLER.

Tyke. There he is, poor fellow! yet I think he looks innocent—at least I am pratty sure, when I used to look intid' glass, I never saw any thing like that—I say, I is come to comfort thee like—I hope thou repents of what thou hast done?

Fred. No.

Tyke. Oh dear, he's not fit to die! I mun get him away—I say, Lord Avondale sent me to———

Fred. Oh! leave me!

Tyke. But I won't though, thou mun try to escape.

Fred. I will not escape: Begone, rascal!

Tyke. Rascal! well, I was one, and I mun bear it—but—

Fred. Dare not approach me.

Tyke. Pugh! pugh! [*Advancing.*

Fred. Must I then force you from my presence? [*Strikes him.*

Tyke. A blow!

[*Seizes* FREDERICK *by the Collar; the Action forces open the Neck of his Shirt, sees the F marked on his Neck; he tremblingly lets go, and points to the Mark.*

Fred. What do you point at?

Tyke. At—at—I hardly dare look again!—Eh! 'Tis he! 'tis he! [*With great animation.*

Fred. This mark!

Tyke. I made it—I'll take my oath on't. I've found him—I've found him! Come to thy father's! Come to Lord Avondale!

Fred. Ah! have I then suffered in a father's cause? Oh, do not deceive me.

Tyke. Why, do I look like such a savage beast, then? —See here. [*Placing his Hands on his moist Eyes, and showing them.*] Believe my eyes, if you won't my tongue. I've often danced thee on my knee—Give me thy hand!

Enter GAOLER.

Gaoler. What's the matter here?

Fred. My happiness—the happiness of Lord Avondale—is in your power. The property in question was my own, the legacy of an unfortunate mother. Pinion me hand and foot, only bring me to my father.

Tyke. Do; I'll stay here for him—No, I can't do that—I must be in the thick on't.

Fred. Be merciful! I will not fly.

Gaoler. Why, I believe I may venture to take you to the castle.

Tyke. You may.

Fred. Oh, each moment is an age!

Gaoler. Well, let me find the key.

Tyke. Oh, never mind key. [*Rushes against the Door—it opens.*] There! Come—come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Gothic Chapel illuminated; the Entrance of the Choir in the back Scene, with Steps to ascend—folding Doors conceal the Interior of the Chapel—Music behind the Scenes.—A Marriage Procession enters.

Enter LORD AVONDALE, JULIA, *and* GENERAL TARRAGAN.

Gen. Well, my lord, the joyful hour is at length arrived. I fancy it would be difficult to find three happier people. [LORD AVONDALE *bows.*] Now, farewell to Julia Tarragan! a name my tongue has dwelt on with rapture, and demands a parting tear. Kiss me, my girl!—but I shall see thee grace a nobler name. Well, now to the altar—my lord, we wait—

Lord A. [*Starting.*] For me! [*Recovering.*] My lovely bride, your hand.—[*They move towards the Chapel—the folding Doors are opened, which discovers* MRS. ST. CLAIR *in the Dress of the Picture, her right Hand pointing to the wedding Ring.* LORD AVONDALE *advancing up the Steps, beholds her—falls back into the Arms of the Attendants, exclaiming*] Angels of mercy! Emily! [*Faints.*

Emily. Yes! behold thy innocent, thy much-wrong-

ed wife! [*All express Astonishment—she comes forward.*] Inhuman man!—hear me! Where is my child?—where is my darling boy?

Tyke. [*Without.*] Stand out of the way! here he comes! here he comes!

Enter FREDERICK *and* TYKE.

Fred. Julia! married?

Julia. [*Looking down.*] No, Frederick!

Fred. [*Seeing* LORD AVONDALE.] Ah!—what means this? Father, father, hear me!—It is your son that calls! Will not that charmed name restore you?

Emily. Ah, son! [*Leans on* JULIA.

Fred. [*Turning round.*] What do I see?—that form—that dress!—Oh, tell me!—does my heart deceive me?—Mother!—[*She rushes into his Arms.*]—I know thy wrongs—my father has bewailed them with tears of anguish. Oh, forgive him!—he has been my benefactor—he has loved me—he has been a father to me. Take his hand—there—the warm contact will animate each torpid pulse—will wake his heart to penitence—to love! Ah, he revives!

Lord A. [*Recovering, looks round.*] Emily! Ah! Frederick here! what am I to think?

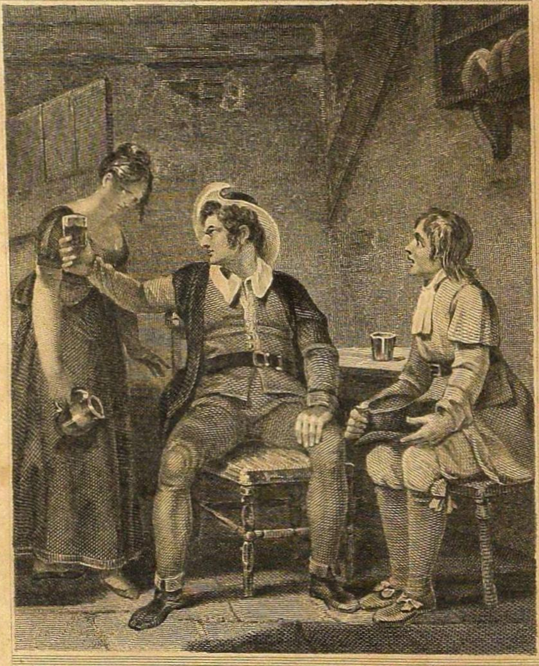
Tyke. Think! look there—look there! [*Pointing to the Mark.*] He is your own.

Lord A. What! my wife? my child?—both, both restored? O All-merciful! accept my contrition! deign to receive my gratitude!

[*The Curtain slowly falls, while* LORD AVONDALE, *kneeling, lifts his Hands to Heaven*—JULIA *takes the Hand of* EMILY—GENERAL TARRAGAN *rests on his Stick, with his Handkerchief to his Eyes*—TYKE, *with joyful satisfaction, points to the Group.*

THE END.

HONEY MOON



DUKE.... WHY, WHAT THE DEVIL'S THIS?

ACT III. SCENE IV.

PAINTED BY SINGLETON — PUBLISHED BY LONGMAN & CO. — ENGRAVED BY [illegible]

THE
HONEY MOON;

A COMEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS;

BY JOHN TOBIN, Esq.

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

PRINTED UNDER THE AUTHORITY OF THE MANAGERS FROM THE PROMPT BOOK.

WITH REMARKS

BY Mrs. INCHBALD.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, PATERNOSTER ROW.

WILLIAM SAVAGE, PRINTER,
LONDON.

REMARKS.

The writer of this comedy, a genuine poet, is a sad example of the fallacious hopes by which half mankind are allured to vexatious enterprise. He passed many years in the anxious labour of writing plays, which were rejected by the managers; and no sooner had they accepted "The Honey Moon" than he died, and never enjoyed the recompence of seeing it performed.

John Tobin was born at Salisbury, in the year 1770. He was the third son of James Tobin, who, though an Englishman by birth, was mostly an inhabitant of the island of Nevis, in the West Indies. Returning to this country on a visit, while his sons were young, he placed them in the free school of Southampton, where they remained seven years, and then became pupils of the Reverend M. Lee, of Bristol.

The law does not appear to have had any share in the voluntary study of the author of "The Honey Moon," yet he conceived it prudent to make choice of it as a profession; and, in 1785, he was articled to an eminent solicitor of Lincoln's Inn. On the death of that gentleman, he became a partner

with three other clerks in the office, and afterwards entered into a new firm, with his particular friend, Mr. Ange.

Mr. John Tobin was a man of an independent mind, and the strictest sense of moral duty;—these were the powerful motives which urged him to pursue his employment with punctilious care, whilst his wishes, his warmest desires, were engaged by the irresistible charms of the drama.

But Mr. Tobin, as this play will testify, was not caught by the frivolous lustre, it was the intrinsic worth of a theatre which he valued and loved. He respected the stage as the best vehicle by which wit, poetry, and morality, could be conveyed to the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant, of the community. He admired our ancient dramatic poets, and wished to revive the same taste in all the followers of theatrical amusement.

Between the opposite claims on his attention from the law and the muses, he became negligent of all healthful exercise; and as neither his person nor constitution were robust, progressive indisposition was the result of his incessant avocations, and soon arrived at such an alarming crisis, that, by the advice of his physicians, he went into Cornwall, and remained there, till a warmer climate was prescribed, as the only possible means of restoring him to health.

In November, 1804, at the earnest solicitation of his friends, Mr. Tobin embarked at Bristol, for the West Indies. The vessel arriving at Cork, was detained there for some days; but, on the 7th of Decem-

ber, it sailed from that port; on which day,—without any apparent change in his disorder, to indicate the approach of death,—the invalid expired.

The following description of the deceased poet is taken from "The Theatrical Recorder" for March, 1805.

"When at school, he was quick in acquiring lessons, tranquil of disposition, and prone neither to give nor take offence. Delighting to indulge in reverie, his pursuits were of a peaceable and literary kind. On the banks of the Avon, near Salisbury, where he spent his holidays with his grandfather, he acquired a love of angling, to which he was ever afterwards devoted; and his ardour for it was increased by the few opportunities in which it could be indulged."

Again—"By taking a part in school performances, and visiting the theatre at Southampton, he acquired a taste for the drama, and his first piece was written before the year 1789. On quitting London he left "The Honey Moon," the last piece he had finished, with his brother: they had resided ten years together, united by kindred feelings, and similarity of sentiment and pursuit. To this brother, who had so often been his unsuccessful negociator at the theatres, he committed the care of bringing the piece on the stage, having received a promise from the manager that it should be performed."

Of the merits of this comedy, the whole town is a witness; for it has been so attractive, that scarce one

lover of the drama has omitted seeing the representation.

Amongst the high praises given to this production, there seems to be no more than a single objection to its being placed in the class of some of the best English dramas.

It is alleged, that the author, with all his talents, was deficient of invention; and, therefore, he reminds his auditors too frequently of the plots and incidents of other plays. Still it must be confessed, that his choice of examples has been directed by taste and judgment; for the dramas, whose fable or events he has ingeniously followed, are—Shakspeare's "Catherine and Petruchio," with "Twelfth Night;" Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster," with "Rule a Wife and have a Wife."

Yet, as the critic, just now quoted, observes—"Though the imitations through the whole play are, perhaps, too numerous to be cited, they are frequently so happily made, and often executed with such an air of originality, that, instead of being blemishes, they seem to stamp a sterling merit, and to purify the dramatic gold, that had so long and so basely been alloyed."

The poetry of this comedy constitutes its most valuable part. Of the many beautiful passages scattered through the work, the lines at the close of the third act, where the Duke gives his direction to Juliana respecting her attire, are peculiarly worthy of admiration, from the truths which they contain.

Mr. Elliston's Duke is most excellent through all

his different scenes; and the character requires abilities of so varied and forcible a nature, that, to represent him perfectly in all the vicissitudes of his honey moon, is to possess powers of acting equal to the personating every comic, and almost every tragic, hero of the stage.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF ARANZA	*Mr. Elliston.*
COUNT MONTALBAN	*Mr. Bartley.*
ROLANDO	*Mr. Bannister.*
BALTHAZAR	*Mr. Wroughton.*
LAMPEDO	*Mr. Mathews.*
CAMPILLO	*Mr. Maddox.*
LOPEZ	*Mr. Purser.*
JAQUEZ	*Mr. Collins.*
JULIANA	*Miss Duncan.*
VOLANTE	*Miss Mellon.*
ZAMORA	*Miss De Camp.*
HOSTESS	*Mrs. Sparks.*

SERVANTS, RUSTICS, *&c.*

SCENE,—Spain.

THE

HONEY MOON.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A Street in Madrid.

Enter DUKE *and* MONTALBAN, *followed by a* SERVANT.

Duke. [*Speaking to* SERVANT.] This letter you will give my steward;—this
To my old tenant, Lopez. Use despatch, sir;
Your negligence may ruin an affair
Which I have much at heart.—[*Exit* SERVANT.]—Why, how now, Count!
You look but dull upon my wedding day,
Nor show the least reflection of that joy
Which breaks from me, and should light up my friend.

Count. If I could set my features to my tongue,
I'd give your highness joy. Still, as a friend,
Whose expectation lags behind his hopes,
I wish you happy.

Duke. You shall see me so.—
Is not the lady I have chosen fair?
Count. Nay, she is beautiful.
Duke. Of a right age?
Count. In the fresh prime of youth, and bloom of womanhood.
Duke. A well-proportion'd form, and noble presence?
Count. True.
Duke. Then her wit? Her wit is admirable!
Count. There is a passing shrillness in her voice.
Duke. Has she not wit?
Count. A sharp-edg'd tongue, I own;
But uses it as bravoes do their swords—
Not for defence, but mischief. Then, her gentleness!
You had almost forgot to speak of that.
Count. Ay, there you touch me! Yet, though she be prouder
Than the vex'd ocean at its topmost swell,
And ev'ry breeze will chafe her to a storm,
I love her still the better. Some prefer
Smoothly o'er an unwrinkled sea to glide;
Others to ride the cloud-aspiring waves,
And hear, amid the rending tackle's roar,
The spirit of an equinoctial gale.
What though a patient and enduring lover—
Like a tame spaniel, that, with crouching eye,
Meets buffets, and caresses—I have ta'en,
With humble thanks, her kindness and her scorn;
Yet, when I am her husband, she shall feel
I was not born to be a woman's slave!
Can you be secret?
Count. You have found me so
In matters of some moment.
Duke. Listen, then:—
I have prepar'd a penance for her pride,
To which a cell and sackcloth, and the toils
Of a barefooted pilgrimage, were pastime.—

As yet she knows me, as I truly am,
The Duke Aranza: in which character
I have fed high her proud and soaring fancy
With the description of my state and fortunes,
My princely mansions, my delicious gardens,
My carriages, my servants, and my pomp.
Now mark the contrast.—In the very height
And fullest pride of her ambitious hopes,
I take her to a miserable hut
(All things are well digested for the purpose);
Where throwing off the title of a duke,
I will appear to her a low-born peasant.
There, with coarse raiment, household drudgery,
Laborious exercise, and cooling viands,
I will so lower her distemper'd blood,
And tame the devil in her, that, before
We have burnt out our happy honey moon,
She, like a well-train'd hawk, shall, at my whistle,
Quit her high flights, and perch upon my finger,
To wait my bidding.

Count. Most excellent! A plot of rare invention!

Duke. When, with a bold hand, I have weeded out
The rank growth of her pride, she'll be a garden
Lovely in blossom, rich in fruit; till then,
An unprun'd wilderness.—But to your business.
How thrives your suit with her fair sister, Count?

Count. The best advancement I can boast of in it
Is, that it goes not backward. She's a riddle,
Which he that solv'd the sphinx's, would die guessing.
If I but mention love, she starts away,
And wards the subject off with so much skill,
That whether she be hurt or tickled most,
Her looks leave doubtful. Yet I fondly think
She keeps me (as the plover from her nest
Fearful misleads the trav'ller) from the point
Where live her warmest wishes, that are breath'd
For me in secret.

Duke. You've her father's voice?

Count. Yes: and we have concerted, that this evening,
Instead of Friar Dominic, her confessor,
Who from his pious office is disabled
By sudden sickness, I should visit her;
And, as her mind's physician, feel the pulse
Of her affection.

Duke. May you quickly find
Her love to you the worst of her offences!
For then her absolution would be certain.
Farewell! I see Rolando.
He is a common railer against women;
And, on my wedding day, I will hear none
Blaspheme the sex. Besides, as once he fail'd
In the same suit that I have thriven in,
'Twill look like triumph. 'Tis a grievous pity
He follows them with such a settled spleen,
For he has noble qualities.

Count. Most rare ones—
A happy wit, and independent spirit.

Duke. And then he's brave, too.

Count. Of as tried a courage
As ever walk'd up to the roaring throats
Of a deep rang'd artillery; and planted,
'Midst fire and smoke, upon an enemy's wall,
The standard of his country.

Duke. Farewell, Count.

Count. Success attend your schemes!

Duke. Fortune crown yours! [*Exit.*

Enter ROLANDO.

Count. Signor Rolando, you seem melancholy.

Rol. As an old cat in the mumps. I met three women—
I marvel much they suffer them to walk
Loose in the streets, whilst other untam'd monsters
Are kept in cages—three loud talking women!
They were discoursing of the newest fashions,

And their tongues went like——I have since been thinking
What most that active member of a woman
Of mortal things resembles.—
Count. Have you found it?
Rol. Umph! not exactly—something like a smoke-jack;
For it goes ever without winding up:
But that wears out in time—there fails the simile.
Next I bethought me of a water-mill;
But that stands still in a frost.
And, besides,
A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist;
Now, whether she has aught to say or no,
A woman's tongue will go for exercise.
In short, I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.——
Was't not the duke that left you?
Count. 'Twas.
Rol. He saw me,
And hurried off!
Count. Ay! 'twas most wise in him,
To shun the bitter flowing of your gall.—
You know he's on the brink of matrimony.
Rol. Why now, in reason, what can he expect?
To marry such a woman!
A thing so closely pack'd with her own pride,
She has no room for any thought of him.
Why, she ne'er threw a word of kindness at him,
But when she quarrell'd with her monkey.—Then,
As he with nightly minstrelsy dol'd out
A lying ballad to her peerless beauty,
Unto his whining lute, and, at each turn,
Sigh'd like a paviour, the kind lady, sir,
Would lift the casement up—to laugh at him,—
And vanish like a shooting star; whilst he

Stood gazing on the spot whence she departed:
Then, stealing home, went supperless to bed,
And fed all night upon her apparition.—
Now, rather than espouse a thing like this,
I'd wed a bear that never learnt to dance,
Though her first hug were mortal.

Count. Peace, Rolando!
You rail at women as priests cry down pleasure;
Who, for the penance which they do their tongues,
Give ample license to their appetites.
Come, come, however you may mask your nature,
I know the secret pulses of your heart
Beat towards them still. A woman hater! Pshaw!
A young and handsome fellow, and a brave one—

Rol. Go on.

Count. Had I a sister, mother, nay, my grandam,
I'd no more trust her in a corner with thee,
Than cream within the whiskers of a cat.

Rol. Right! I should beat her. You are very right,
I have a sneaking kindness for the sex;
[And, could I meet a reasonable woman,
Fair without vanity, rich without pride,
Discreet though witty, learn'd, yet very humble;
That has no ear for flattery, no tongue
For scandal; one who never reads romances;
Who loves to listen better than to talk;
I'd marry certainly.] You shall find two such,
And we'll both wed together.

Count. You are merry.—
Where shall we dine together?

Rol. Not to-day.

Count. Nay, I insist.

Rol. Where shall I meet you, then?

Count. Here, at the mermaid.

Rol. I don't like the sign;
A mermaid is half woman.

Count. Pshaw, Rolando!
You strain this humour beyond sense or measure.
Rol. Well, on condition that we're very private,
And that we drink no toast that's feminine,
I'll waste some time with you.
Count. Agreed.
Rol. Go on, then;
I will but give directions to my page,
And follow you.

Enter ZAMORA, *disguised.*

Count. A pretty smooth-fac'd boy!
Rol. The lad is handsome; and, for one so young—
Save that his heart will flutter at a drum,
And he would rather eat his sword than draw it—
He is the noblest youth in Christendom.
When before Tunis,
I got well scratch'd for leaping on the walls
Too nimbly, that same boy attended me.
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye,
To tell thee how, for ten days, without sleep,
And almost nourishment, he waited on me;
Cheer'd the dull time, by reading merry tales;
And when my fest'ring body smarted most,
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby
Over her peevish child, he sung to me,
That the soft cadence of his dying tones
Dropp'd like an oily balsam on my wounds,
And breath'd an healing influence throughout me.—
But this is womanish!—Order our dinner,
And I'll be with you presently.
Count. I will not fail. [*Exit* COUNT.

[ZAMORA *comes forward.*]

Rol. The wars are ended, boy.
Zam. I'm glad of that, sir.
Rol. You should be sorry, if you love your master.—

Zam. Then I am very sorry.
Rol. We must part, boy!—
Zam. Part?
Rol. I am serious.
Zam. Nay, you cannot mean it.
Have I been idle, sir, or negligent?
Saucy I'm sure I have not.—If aught else,
It is my first fault; chide me gently for it—
Nay, heavily;—but do not say,—we part!
Rol. I'm a disbanded soldier, without pay;
Fit only now with rusty swords and helmets
To hang up in the armoury, till the wars
New burnish me again; so poor, indeed,
I can but leanly cater for myself,
Much less provide for thee.
Zam. Let not that
Divide us, sir; thought of how I far'd
Never yet troubled me, and shall not now.
Indeed, I never follow'd you for hire,
But for the simple and the pure delight
Of serving such a master.—If we must part,
Let me wear out my service by degrees;
To-day omit some sweet and sacred duty,
Some dearer one to-morrow: slowly thus
My nature may be wean'd from her delight:
But suddenly to quit you, sir!—I cannot!—
I should go broken hearted.
Rol. Pshaw, those tears!
Well, well, we'll talk of this some other day.
I dine with Count Montalban at the Mermaid;
In the mean time, go, and amuse yourself
With what is worthiest note in this fam'd city.—
But hark, Eugenio! 'Tis a wicked place;
You'll meet (for they are weeds of ev'ry soil)
Abundance here of—women;—keep aloof!—
For they are like the smooth, but brittle, ice,
That tempts th' unpractis'd urchin to his ruin.
Keep aloof, boy! keep aloof!

Zam. Doubt me not, sir.— [*Exit* ROLANDO.
What a hard fate is mine!—to follow thus
With love a gentleman that scorns my sex,
And swears no great or noble quality
Ever yet liv'd in woman!—When I read to him
The story of Lucretia, or of Portia,
Or other glorious dame, or some rare virgin,
Who, cross'd in love, has died,—'mid peals of laughter,
He praises the invention of the writer;
Or, growing angry, bids me shut the book,
Nor with such dull lies wear his patience out.—
What opposition has a maid like me
To turn the headstrong current of his spleen!
For though he sets off with a lavish tongue
My humble merits, thinking me a boy,
Yet, should I stand before his jaundic'd sight
A woman, all that now is fair in me
Might turn to ugliness; all that is good
Appear the smooth gloss of hypocrisy:—
Yet, I must venture the discovery,
Though, 'tis a fearful hazard. This perplexity
Of hopes and fears makes up too sad a life;
I will or lose him quite or be his wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Room in BALTHAZAR'S *House.*

Enter VOLANTE *and* BALTHAZAR.

Balth. Not yet apparel'd?
Vol. 'Tis her wedding-day, sir:
On such occasions women claim some grace.

Balth. How bears she
The coming of her greatness?
Vol. Bravely, sir.
Instead of the high honours that await her,
I think that, were she now to be enthron'd,
She would become her coronation:
For, when she has adjusted some stray lock,
Or fix'd at last some sparkling ornament,
She views her beauty with collected pride,
Musters her whole soul in her eyes, and says,
"Look I not like an empress?"—But, she comes.—

Enter JULIANA, *in her Wedding Dress.*

Jul. Well, sir, what think you? do I to the life
Appear a duchess, or will people say,
She does but poorly play a part which nature
Never design'd her for?—But, where's the duke?
Balth. Not come yet.
Jul. How! not come?—the duke not come!
Vol. Patience, sweet sister; oft without a murmur
It has been his delight to wait for you.
Jul. It was his duty.—Man was born to wait
On woman, and attend her sov'reign pleasure!
This tardiness upon his wedding-day
Is but a sorry sample of obedience.
Balth. Obedience, girl!
Jul. Ay, sir, obedience!
Vol. Why, what a wire-drawn puppet you will make
The man you marry!—I suppose, ere long,
You'll chuse how often he shall walk abroad
For recreation; fix his diet for him;
Bespeak his clothes, and say on what occasions
He may put on his finest suit;—
Jul. Proceed.
Vol. Keep all the keys, and when he bids his friends,

Mete out a modicum of wine to each.
Had you not better put him on a livery
At once, and let him stand behind your chair?
Why, I would rather wed a man of dough,
Such as some spinster, when the pye is made,
To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard
Out of the remnant paste—a paper man,
Cut by a baby. Heav'ns preserve me ever
From that dull blessing—an obedient husband!

Jul. And make you an obedient wife!—a thing
For lordly man to vent his humours on;
A dull domestic drudge, to be abus'd
Or fondled as the fit may work upon him:—
" If you think so, my dear;" and, " As you please;"
And, " You know best;"—even when he nothing knows.—
I have no patience—that a free-born woman
Should sink the high tone of her noble nature
Down to a slavish whisper, for that compound
Of frail mortality they call a man,
And give her charter up, to make a tyrant!

Balth. You talk it most heroically.—Pride
May be a proper bait to catch a lover,
But, trust me, daughter, 'twill not hold a husband.

Jul. Leave that to me.—And what should I have caught
If I had fish'd with your humility?—
Some pert apprentice, or rich citizen.—
Who would have bought me? Some poor gentleman,
Whose high patrician blood would have descended
To wed a painter's daughter, and—her ducats.—
I felt my value, and still kept aloof;
Nor stoop'd my eye till I had met the man,
Pick'd from all Spain, to be my husband, girl:
And him I have so manag'd, that he feels
I have conferr'd an honour on his house,
By coyly condescending to be his. [*Knocking.*

Balth. He comes.

Vol. Smooth your brow, sister.
Jul. For a man!
He must be one not made of mortal clay, then.

Enter the DUKE *and Two* ATTENDANTS.

Oh! you are come, sir? I have waited for you!—
Is this your gallantry? at such a time, too?
Duke. I do entreat your pardon;—if you knew
The pressing cause—
Vol. Let me entreat for him.
Balth. Come, girl, be kind.
Jul. Well, sir, you are forgiven.
Duke. You are all goodness; let me on this hand—
[*Taking her Hand, which she withdraws.*
Jul. Not yet, sir; 'tis a virgin hand as yet,
And my own property:—forbear awhile,
And, with this humble person, 'twill be yours.
Duke. Exquisite modesty!—Come, let us on!
All things are waiting for the ceremony;
And, till you grace it, Hymen's wasting torch
Burns dim and sickly.—Come, my Juliana. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

A Cottage.

Enter the DUKE, *leading in* JULIANA.

Duke. You are welcome home.
Jul. Home! you are merry; this retired spot
Would be a palace for an owl!

Duke. 'Tis ours.—
Jul. Ay, for the time we stay in it.
Duke. By Heaven,
This is the noble mansion that I spoke of!
Jul. This!—you are not in earnest, though you bear it
With such a sober brow.—Come, come, you jest.
Duke. Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest,
We should have none, wife.
Jul. Are you serious, sir?
Duke. I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.
Jul. No duke!
Duke. But of my own creation, lady.
Jul. Am I betray'd?—Nay, do not play the fool!
It is too keen a joke.
Duke. You'll find it true.
Jul. You are no duke, then?
Duke. None.
Jul. Have I been cozen'd? [*Aside.*
And have you no estate, sir?
No palaces, nor houses?
Duke. None but this:—
A small snug dwelling, and in good repair.
Jul. Nor money, nor effects?
Duke. None, that I know of.
Jul. And the attendants who have waited on us—
Duke. They were my friends; who, having done my business,
Are gone about their own.
Jul. Why, then, 'tis clear.— [*Aside.*
That I was ever born!—What are you, sir?
Duke. I am an honest man—that may content you:
Young, nor ill-favour'd.—Should not that content you,
I am your husband, and that must content you.
Jul. I will go home! [*Going.*
Duke. You are at home, already. [*Staying her.*
Jul. I'll not endure it!—But, remember this—
Duke, or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir!

Duke. A duchess! you shall be a queen,—to all
Who, of their courtesy, will call you so.
Jul. And I will have attendance!
Duke. So you shall,
When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.
Jul. To wait upon myself! must I bear this?
I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes!
Duke. And if you should, 'twould grow again.—
I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife
(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find me),
You were cut out by nature.
Jul. You will find then,
That education, sir, has spoilt me for it.—
Why! do you think I'll work?
Duke. I think 'twill happen, wife.
Jul. What! rub and scrub
Your noble palace clean?
Duke. Those taper fingers
Will do it daintily.
Jul. And dress your victuals
(If there be any)?——Oh! I could go mad!
Duke. And mend my hose, and darn my nightcaps neatly;
Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—
Jul. Or, like a clock, talk only once an hour?
Duke. Or like a dial; for that quietly
Performs its work, and never speaks at all.
Jul. To feed your poultry and your hogs!—oh, monstrous!
And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,
Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;
Or jolt with higglers' wives the market trot,
To sell your eggs and butter!
Duke. Excellent!
How well you sum the duties of a wife!
Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!
Jul. A blessing!

Duke. When they talk of you and me,
Darby and Joan shall be no more remember'd;—
We shall be happy!
Jul. Shall we?
Duke. Wondrous happy!
Oh, you will make an admirable wife!
Jul. I'll make a devil.
Duke. What?
Jul. A very devil.
Duke. Oh, no! we'll have no devils.
Jul. I'll not bear it!
I'll to my father's!—
Duke. Gently: you forget
You are a perfect stranger to the road.
Jul. My wrongs will find a way, or make one.
Duke. Softly!—
You stir not hence, except to take the air;
And then I'll breathe it with you.
Jul. What, confine me?
Duke. 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.
Jul. Am I a truant school-boy?
Duke. Nay, not so;
But you must keep your bounds.
Jul. And if I break them,
Perhaps you'll beat me.—
Duke. No—I'll talk to you!—
The man, that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.—
I'll talk to you, lady, but not beat you.
Jul. Well, if I may not travel to my father,
I may write to him, surely!—and I will—
If I can meet within your spacious dukedom
Three such unhop'd-for miracles at once,
As pens, and ink, and paper.
Duke. You will find them
In the next room.—A word, before you go.—

You are my wife, by ev'ry tie that's sacred;
The partner of my fortune and my bed—

Jul. Your fortune!

Duke. Peace!—no fooling, idle woman!
Beneath th' attesting eye of Heav'n I've sworn
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.
No human pow'r can part us. What remains, then?
To fret, and worry, and torment each other,
And give a keener edge to our hard fate
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars?—
Or, like a loving and a patient pair
(Wak'd from a dream of grandeur, to depend
Upon their daily labour for support),
To sooth the taste of fortune's lowliness
With sweet consent, and mutual fond endearment?—
Now to your chamber—write whate'er you please;
But pause before you stain the spotless paper,
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal!

Jul. Why, what a patient worm you take me for!

Duke. I took you for a wife; and, ere I've done,
I'll know you for a good one.

Jul. You shall know me
For a right woman, full of her own sex;
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her wrongs;
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorns,
By the proud reason of superior man,
To be taught patience, when her swelling heart
Cries out revenge! [*Exit.*

Duke. Why, let the flood rage on!
There is no tide in woman's wildest passion
But hath an ebb.—I've broke the ice, however.—
Write to her father!—She may write a folio—
But if she send it!——
Though I have heard some husbands say, and wisely,
A woman's honour is her safest guard,
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key.—
[*Locks the door.*

So, thus begins our honey moon.—'Tis well!
For the first fortnight, ruder than March winds,
She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,
Like April, she may wear a changeful face
Of storm and sunshine:—and, when that is past,
She will break glorious as unclouded May;
And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading blossoms
Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.—
Whilst others, for a month's delirious joy,
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,
That after to the very lees shall relish;
And to the close of this frail life prolong
The pure delights of a well-govern'd marriage. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

BALTHAZAR'S *House.*

Enter BALTHAZAR, *followed by the* COUNT, *disguised as a* FRIAR.

Balth. These things premis'd, you have my full consent
To try my daughter's humour:—to that end
I have sent for her. But observe me, sir!——
I will use no compulsion with my child:
Though of a merry spirit, I have found her,
In weighty matters, of so ripe a judgment,
That she shall chuse a husband for herself.
If I had tendered thus her sister Zamora,
I should not now have mourn'd a daughter lost!

Enter VOLANTE.

Vol. What is your pleasure?
Balth. Know this holy man;
[*Introducing the* COUNT *to her.*
It is the father confessor I spoke of.
Though he looks young, in all things which respect
His sacred function, he is deeply learn'd.
Vol. It is the Count! [*Aside.*
Balth. I leave you to his guidance:
And do not with that wild wing you are wont
Fly from his questions;—act as may befit
The sober purpose of his visit here;
And, without diminution or concealment,
Commit your actions and your private thoughts
To his examination and free censure.
Vol. I shall observe, sir.— [*Exit* BALTHAZAR.
Nay, 'tis he, I'll swear! [*Aside.*

Count. 'Pray Heaven she don't suspect me!—Well, daughter, you have heard your father's commands?

Vol. Yes: and now he has left us alone, what are we to do?

Count. I am to listen, and you are to confess.

Vol. What! and then you are to confess, and I am to listen?—Oh! I'll confess you! [*Aside.*

Count. Pshaw!

Vol. Well; but what am I to confess?

Count. Your sins, daughter; your sins.

Vol. What! all of them?

Count. Only the great ones.

Vol. The great ones! Oh, you must learn those of my neighbours, whose business it is, like yours, to confess every body's sins but their own. If now you would be content with a few trifling peccadilloes, I would own them to you with all the frankness of an author, who gives his reader the paltry errata of the press, but leaves him to find out all the capital blunders of the work himself.

Count. Nay, lady, this is trifling: I am in haste.

Vol. In haste! then suppose I confess my virtues? you shall have the catalogue of them in a single breath.

Count. Nay, then I must call your father.

Vol. Why, then, to be serious:—If you will tell me of any very enormous offences which I may have lately committed, I shall have no objection in the world to acknowledge them to you.

Count. It is publicly reported, daughter, you are in love.

Vol. So, so! are you there! [*Aside.*] That I am in love?

Count. With a man—

Vol. Why, what should a woman be in love with?

Count. You interrupt me, lady.—A young man.

Vol. I'm not in love with an old one, certainly.—But is love a crime, father?

Count. Heaven forbid!

Vol. Why, then, you have nothing to do with it.

Count. Ay, but the concealing it is a crime.

Vol. Oh, the concealing it is a crime?

Count. Of the first magnitude.

Vol. Why, then, I confess—

Count. Well, what?

Vol. That the Count Montalban—

Count. Go on!

Vol. Is—

Count. Proceed!

Vol. Desperately in love with me:—

Count. Pshaw! that's not to the point!

Vol. Well, well, I'm coming to it:—and not being able in his own person to learn the state of my affections, has taken the benefit of clergy, and assumed the disguise of a friar.

Count. Discovered!

Vol. Ha! ha! ha!—You are but a young masquerader, or you wouldn't have left your vizor at

home. Come, come, Count, pull off your lion's apparel, and confess yourself an ass.

Count. Nay, Volante, hear me!

Vol. Not a step nearer!—The snake is still dangerous, though he has cast his skin. I believe you're the first lover on record that ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults. Now, if you had found out more virtues in my mind than there will ever be room for, and more charms in my person than even my looking glass can create, why, then, indeed—

Count. What then?

Vol. Then I might have confess'd what it's now impossible I can ever confess: and so farewell, my noble count confessor! [*Exit.*

Count. Farewell!
And when I've hit upon the longitude,
And plumb'd the yet unfathom'd ocean,
I'll make another venture for thy love.—
Here comes her father.—I'll be fool'd no longer!

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Balth. Well, sir, how thrive you?

Count. E'en as I deserve:
Your daughter has discovered, laughed at, and left me.

Balth. Yet I've another scheme.

Count. What is't?

Balth. My daughter,
Being a lover of my art, of late
Has vehemently urg'd to see your portrait;
Which, now 'tis finish'd, I stand pledg'd, she shall.
Go to the picture room—stand there conceal'd:
Here is the key. I'll send my daughter straight:
And if, as we suspect, her heart leans tow'rds you,
In some unguarded gesture, speech, or action,
Her love will suddenly break out.—Away!
I hear her coming.

Count. There's some hope in this.

Balth. It shall do wonders.—Hence!

[*Exit* COUNT.

I'll tax her home.

Enter VOLANTE.

Vol. What, is he gone, sir?

Balth. Gone!—d'ye think the man is made of marble?—Yes, he is gone.

Vol. For ever?

Balth. Ay, for ever.

Vol. Alas, poor count!—Or, has he only left you,
To study some new character? Pray, tell me!
What will he next appear in?

Balth. This is folly.
'Tis time to call your wanton spirits home;—
You are too wild of speech.

Vol. My thoughts are free, sir;
And those I utter.

Balth. Far too quickly, girl:
Your shrewdness is a scare-crow to your beauty.

Vol. It will fright none but fools, sir: men of sense must naturally admire in us the quality they most value in themselves; a blockhead only protests against the wit of a woman, because he can't answer her drafts upon his understanding. But now we talk of the count, don't you remember your promise, sir?

Balth. Umph! [*Aside.*] What promise, girl?

Vol. That I should see your picture of him.

Balth. So you shall, when you can treat the original with a little more respect.

Vol. Nay, sir, a promise!

Balth. Well, you'll find the door open:—but, before you go, tell me honestly how do you like the count, his person, and understanding?

Vol. Why, as to his person, I don't think he's handsome enough to pine himself to death for his own shadow, like the youth in the fountain—nor yet

so ugly as to be frightened to dissolution if he should look at himself in a glass. Then, as to his understanding, he has hardly wit enough to pass for a madman, nor yet so little as to be taken for a fool. In short, sir, I think the count is very well worth any young woman's serious contemplation—when she has no other earthly thing to think about. [*Runs off.*

Balth. So the glad bird, that flutters from the net,
Grown wanton with the thought of his escape,
Flies to the limed bush, and there is caught.
I'll steal and watch their progress. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Picture Room.

The COUNT *concealed behind his Portrait.*

Enter VOLANTE.

Vol. Confess that I love the Count!—A woman may do a more foolish thing than fall in love with such a man, and a wiser one than to tell him of it.—[*Looks at the Picture.*] 'Tis very like him;—the hair is a shade too dark—and rather too much complexion for a despairing inamorato. Confess that I love him!—Now there is only his picture; I'll see if I can't play the confessor a little better than he did. "Daughter, they tell me you are in love?"—"Well, father, there is no harm in speaking the truth."—"With the Count Montalban, daughter?—"Father, you have guess'd right!"—"They add, moreover, that

you have named the day for your marriage?"—"There, father, you are misinformed; for, like a discreet maiden, I have left that for him to do."—Then he should throw off his disguise—I should gaze at him with astonishment—he should open his arms, whilst I sunk gently into them.—[*The* COUNT *catches her in his Arms.*]—The count!

Enter BALTHAZAR.

My father, too! Nay, then, I am fairly hunted into the toil. There, take my hand, Count!

Enter a SERVANT, *with a Letter.*

Serv. A letter, sir. [*Exit.*
Balth. From Juliana! [*Opens the Letter.*
Vol. Well, what says she, sir?
Count. This will spoil all. [*Aside.*
Vol. It bears untoward news:—
Is she not well, sir?
Balth. 'Tis not that!
Vol. What then, sir?—
See how he knits his brow!
Balth. Here must be throats cut.
Vol. What moves you thus, sir?
Balth. That, would stir a statue!—
Your friend's a villain, sir! [*To the* COUNT.] Read, read it out.—
And you, if I mistake not, are another!
Vol. What can this mean?
Balth. Peace! Hear him read the letter.
Count. [Reads.] *Dearest father! I am deceived, betrayed, insulted!*
The man, whom I have married, is no duke!
Vol. No duke!
Balth. I'll be revenged!—Read, sir—read!
Count. [Reads.] *He has neither fortune, family, nor friends—*

Balth. You must have known all this, sir.—But proceed!

Count. [Reads.] *He keeps me prisoner here, in a miserable hovel; from whence, unless I am speedily rescued by your interference, you may never hear more of your forlorn, abused,*

JULIANA.

Balth. What answer you to this, sir?

Count. Nothing.

Vol. How!

Balth. 'Tis plain you are a partner in the trick
That robb'd a doting father of his child.

Count. Suspend your anger but a few short days,
And you shall find, though now a mystery
Involves my friend—

Balth. A mystery! What mystery?
There are no mysteries in honest men:
What mystery?
Is he a Duke?

Count. I cannot answer that.

Balth. Then he's a villain!

Count. Nay, upon my soul,
He means you fairly, honourably, nobly.

Balth. I will away to-night.—Olmedo! Perez!
Perhaps your countship means me fairly too,
Nobly and honourably!—

Enter SERVANTS.

Get my horses! [*Exit* SERVANTS.
You have some mystery! but, ere I set
My sole surviving hope on such an hazard,
I'll look into your countship's pedigree:
And for your noble, honourable duke,
I'll travel night and day until I reach him!
And he shall find I am not yet so old
But that my blood will flame at such an insult,
And my sword leap into my grasp. Believe me,
I will have full revenge!

Count. You shall.

Balth. I will, sir!
And speedily!

Count. Proceed, then, on your journey.
With your good leave, I'll bear you company:
And as the traveller, perplex'd awhile
In the benighting mazes of a forest,
Breaks on a champain country, smooth and level,
And sees the sun shine glorious; so shall you, sir,
Behold a bright close, and a golden end,
To this now dark adventure.

Vol. Go, my father!

Balth. You speak in riddles, sir; yet you speak fairly.

Count. And, if I speak not truly, may my hope
In this fair treasure, be extinct for ever!

Balth. Then quickly meet us here, prepar'd for travel.
If, from the cloud that overhangs us now,
Such light should break as you have boldly promis'd,
My daughter and my blessing still are yours, sir.

Count. On that condition I depart. [*Exit.*

Balth. Come, girl!
This shall be sifted thoroughly: till then
You must remain a fresh ungather'd flow'r.

Vol. Well, sir; I am not yet so overblown,
But I may hang some time upon the tree,
And still be worth the plucking.

Balth. True, my girl.—
And better 'twere to wither on thy stem,
And scatter on the earth thy maiden leaves,
Than graft thee where thy sweetness and thy beauty
Would all be wasted.——Come, we must prepare.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Cottage.

Enter the DUKE, *in a Peasant's Dress.*

Duke. She hath compos'd a letter; and, what's worse,
Contriv'd to send it by a village boy
That pass'd the window.—Yet she now appears
Profoundly penitent. It cannot be;
'Tis a conversion too miraculous.
Her cold disdain yields with too free a spirit;
Like ice, which, melted by unnatural heat—
Not by the gradual and kindly thaw
Of the resolving elements—give it air,
Will straight congeal again.—She comes—I'll try her.

Enter JULIANA, *in a Peasant's Dress.*

Why, what's the matter now?
Jul. That foolish letter!
Duke. What! you repent of having written it?
Jul. I do, indeed. I could cut off my fingers
For being partners in the act.
Duke. No matter;
You may indite one in a milder spirit,
That shall pluck out its sting.
Jul. I will—
Duke. You must.
Jul. I will, if 'tis your pleasure.
Duke. Well replied!
I now see plainly you have found your wits,
And are a sober, metamorphos'd woman.
Jul. I am, indeed.

Duke. I know it; I can read you.
There is a true contrition in your looks:—
Yours is no penitence in masquerade—
You are not playing on me?

Jul. Playing, sir!

Duke. You have found out the vanity of those things
For which you lately sigh'd so deep?

Jul. I have, sir.

Duke. A dukedom!—pshaw!—it is an idle thing.

Jul. I have begun to think so.

Duke. That's a lie! [*Aside.*
Is not this quiet and retired spot
More rich, in real pleasures, than a palace?

Jul. I like it infinitely.

Duke. That's another! [*Aside.*
The mansion's small, 'tis true, but very snug.

Jul. Exceeding snug!

Duke. The furniture not splendid,
But very useful.

Jul. All exceeding useful;
There's not a piece on't but serves twenty purposes.
[*Aside.*

Duke. And, though we're seldom plagued by visitors,
We have the best of company—ourselves.
Nor, whilst our limbs are full of active youth,
Need we loll in a carriage, to provoke
A lazy circulation of the blood;
When walking is a nobler exercise.

Jul. More wholesome, too.

Duke. And far less dangerous.

Jul. That's certain!

Duke. Then for servants, all agree,
They are the greatest plagues on earth.

Jul. No doubt on't!

Duke. Who, then, that has a taste for happiness,
Would live in a large mansion, only fit

To be an habitation for the winds;—
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;
See every body, care for nobody;
When they could live as we do?

Jul. Who, indeed?

Duke. Here we want nothing.

Jul. Nothing!—Yes, one thing.

Duke. Indeed! what's that?

Jul. You will be angry!

Duke. Nay—
Not if it be a reasonable thing.

Jul. What wants the bird, who, from his wiry prison,
Sings to the passing travellers of air
A wistful note—that she were with them, sir?

Duke. Umph! What, your liberty? I see it now. [*Aside.*

Jul. 'Twere a pity that in such a Paradise
I should be cag'd!

Duke. Why, whither would you, wife?

Jul. Only to taste the freshness of the air,
That breathes a wholesome spirit from without;
And weave a chaplet for you, of those flow'rs
That throw their perfume through my window bars,
And then I will return, sir.

Duke. You are free;
But use your freedom wisely.

Jul. Doubt me not, sir!—
I'll use it quickly, too. [*Aside, and Exit.*

Duke. But I do doubt you.—
There is a lurking devil in her eye,
That plays at bopeep there, in spite of her.—
Her anger is but smother'd, not burnt out—
And ready, give it vent, to blaze again.
You have your liberty—
But I shall watch you closely, lady,
And see that you abuse it not. [*Exit.*

ACT THE THIRD.

SCENE I.

An Inn.

ROLANDO *sitting at a Table.*

Rol. 'Sdeath, that a reasonable thinking man
Should leave his friend and bottle for a woman!—
Here is the count, now, who, in other matters,
Has a cool judgment, only seeth his blood
With a full glass beyond his usual stint,
And woman, like a wildfire, runs throughout him.—
Immortal man is but a shuttlecock,
And wine and women are the battledores
That keep him going!—What! Eugenio!

Enter ZAMORA.

Zam. Your pleasure, sir?
Rol. I am alone, and wish
One of your songs to bear me company.
Zam. A merry or a sad one, sir?
Rol. No matter.
Zam. I have but one that you have never heard.
Rol. Let it be that.
Zam. I shall obey you, sir.
Now, woman's wit assist me! [*Sings.*

SONG.—ZAMORA.

In vain the tears of anguish flow,
In vain I mourn, in vain I sigh;
For he, alas! will never know,
That I must live for him, or die.

Ah! could I dare myself reveal!
Would not my tale his pity move?—
And sighs of pity seldom fail,
In noble hearts, to waken love.

But should he view, without a tear,
My altering form, my waning bloom,
Then, what is left me but despair!
What refuge but the silent tomb!

Rol. It is a mournful ditty, yet 'tis pleasing!
Zam. It was, indeed, a melancholy tale
From which I learnt it.
Rol. Lives it with you still?
Zam. Faintly, as would an ill-remember'd dream, sir:
Yet so far I remember—Now my heart— [*Aside.*
'Twas of a gentleman—a soldier, sir,
Of a brave spirit; and his outward form
A frame to set a soul in. He had a page,
Just such a boy as I, a faithful stripling,
Who, out of pure affection, and true love,
Follow'd his fortune to the wars.
Rol. Why this
Is our own history.
Zam. So far, indeed,
But not beyond, it bore resemblance, sir.
For in the sequel (if I well remember)
This loving boy—(so, sir, the story ran)—
Turn'd out to be a woman.
Rol. How! a woman?
Zam. Yes, sir, a woman.

Rol. And he not find the secret out!
Zam. 'Twas strange!
Rol. Strange! 'twas impossible! At the first blush,
A palpable and most transparent lie!
Why, if the soldier had been such an ass,
She would herself have blabb'd it!—
Zam. Yet, 'tis said,
She kept it to her death;—that, oft as love
Would heave the struggling passion to her lips,
Shame set a seal upon them:—thus long time
She nourish'd, in this strife of love and modesty,
An inward slow-consuming martyrdom,
Till in the sight of him her soul most cherish'd,—
Like flow'rs, that on a river's margin, fading
Through lack of moisture, drop into the stream,—
So, sinking in his arms, her parting breath
Reveal'd her story.
Rol. You have told it well, boy!—
Zam. I feel it deeply, sir; I knew the lady.
Rol. Knew her! you don't believe it?
Zam. What regards
Her death, I will not vouch for. But the rest—
Her hopeless love, her silent patience,
The struggle 'twixt her passion and her pride—
I was a witness to.—Indeed her story
Is a most true one.
Rol. She should not have died!—
A wench like this were worth a soldier's love:
And were she living now——

Enter the COUNT.

Zam. 'Tis well! [*Aside.*
Count. Strange things have happen'd, since we parted, captain!—
I must away to-night.
Rol. To-night! and whither?
Count. 'Tis yet a secret. Thus much you shall know:—

If a short fifty miles you'll bear me company,
You shall see——

Rol. What?

Count. A woman tam'd.

Rol. No more!
I'll go a hundred!—Do I know the lady?

Count. What think you of our new-made duchess?

Rol. She?
What mortal man has undertaken her?—
Perhaps the keeper of the beasts, the fellow
That puts his head into the lion's mouth?
Or else some tiger-tamer to a nabob?

Count. Who, but her husband?

Rol. With what weapons?

Count. Words.

Rol. With words? why, then he must invent a language
Which yet the learned have no glimpses of.
Fasting and fustigation may do something;
I've heard that death will quiet some of them;
But words?—mere words?—cool'd by the breath of man!—
He may preach tame a howling wilderness;
Silence a full-mouth'd battery with snow-balls;
Quench fire with oil; with his repelling breath
Puff back the northern blast; whistle 'gainst thunder:
These things are feasible—But still a woman
With the nine parts of speech!—

Count. You know him not.

Rol. I know the lady.

Count. Yet, I tell you
He has the trick to draw the serpent's fang,
And yet not spoil her beauty.

Rol. Could he discourse, with fluent eloquence,
More languages than Babel sent abroad,
The simple rhet'ric of her mother tongue
Would pose him presently; for woman's voice
Sounds like a fiddle in a concert, always

The shrillest, if not loudest, instrument.
But we shall see. [*Exeunt* COUNT *and* ROLANDO.

Zam. He was touch'd, surely, with the piteous tale
Which I deliver'd; and, but that the count
Prevented him, would have broke freely out
Into a full confession of his feeling
Tow'rds such a woman as I painted to him.—
Why then, my boy's habiliments, adieu!
Henceforth, my woman's gear—I'll trust to you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter CAMPILLO, *the* DUKE'S STEWARD, *and another* SERVANT.

Serv. But can no one tell the meaning of this fancy?

Camp. No: 'tis the duke's pleasure, and that's enough for us. You shall hear his own words:—

For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it is necessary that Jaquez should, in all things, at present, act as my representative: you will, therefore, command my household to obey him as myself, until you hear further from

(Signed) ARANZA.

Serv. Well, we must wait the upshot. But how bears Jaquez his new dignity?

Camp. Like most men in whom sudden fortune combats against long-established habit.
[*Laughing without.*

Serv. By their merriment, this should be he.

Camp. Stand aside, and let us note him.

Enter JAQUEZ, *dressed as the* DUKE, *followed by* SIX ATTENDANTS, *who in vain endeavour to restrain their Laughter.*

Jaquez. Why, you ragamuffins! what d'ye titter at? Am I the first great man that has been made off-hand by a tailor? Show your grinders again, and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I can't think what they see ridiculous about me, except, indeed, that I feel as if I was in armour, and my sword has a trick of getting between my legs, like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip up my nobility.—And now, villains! don't let me see you tip the wink to each other, as I do the honours of my table. If I tell one of my best stories, don't any of you laugh before the jest comes out, to show that you have heard it before:—take care that you don't call me by my christian name, and then pretend it was by accident;—that shall be transportation at least:—and when I drink a health to all friends, don't think that any of you are in the number.

Enter a SERVANT.

Well, sir?

Serv. There is a lady without presses vehemently to speak to your grace.

Jaquez. A lady?

Serv. Yes, your highness.

Jaquez. Is she young?

Serv. Very, your grace!

Jaquez. Handsome?

Serv. Beautiful, your highness!

Jaquez. Send her in.—[*Exit* SERVANT.]—You may retire; I'll finish my instructions bye-and-bye.—— Young and handsome!—I'll attend to her business in *propria persona.* Your old and ugly ones I shall dis-

patch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my consequence, and then sooth her with my condescension. I must appear important; big as a country pedagogue, when he enters the school-room with—a-hem! and terrifies the apple-munching urchins with the creaking of his shoes. I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind; and look burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked down the unhallowed stall of a profane old apple woman.—Bring my chair of state!—

Enter JULIANA.

Jul. I come, great duke, for justice!

Jaquez. You shall have it.
Of what do you complain?

Jul. My husband, sir!

Jaquez. I'll hang him instantly!—What's his offence?

Jul. He has deceiv'd me.

Jaquez. A very common case;—few husbands answer their wives' expectations.

Jul. He has abus'd your grace—

Jaquez. Indeed! if he has done that, he swings most loftily. But how, lady, how?

Jul. Shortly thus, sir:
Being no better than a low-born peasant,
Assuming your high character and person—

Enter the DUKE.

Oh! you are here, sir?—This is he, my lord.

Jaquez. Indeed! [*Aside.*] Then I must tickle him. Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an alehouse, that you enter with such a swagger?—Know you where you are, sir?

Duke. The rogue reproves me well! [*Aside.*] I had forgot.
Most humbly I entreat your grace's pardon,
For this unusher'd visit; but the fear

Of what this wayward woman might allege
Beyond the truth—

Jul. I have spoke naught but truth.—

Duke. Has made me thus——

Jaquez. 'Tis well!—you might have us'd more ceremony.
Proceed. [*To* JULIANA.

Jul. This man, my lord, as I was saying,
Passing himself upon my inexperience
For the right owner of this sumptuous palace,
Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife;
And cheated, by this shameful perfidy,
Me of my hopes—my father of his child.

Jaquez. Why, this is swindling;—obtaining another man's goods under false pretences,—that is, if a woman be a good—that will make a very intricate point for the judges.—Well, sir, what have you to say in your defence?

Duke. I do confess I put this trick upon her;
And for my transient usurpation
Of your most noble person, with contrition
I bow me to the rigour of the law.—
But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

Jul. How! not complain? To be thus vilely cozen'd,
And not complain!

Jaquez. Peace, woman!—Though Justice be blind, she is not deaf.

Duke. He does it to the life! [*Aside.*
Had not her most exceeding pride been doting,
She might have seen the diff'rence, at a glance,
Between your grace and such a man as I am.

Jaquez. She might have seen that certainly.——
Proceed.

Duke. Nor did I fall so much beneath her sphere,
Being what I am, as she had soar'd above it
Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

Jaquez. Yet, you deceiv'd her?

Jul. Let him answer that!

Duke. I did: most men in something cheat their wives;
Wives gull their husbands; 'tis the course of wooing.
Now, bating that my title and my fortune
Were evanescent, in all other things
I acted like a plain and honest suitor.
I told her she was fair, but very proud;
That she had taste in music, but no voice;
That she danc'd well, yet still might borrow grace
From such or such a lady. To be brief;
I prais'd her for no quality she had not,
Nor over-priz'd the talents she possess'd:—
Now, save in what I have before confess'd,
I challenge her worst spite to answer me,
Whether, in all attentions, which a woman—
A gentle and a reasonable woman—
Looks for, I have not to the height fulfill'd,
If not outgone, her expectations?

Jaquez. Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you were married—

Duke. I dare her to the proof on't.

Jaquez. Is it so? [*To* JULIANA.

Jul. I don't complain of what has happen'd since;
The man has made a tolerable husband.
But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me,
I claim to be divorc'd.

Jaquez. It cannot be!

Jul. Cannot! my lord?

Jaquez. No.—You must live with him!

Jul. Never!

Duke. Or, if your grace will give me leave—
We have been wedded yet a few short days—
Let us wear out a month as man and wife;
If at the end on't, with uplifted hands,
Morning and ev'ning, and sometimes at noon,
And bended knees, she doesn't plead more warmly

Than ere she prayed 'gainst stale virginity,
To keep me for her husband—

Jul. If I do!—

Duke. Then let her will be done, that seeks to part us!

Jul. I do implore your grace to let it stand
Upon that footing!

Jaquez. Humph!—well it shall be so!—with this proviso—that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in the mean time. [*Rises.*

Duke. We thank your providence.—Come, Juliana—

Jul. Well, there's my hand—a month's soon past, and then—
I am your humble servant, sir.

Duke. For ever.

Jul. Nay, I'll be hang'd first.

Duke. That may do as well!
Come, you'll think better on't!

Jul. By all——

Duke. No swearing.

Jaquez. No, no—no swearing.

Duke. We humbly take our leaves.

[*Exeunt the* DUKE, JULIANA, *and* SERVANTS.

Jaquez. I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves, and the steadiness of my countenance, that I was certainly intended for a great man;—for what more does it require to be a great man, than boldly to put on the appearance of it?—How many sage politicians are there, who can scarce comprehend the mystery of a mousetrap;—valiant generals, who wouldn't attack a bulrush, unless the wind were in their favour; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wigblocks;—and skilful physicians, whose knowledge extends no further than writing death-warrants in latin; and are shining examples—that a man will never want gold in his pocket, who carries

plenty of brass in his face!—It will be rather awkward, to be sure, to resign at the end of a month:—but, like other great men in office, I must make the most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out—as a wellbred dog always walks down stairs, when he sees preparations on foot for kicking him into the street. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

An Inn.

Enter BALTHAZAR, *as having fallen from his Horse, supported by* VOLANTE, *and the* COUNT, *and preceded by the* HOSTESS.

Hostess. This way, this way, if you please.—Alas poor gentleman! [*Brings a Chair.*] How do you feel now, sir? [*They set him down.*

Balth. I almost think my brains are where they should be——
Confound the jade!—though they dance merrily
To their own music.

Count. Is a surgeon sent for?

Hostess. Here he comes, sir.

Enter LAMPEDO.

Lamp. Is this the gentleman?

Balth. I want no surgeon; all my bones are whole.

Vol. Pray, take advice!

Balth. Well!—Doctor, I have doubts
Whether my soul be shaken from my body,—
Else I am whole.

Lamp. Then you are safe, depend on't;
Your soul and body are not yet divorc'd—
Though if they were, we have a remedy.
Nor have you fracture, sir, simple or compound;—
Yet very feverish! I begin to fear
Some inward bruise—a very raging pulse!—
We must phlebotomize!

Balth. You won't! Already
There is too little blood in these old veins
To do my cause full justice.

Lamp. Quick, and feverish!—
He must lie down a little; for as yet,
His blood and spirits being all in motion,
There is too great confusion in the symptoms,
To judge discreetly from.

Balth. I'll not lie down!

Vol. Nay; for an hour or so!

Balth. Well, be it so.

Hostess. I'll show you to a chamber; this way, this way, if you please. [*Exeunt all but* LAMPEDO.

Lamp. 'Tis the first patient, save the miller's mare,
And an old lady's cat, that has the phthisic,
That I have touch'd these six weeks.—Well, good hostess!

Enter HOSTESS.

How fares your guest?

Hostess. He must not go to-night!

Lamp. No—nor to-morrow—

Hostess. Nor the next day, neither!

Lamp. Leave that to me.—

Hostess. He has no hurt, I fear.

Lamp. None:—but, as you're his cook, and I'm his doctor,
Such things may happen.—You must make him ill,
And I must keep him so—for, to say truth,
'Tis the first biped customer I've handled

This many a day:—they fall but slowly in—
Like the subscribers to my work on fevers.

Hostess. Hard times indeed!—no business stirring my way.

Lamp. So I should guess, from your appearance, hostess.
You look as if, for lack of company,
You were oblig'd to eat up your whole larder.

Hostess. Alas! 'tis so—
Yet I contrive to keep my spirits up.

Lamp. Yes; and your flesh too.—Look at me!

Hostess. Why, truly,
You look half starv'd.

Lamp. Half starv'd! I wish you'd tell me
Which half of me is fed. I show more points
Than an old horse, that has been three weeks pounded—
Yet I do all to tempt them into sickness.
Have I not, in the jaws of bankruptcy,
And to the desolation of my person,
Painted my shop, that it looks like a rainbow?—
New double-gilt my pestle and my mortar,
That some, at distance, take it for the sun?
And blaz'd in flaming letters o'er my door,
Each one a glorious constellation,
Surgeon, apothecary, accoucheur—
(For midwife is grown vulgar)?—Yet they ail not:
Phials and gallipots still keep their ranks,
As if there was no cordial virtue in them.
The healing chime of pulverising drugs
They shun as 'twere a tolling bell, or death-watch.
I never give a dose, or set a limb!—
But, come, we must devise, we must devise
How to make much of this same guest, sweet Hostess.

Hostess. You know I always make the most of them.

Lamp. Spoke like an ancient tapstress!—Come, let's in—

And, whilst I sooth my bowels with an omelette
(For, like a nest of new-wak'd rooklings, Hostess,
They caw for provender), and take a glass
Of thy Falernian—we will think of means;——
For though to cure men be beyond our skill,
'Tis hard, indeed, if we can't keep them ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

The Cottage.

Enter the DUKE, *bringing in* JULIANA, *having overtaken her in an attempt to escape.*

Duke. Nay, no resistance!—for a month, at least,
I am your husband.
Jul. True!—and what's a husband?
Duke. Why, as some wives would metamorphose him,
A very miserable ass indeed!—
Mere fullers' earth, to bleach their spotted credit!
A blotting paper, to drink up their stains!
Jul. True, there are many such.
Duke. And there are men
Whom not a swelling lip, or wrinkled brow,
Or the loud rattle of a woman's tongue—
Or, what's more hard to parry, the warm close
Of lips, that from the inmost heart of man
Plucks out his stern resolves—can move one jot
From the determin'd purpose of his soul,
Or stir an inch from his prerogative.—
Ere it be long, you'll dream of such a man.
Jul. Where, waking, shall I see him?
Duke. Look on me!
Come to your chamber!

Jul. I won't be confin'd!
Duke. Won't!—Say you so?
Jul. Well, then, I do request
You won't confine me!
Duke. You'll leave me?
Jul. No, indeed!
As there is truth in language, on my soul
I will not leave you!
Duke. You've deceiv'd me once—
Jul. And, therefore, do not merit to be trusted.
I do confess it:—but, by all that's sacred,
Give me my liberty, and I will be
A patient, drudging, most obedient wife!
Duke. Yes; but a grumbling one?
Jul. No; on my honour,
I will do all you ask, ere you have said it.
Duke. Have a care!
For if I catch ye on the wing again,
I'll clip ye closer than a garden hawk,
And put ye in a cage where daylight comes not;
Where you may fret your pride against the bars,
Until your heart break. See who's at the door!—
See who's at the door.
[*Knocking at the Door.—She goes and returns.*

Enter LOPEZ.

My neighbour Lopez!—Welcome, sir!—My wife—
[*Introducing her.*
A chair! [*To* JULIANA.—*She brings a Chair to* LOPEZ, *and throws it down.*] Your pardon—you'll excuse her, sir—
A little awkward, but exceeding willing.
One for your husband!—[*She brings another Chair, and is going to throw it down as before; but the* DUKE *looking stedfastly at her, she desists, and places it gently by him.*]—Pray be seated, neighbour!—

Now, you may serve yourself.
Jul. I thank you, sir,
I'd rather stand.
Duke. I'd rather you should sit.
Jul. If you will have it so—'Would I were dead!
[*Aside.—She brings a Chair, and sits down.*
Duke. Though, now I think again, 'tis fit you stand,
That you may be more free to serve our guest.
Jul. Even as you command! [*Rises.*
Duke. You will eat something? [*To* LOPEZ.
Lopez. Not a morsel, thank ye.
Duke. Then, you will drink?—a glass of wine, at least?
Lopez. Well, I am warm with walking, and care not if I do taste your liquor.
Duke. You have some wine, wife?
Jul. I must e'en submit! [*Exit.*
Duke. This visit, sir, is kind and neighbourly.
Lopez. I came to ask a favour of you. We have to-day a sort of merrymaking on the green hard by—'twere too much to call it a dance—and as you are a stranger here—

Enter JULIANA, *with a Horn of Liquor.*

Duke. [*Taking it.*] What have we here?
Jul. 'Tis wine—you call'd for wine!
Duke. And did I bid you bring it in a nutshell?
Lopez. Nay, there is plenty!
Duke. I can't suffer it.
You must excuse me. [*To* LOPEZ.] When friends drink with us,
'Tis usual, love, to bring it in a jug,
Or else they may suspect we grudge our liquor.
You understand!—A jug!
Jul. I shall remember. [*Exit.*
Lopez. I am asham'd to give you so much trouble.

Duke. No trouble; she must learn her duty, sir:
I'm only sorry you should be kept waiting.
But you were speaking—

Lopez. As I was saying, it being the conclusion of our vintage, we have assembled the lads and lasses of the village—

Enter JULIANA.

Duke. Now we shall do! [*Pours out.*
Why, what the devil's this?

Jul. Wine, sir?

Duke. This wine?—'Tis foul as ditch-water!—
Did you shake the cask?

Jul. What shall I say? [*Aside.*] Yes, sir.

Duke. You did?

Jul. I did.

Duke. I thought so!
Why, do you think, my love, that wine is physic,
That must be shook before 'tis swallow'd?—
Come, try again!

Jul. I'll go no more!

Duke. You won't?

Jul. I won't!

Duke. You won't! [*Showing the Key.*
You had forgot yourself, my love!

Jul. Well, I obey! [*Exit.*

Duke. Was ever man so plagued!
You have a wife, no doubt, of more experience,
Who would not by her awkwardness disgrace
Herself or husband thus? This 'tis to marry
An inexperienc'd girl!

Enter JULIANA.

Ay, this looks well! [*Pouring it out.*

Jul. The heavens be prais'd!

Duke. Come, sir, your judgment?

Lopez. 'Tis excellent!—But, as I was saying, to-

day we have some country pastimes on the green.—Will it please you both to join our simple recreations?

Duke. We will attend you. Come, renew your draught, sir!

Lopez. We shall expect you presently:—till then, good even, sir.

Duke. Good even, neighbour. [*Exit* LOPEZ.] Go
and make you ready.

Jul. I take no pleasure in these rural sports.

Duke. Then you shall go to please your husband.
Hold!
I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you,
To stretch the gaping eyes of ideot wonder,
And make men stare upon a piece of earth
As on the star-wrought firmament—no feathers
To wave as streamers to your vanity—
Nor cumbrous silk, that, with its rustling sound,
Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorn'd
Amply, that in her husband's eye looks lovely—
The truest mirror that an honest wife
Can see her beauty in!

Jul. I shall observe, sir.

Duke. I should like well to see you in the dress
I last presented you.

Jul. The blue one, sir?—

Duke. No, love, the white.—Thus, modestly attir'd,
An half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair,
With no more diamonds than those eyes are made of,
No deeper rubies than compose thy lips,
Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them;
With the pure red and white, which that same hand
Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks;
This well-proportion'd form (think not I flatter)
In graceful motion to harmonious sounds,
And thy free tresses dancing in the wind;—
Thou'lt fix as much observance, as chaste dames
Can meet, without a blush. [*Exit* JULIANA.

I'll trust her with these bumpkins. There no coxcomb
Shall buz his fulsome praises in her ear,
And swear she has in all things, save myself,
A most especial taste. No meddling gossip
(Who, having claw'd or cuddled into bondage
The thing misnam'd a husband, privately
Instructs less daring spirits to revolt)
Shall, from the fund of her experience, teach her
When lordly man can best be made a fool of;
And how, and when, and where, with most success,
Domestic treaties, on the woman's side,
Are made and ratified.—
Ye that would have obedient wives, beware
Of meddling woman's kind officious care. *Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The Inn.

Enter HOSTESS, *followed by* LAMPEDO.

Hostess. Nay, nay, another fortnight.
Lamp. It can't be.
The man's as well as I am:—have some mercy!—
He hath been here almost three weeks already.

Hostess. Well, then, a week!
Lamp. We may contrive a week!

Enter BALTHAZAR *behind, in his Nightgown, with a drawn Sword.*

You talk now like a reasonable hostess,
That sometimes has a reck'ning—with her conscience.
Hostess. He still believes he has an inward bruise.
Lamp. I would to Heaven he had! or that he'd slipt
His shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two,
(Not that I bear his person any malice)
Or lux'd an arm, or even sprain'd his ancle!
Hostess. Ay, broken any thing except his neck.
Lamp. However, for a week I'll manage him.
Though he has the constitution of a horse—
A farrier should prescribe for him!
Balth. A farrier! [*Aside.*
Lamp. To-morrow we phlebotomize again;
Next day my new-invented patent draught:—
Then I have some pills prepar'd.
On Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—
Balth. [*Coming forward.*] Well, sir, on Friday?—what on Friday? come,
Proceed——
Lamp. Discovered!
Hostess. Mercy, noble sir!
[*They fall on their Knees.*
Lamp. We crave your mercy!
Balth. On your knees? 'tis well!
Pray, for your time is short.
Hostess. Nay, do not kill us!
Balth. You have been tried, condemn'd, and only wait
For execution. Which shall I begin with?
Lamp. The lady, by all means, sir!

Balth. Come, prepare. [*To the* HOSTESS.

Hostess. Have pity on the weakness of my sex!

Balth. Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross flesh,
Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—
If you attempt it—[*To* LAMPEDO, *who is endeavouring to make off.*]—you have cook'd up for me?

Hostess. None, as I hope for mercy!

Balth. Is not thy wine a poison?

Hostess. No, indeed, sir!
'Tis not, I own, of the first quality;
But——

Balth. What?

Hostess. I always give short measure, sir,
And ease my conscience that way.

Balth. Ease your conscience!
I'll ease your conscience for you!

Hostess. Mercy, sir!

Balth. Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

Hostess. Your commands, sir?

Balth. If in five minutes all things are prepar'd
For my departure, you may yet survive.

Hostess. It shall be done in less.

Balth. Away, thou lump-fish! [*Exit* HOSTESS.

Lamp. So now comes my turn!—'tis all over with me!—
There's dagger, rope, and ratsbane, in his looks!

Balth. And now, thou sketch and outline of a man!
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun!
Thou eel in a consumption, eldest born
Of Death on Famine! thou anatomy
Of a starv'd pilchard!—

Lamp. I do confess my leanness.—I am spare!
And therefore spare me!

Balth. Why! wouldst thou have made me
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass through?

Lamp. Man, you know, must live!—

Balth. Yes: he must die, too.

Lamp. For my patients' sake!

Balth. I'll send you to the major part of them.—
The window, sir, is open;—come, prepare—

Lamp. Pray consider!
I may hurt some one in the street.

Balth. For thou must sup with Pluto:—So, make ready!
Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,
Let thy starv'd spirit out—for blood thou hast none—
And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look
Like a dry'd beetle, with a pin stuck through him.

Lamp. Consider my poor wife!

Balth. Thy wife!

Lamp. My wife, sir!

Balth. Hast thou dar'd think of matrimony, too?
No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife!

Lamp. I took a wife, because I wanted flesh.
I have a wife, and three angelic babes,
Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless!

Balth. Well, well! your wife and children shall plead for you.
Come, come! the pills! where are the pills? produce them!

Lamp. Here is the box.

Balth. Were it Pandora's, and each single pill
Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

Lamp. What, all?

Balth. Ay, all; and quickly too:—Come, sir, begin!

Lamp. One's a dose!

Balth. Proceed, sir!

Lamp. What will become of me?——
Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,
And, like immortal Cæsar, die with decency!

Balth. Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not

Bray'd thee in thine own mortar, or expos'd thee
For a new specimen of the lizard genus.

Lamp. 'Would I were one—for they can feed on air!

Balth. Home, sir! and be more honest! [*Exit.*

Lamp. If I am not,
I'll be more wise at least! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter ZAMORA, *in Woman's Apparel, veiled.*

Zam. Now, all good spirits, that delight to prosper
The undertakings of chaste love, assist me!—
Yonder he comes: I'll rest upon this bank.—
If I can move his curiosity,
The rest may follow.

[*She reclines upon the Bank, pretending sleep.*

Enter ROLANDO.

Rol. What, hoa; Eugenio!
He is so little apt to play the truant,
I fear some mischief has befallen him.

[*Sees* ZAMORA.

What have we here?—a woman!—By this light,
Or rather by this darkness, 'tis a woman!
Doing no mischief,—only dreaming of it!—
It is the stillest, most inviting spot!
We are alone!—if, without waking her,
I could just brush the fresh dew from her lips,
As the first blush of morn salutes the rose—
Hold, hold, Rolando! art thou not forsworn,

If thou but touchest even the finger's end
Of fickle woman?—I have sworn an oath,
That female flesh and blood should ne'er provoke me;—
That is, in towns, or cities: I remember
There was a special clause,—or should have been,—
Touching a woman sleeping in a wood:
For though, to the strict letter of the law,
We bind our neighbours; yet, in our own cause,
We give a liberal and large construction
To its free spirit. Therefore, gentle lady—
[*She stirs, as if awaking.*
Hush!—she prevents me. Pardon, gentle fair one,
That I have broke thus rudely on your slumbers?
But, for the interruption I have caus'd,
You see me ready, as a gentleman,
To make you all amends.

Zam. To a stranger
You offer fairly, sir; but from a stranger—

Rol. What shall I say?—Not so; you are no Stranger!

Zam. Do you then know me?—Heav'n forbid!
[*Aside.*

Rol. Too well.

Zam. How, sir?

Rol. I've known you, lady, 'bove a twelvemonth;
And, from report, lov'd you an age before.
Why, is it possible you never heard
Of my sad passion?

Zam. Never.

Rol. You amaze me!

Zam. What can he mean? [*Aside.*

Rol. The sonnets I have written to your beauty
Have kept a paper-mill in full employ:
And then the letters I have giv'n by dozens
Unto your chambermaid!—but I begin,
By this unlook'd-for strangeness you put on,
Almost to think she ne'er deliver'd them.

Zam. Indeed she never did.—He does but jest.
[*Aside.*
I'll try. [*Aside.*]—Perhaps you misdirected them?
What superscription did you put upon them?
Rol. What superscription?—None!
Zam. None!
Rol. Not a tittle!
Think ye, fair lady, I have no discretion?—
I left a blank—that, should they be mislaid,
Or lost, you know——
Zam. And in your sonnets, sir,
What title was I honour'd by?
Rol. An hundred!—
All but your real one.
Zam. What is that? [*Quickly.*
Rol. She has me.—
'Faith, lady,
I know you not; never before beheld you;
Yet I'm in love with you extempore:
And though, by a tremendous oath, I'm bound
Never to hold communion with your sex,
Yet has your beauty, and your modesty—
Come, let me see your face—
Zam. Nay; that would prove
I had no modesty, perhaps nor beauty.—
Besides, I too have taken a rash oath,
Never to love but one man
Rol. At a time?
Zam. One at all times.
Rol. You're right:—I am the man.
Zam. You are indeed, sir!
Rol. How! now *you* are jesting!
Zam. No, on my soul!—I have sent up to Heav'n
A sacred and irrevocable vow;
And if, as some believe, there does exist
A spirit in the waving of the woods,
Life in the leaping torrent, in the hills
And seated rocks a contemplating soul,

Brooding on all things round them, to all nature
I here renew the solemn covenant—
Never to love but you, sir.

Rol. And who are you?

Zam. In birth and breeding, sir, a gentlewoman:
And, but I know the high pitch of your mind
From such low thoughts maintains a tow'ring distance,
I would add, rich; yet is it no misfortune.—
Virtuous, I will say boldly. Of my shape,
Your eyes are your informers. For my face,
I cannot think of that so very meanly,
For you have often prais'd it.

Rol. I!—Unveil, then,
That I may praise it once again.

Enter VOLANTE.

Zam. Not now, sir,
We are observ'd.

Rol. [*Seeing* VOLANTE.] Confusion!—this she-devil —
'Tis time, then, to redeem my character.—
I tell you, lady, you must be mistaken,
I'm not the man you want.—[*To* ZAMORA.] Meet me to-night. [*Aside.*
Will not that answer serve?—At eight precisely. [*Aside.*
I tell you, 'tis not I. [*Aloud.*] Here, on this spot. [*Aside.*

Zam. I humbly beg your pardon.

Rol. Well, you have it;—
Remember.—

Zam. Trust me! [*Exit.*

Rol. A most strange adventure! Pray, lady, do you know who that importunate woman is that just left us?

Vol. No, signor.

Rol. [*They walk by each other, he whistling, and she humming a Tune.*] Have you any business with me?

Vol. I wanted to see you, that's all. They tell me you are a soldier.

Rol. And why not an officer?

Vol. True, you are an officer, and no soldier; the valiant captain that have turned woman-hater, as the boy left off eating nuts, because he met with a sour one.

Rol. 'Would I were in a freemasons' lodge!

Vol. Why there?

Rol. They never admit women.

Vol. It must be a dull place.

Rol. Exceeding quiet.—How shall I shake off this gadfly?—Did you ever see a man mad?

Vol. Never.

Rol. I shall be mad presently.

Vol. I hope it won't be long first. I can wait an hour or so.

Rol. I tell you, I shall be mad!

Vol. Will it be of the merry sort?

Rol. Stark-staring, maliciously, mischievously mad!

Vol. Nay, then I can't think of leaving you; for you'll want a keeper.

Rol. 'Would thou hadst one!—If it were valiant now to beat a woman—

Vol. Well! why don't you begin? Pshaw! you have none of the right symptoms. You're as much in your sober senses as I am!

Rol. Then I am mad incurably! Will you go forward?

Vol. No.

Rol. Backward?

Vol. No.

Rol. Will you stay where you are?

Vol. No. Rank and file, captain:—I mean to be one of your company.

Rol. Impossible! You're not tall enough for any thing but a drummer: and then the noise of your

tongue would drown the stoutest sheepskin in Christendom.

Vol. Can you find no employment for me?

Rol. No: you are fit for nothing but to beat hemp in a workhouse, to the tuneful accompaniment of a beadle's whip.

Vol. I could be content to be so employed, if I was sure you would reap the full benefit of my labour.

Rol. Nay, then I'll go another way to work with you,—What, hoa, Eugenio! serjeant! corporal!

Vol. Nay, then, 'tis time to scamper: he's bringing his whole regiment on me! [*Exit.*

Rol. She's gone; and has left me happy.—
But this other:—How is her absence irksome!
There is such magic in her graceful form,
Such sweet persuasion in her gentle tongue,
As thaws my firm resolves, and changes me
To that same soft and pliant thing I was,
Ere yet I knew a haughty woman's scorn. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

A Rural Scene.

A Dance of Rustics. LOPEZ *seeing the* DUKE *and* JULIANA *approach.*

Lopez. Hold!—our new guests.

Enter the DUKE *and* JULIANA.

Neighbours, you're kindly welcome.
Will't please you join the dance, or be mere gazers?

Duke. I am for motion, if this lady here
Would trip it with me.

Lopez. My wife, sir—at your service!
If it be no offence, I'll jig with yours.

Duke. By all means. Lady, by your leave—
[*Salutes* LOPEZ'S *Wife.*

Lopez. A good example—
[*Attempts to salute* JULIANA;—*she boxes his Ears.*

Jul. Badly follow'd, sir!

Lopez. Zounds! what a tingler!

Duke. Are you not asham'd? [*To* JULIANA.
My wife is young, sir; she'll know better soon
Than to return a courtesy so tartly:—
Yours has been better tutor'd.

Lopez. Tutor'd! Zounds!—
I only meant to ape your husband, lady!
He kisses where he pleases.

Jul. So do I, sir!
Not where I have no pleasure.

Duke. Excellent! [*Aside.*

Jul. My lips are not my own. My hand is free, sir. [*Offering it.*

Lopez. Free! I'll be sworn it is!

Jul. Will't please you take it?

Duke. Excuse her rustic breeding: she is young;
And you will find her nimble in the dance.

Lopez. Come, then, let's have a stirring roundelay.
[*They dance.*

ACT THE FIFTH.

SCENE I.

The Cottage.

JULIANA, *sitting at her Needle, sings; during which the* DUKE *steals in behind.*

SONG.

At the front of a cottage, with woodbine grown o'er,
Fair Lucy sat turning her wheel,
Unconscious that William was just at the door,
And heard her her passion reveal.
The bells rung,
And she sung,
Ding, dong, dell,
It were well
If they rung for dear William and me.

But when she look'd up, and her lover espy'd,
Ah! what was the maiden's surprise!
She blush'd as he woo'd her and call'd her his bride,
And answer'd him only with sighs.
The bells rung,
And she sung,
Ding, dong, dell,
It is well!
They shall ring for dear William and me!

Duke. Ay, this looks well, when, like the humming bee,
We lighten labour with a cheerful song.
Come, no more work to-night!—[*Sits by her.*] It is the last
That we shall spend beneath this humble roof:
Our fleeting month of trial being past,
To-morrow you are free.
Jul. Nay, now you mock me,
And turn my thoughts upon my former follies.
You know, that, to be mistress of the world,
I would not leave you.
Duke. No!
Jul. No, on my honour.
Duke. I think you like me better than you did!—
And yet 'tis natural: Come, come, be honest;
You have a sort of hank'ring,—no wild wish,
Or vehement desire, yet a slight longing,
A simple preference—if you had your choice,—
To be a duchess, rather than the wife
Of a low peasant?
Jul. No, indeed you wrong me!
Duke. I mark'd you closely at the palace, wife.
In the full tempest of your speech, your eye
Would glance to take the room's dimensions,
And pause upon each ornament; and then
There would break from you a half-smother'd sigh,
Which spoke distinctly—"these should have been mine."
And, therefore, though with a well temper'd spirit,
You have some secret swellings of the heart
When these things rise to your imagination.
Jul. No, never: sometimes in my dreams, indeed,—
You know we cannot help our dreams!—
Duke. What then?
Jul. Why, I confess, that sometimes, in my dreams,
A noble house and splendid equipage,
Diamonds and pearls, and gilded furniture,

Will glitter, like an empty pageant, by me;
And then I'm apt to rise a little feverish.
But never do my sober waking thoughts,—
As I'm a woman worthy of belief,—
Wander to such forbidden vanities.
Yet, after all, it was a scurvy trick—
Your palace, and your pictures, and your plate;
Your fine plantations, your delightful gardens,
That were a second Paradise—for fools;
And then your grotto, so divinely cool;
Your Gothic summer-house, and Roman temple;
'Twould puzzle much an antiquarian
To find out their remains!

Duke. No more of that!

Jul. You had a dozen spacious vineyards, too;—
Alas! the grapes are sour;—and, above all,
The Barbary courser, that was breaking for me—

Duke. Nay, you shall ride him yet.

Jul. Indeed!

Duke. Believe me,
We must forget these things!

Jul. They are forgot.
And, by this kiss, we'll think of them no more,
But when we want a theme to make us merry.

Duke. It was an honest one, and spoke thy soul;
And by the fresh lip and unsullied breath,
Which join'd to give it sweetness—

Enter BALTHAZAR.

Jul. How! my father!

Duke. Signor Balthazar! You are welcome, sir,
To our poor habitation.

Balth. Welcome, villain?
I come to call your dukeship to account,
And to reclaim my daughter.

Duke. You will find her
Reclaim'd already:—or I've lost my pains. [*Aside.*

Balth. Let me come at him!

Jul. Patience, my dear father!
Duke. Nay, give him room. Put up your weapon, sir—
'Tis the worst argument a man can use;
So let it be the last! As for your daughter,
She passes by another title here,
In which your whole authority is sunk—
My lawful wife.
Balth. Lawful!—his lawful wife!
I shall go mad! Did you not basely steal her,
Under a vile pretence?
Duke. What I have done
I'll answer to the law.—
Of what do you complain?
Balth. Why, are you not
A most notorious self-confess'd impostor?
Duke. True!—I am somewhat dwindled from the state
In which you lately knew me; nor alone
Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder,
You'll find your daughter is not what she was.
Balth. How, Juliana?
Jul. 'Tis indeed most true.
I left you, sir, a froward foolish girl,
Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,
Which, without judgment, I would vent on all.
But I have learnt this truth indelibly,—
That modesty, in deed, in word, and thought,
Is the prime grace of woman; and with that,
More than by frowning looks and saucy speeches,
She may persuade the man that rightly loves her.
Balth. Amazement! Why, this metamorphosis
Exceeds his own!—What spells, what cunning witchcraft
Has he employ'd?
Jul. None: he has simply taught me
To look into myself: his powerful rhet'ric

Hath with strong influence impress'd my heart,
And made me see at length the thing I have been,
And what I am, sir.

Balth. Are you then content
To live with him?

Jul. Content?—I am most happy!

Balth. Can you forget your crying wrongs?

Jul. Not quite, sir:
They sometimes serve us to make merry with.

Balth. How like a villain he abus'd your father?

Jul. You will forgive him that for my sake!

Balth. Never!

Duke. Why, then, 'tis plain, you seek your own revenge,
And not your daughter's happiness!

Balth. No matter.
I charge you, on your duty as my daughter,
Follow me!

Duke. On a wife's obedience,
I charge you, stir not!

Jul. You, sir, are my father;
At the bare mention of that hallow'd name,
A thousand recollections rise within me,
To witness you have ever been a kind one:—
This is my husband, sir!

Balth. Thy husband; well—

Jul. 'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means
He us'd—I am irrevocably his:
And when he pluck'd me from my parent tree,
To graft me on himself, he gather'd with me
My love, my duty, my obedience;
And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly
To do his reasonable bidding now,
As once to follow yours.

Duke. Most excellent! [*Aside.*

Balth. Yet I will be reveng'd!

Duke. You would have justice! [*To* BALTHAZAR.

Balth. I will.

Duke. Then forthwith meet me at the duke's!

Balth. What pledge have I for your appearance there?

Duke. Your daughter, sir.—Nay, go, my Juliana!
'Tis my request: within an hour at farthest,
I shall expect to see you at the palace.

Balth. Come, Juliana.—You shall find me there, sir.

Duke. Look not thus sad at parting, Juliana:
All will run smooth yet.

Balth. Come!

Jul. Heav'n grant it may!

Duke. The duke shall right us all, without delay.

[*Exeunt, different Ways.*

SCENE II.

A Wood.

Enter VOLANTE, *and Four of the* COUNT'S SERVANTS, *masked.*

Vol. That's he, stealing down the pathway yonder.
Put on your vizors—and remember, not a word!

[*They retire.*

Enter ROLANDO.

Now I shall be even with your hemp-beating. [*Exit.*

Rol. Here am I come to be a woman's toy,
And, spite of sober reason, play the fool.—
'Tis a most grievous thing, that a man's blood
Will ever thwart his noble resolution,
And make him deaf to other argument
Than the quick beating of his pulse. [*They come forward, and surround him.*] Heyday!
Why, what are these? If it be no offence,
May I inquire your business?

[*They hold a Pistol to each Side of his Head.*

Now I can guess it. Pray, reserve your fire!—
[*They proceed to bind him.*
What can this mean?—Mute, gentlemen—all mute?
Pray, were ye born of women?—Still ye are mute!
Why, then, perhaps you mean to strangle me.
[*They bind him to a Tree, and go off.*
How! gone? Why, what the devil can this mean?
It is the oddest end to an amour!—

Enter VOLANTE, *and Three other* WOMEN.

Vol. This is the gentleman we're looking for.
Rol. Looking for me? You are mistaken, ladies:
What can you want with such a man as I am?
I am poor, ladies, miserably poor;—
I am old too, though I look young; quite old,
The ruins of a man. Nay, come not near me!
I would for you I were a porcupine,
And every quill a death!

Vol. By my faith, he rails valiantly, and has a valiant sword too, if he could draw it! Was ever poor gentleman so near a rope without being able to hang himself!

Rol. I could bear being bound in every limb,
So ye were tongue-ty'd.
That I could cast out devils to torment you!—
Though ye would be a match for a whole legion.
Vol. Come, come.
Rol. Nay, ladies, have some mercy: drive me not
To desperation:—though, like a bear,
I'm fix'd to the stake, and must endure the baiting.
[ROLANDO, *after repeated Struggles, disengages his right Arm, with which he draws his Sword, and cuts the Ropes that bind him.*

Vol. The bear is breaking his chain. 'Tis time to run, then.
[*The* WOMEN *run off; he extricates himself and comes forward.*

Rol. So, they are gone! What a damnable condition I am in! The devils, that worried St. Anthony, were a tame set to these! My blood boils! By all that's mischievous, I'll carbonado the first woman I meet! If I do not, why—I'll marry her.——Here's one already!

Enter ZAMORA, *veiled.*

Zam. I've kept my word, sir.
Rol. So much the worse! for I must keep my oath.—
Are you prepar'd to die?
Zam. Not by your hand.—
I hardly think, when you have seen my face,
You'll be my executioner.
Rol. Thy face!
What, you are handsome?—Don't depend on that!
If those rosy fingers, like Aurora's
Lifting the veil from day, should usher forth
Twin sparkling stars, to light men to their ruin;
Balm-breathing lips, to seal destruction on;
You have no hope of mercy!
Zam. [*Unveiling.*] Now, then, strike!
Rol. Eugenio?
Zam. Your poor boy, sir!
Rol. How, a woman?
A real woman!
What a dull ass have I been!—Nay, 'tis so!
Zam. You see the sister of that scornful lady,
Who, with such fix'd disdain, refus'd your love,
Which, like an arrow failing of its aim,
Glancing from her impenetrable heart,
Struck deep in mine: in a romantic hour,
Unknown to all, I left my father's house,
And follow'd you to the wars.—What has since happen'd,
It better may become you to remember
Than me to utter.

Rol. I am caught at last!
Caught by a woman, excellently caught,
Hamper'd beyond redemption!—Why, thou witch!
That, in a brace of minutes, hast produc'd
A greater revolution in my soul
Than thy whole sex could compass! thou enchantress,
Prepare!—for I must kill thee certainly!—
[*Throws away his Sword.*
But it shall be with kindness.—My poor boy!
[*They embrace.*
I'll marry thee to-night:——Yet have a care!—
For I shall love thee most unmercifully.

Zam. And as a wife, should you grow weary of me,
I'll be your page again.

Rol. We'll to your father!

Zam. Alas! I fear I have offended him
Beyond the reach of pardon.

Rol. Think not so!
In the full flood of joy at your return
He'll drown his anger, and absolving tears
Shall warmly welcome his poor wanderer home.
What will they say to me?—Why, they may say,
And truly, that I made a silly vow,
But was not quite so foolish as to keep it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The DUKE'S *Palace.*

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* JULIANA, *the* COUNT *and* VOLANTE, *preceded by a* SERVANT.

Balth. You'll tell his highness, I am waiting for him.

Serv. What name?

Balth. No matter; tell him an old man,
Who has been basely plunder'd of his child,
And has perform'd a weary pilgrimage
In search of justice, hopes to find it here.

Serv. I will deliver this. [*Exit* SERVANT.

Balth. And he shall right me;
Or I will make his dukedom ring so loud
With my great wrongs, that—

Jul. Pray, be patient, sir.

Balth. Where is your husband?

Jul. He will come, no doubt.

Count. I'll pawn my life for his appearance, quickly!

Enter SERVANT.

Balth. What news, sir?

Serv. The duke will see you presently.

Balth. 'Tis well!
Has there been here a man to seek him lately?

Serv. None, sir.

Balth. A tall well-looking man enough,
Though a rank knave, dress'd in a peasant's garb?

Serv. There has been no such person.

Balth. No, nor will be!
It was a trick to steal off quietly,
And get the start of justice. He has reach'd,
Ere this, the nearest seaport, or inhabits
One of his air-built castles.

[*Trumpets and Kettle Drums.*

Serv. Stand aside!

Enter the DUKE, *superbly dressed, preceded by* JAQUEZ, *and followed by* ATTENDANTS *and Six* LADIES.

Duke. Now, sir, your business with me?

Balth. How?

Jul. Amazement!

Duke. I hear you would have audience?

Jaquez. Exactly my manner!
Balth. Of the duke, sir!
Duke. I am the duke.
Balth. The jest is somewhat stale, sir!
Duke. You'll find it true.
Balth. Indeed!
Jaquez. Nobody doubted *my* authority.
Jul. Be still, my heart! [*Aside.*
Balth. I think you would not trifle with me now?—
Duke. I am the Duke Aranza.—
Count. 'Tis e'en so. [*To* BALTHAZAR.
Duke. And, what's my greater pride, this lady's husband;
Whom, having honestly redeem'd my pledge,
I thus take back again. You now must see
The drift of what I have been lately acting,
And what I am. And though, being a woman
Giddy with youth and unrestrained fancy,
The domineering spirit of her sex
I have rebuk'd too sharply; yet 'twas done,
To make her reformation more secure,
As skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound,
To make the cure complete.
Balth. You have done most wisely,
And all my anger dies in speechless wonder.
Jaquez. So does all my greatness!
Duke. What says my Juliana?
Jul. I am lost, too,
In admiration, sir: my fearful thoughts
Rise, on a trembling wing, to that rash height,
Whence, growing dizzy once, I fell to earth.
Yet since your goodness, for the second time,
Will lift me, though unworthy, to that pitch
Of greatness, there to hold a constant flight,
I will endeavour so to bear myself,
That, in the world's eye, and my friends' observance—
And, what's far dearer, your most precious judgment—
I may not shame your dukedom.

Duke. Bravely spoken!
Why, now you shall have rank and equipage—
Servants, for you can now command yourself—
Glorious apparel, not to swell your pride,
But to give lustre to your modesty.
All pleasures, all delights, that noble dames
Warm their chaste fancies with, in full abundance
Shall flow upon you; and it shall go hard
But you shall ride the Barbary courser too.—
Count, you have kept my secret, and I thank you.

Count. Your grace has reason; for, in keeping that,
I well nigh lost my mistress. On your promise,
I now may claim her, sir. [*To* BALTHAZAR.

Balth. What says my girl?

Vol. Well, since my time is come, sir——

Balth. Take her, then. [*Joins their Hands.*

Duke. But who comes yonder?

Count. 'Sdeath! why, 'tis Rolando.

Duke. But that there hangs a woman on his arm,
I'd swear 'twas he!

Vol. Nay, 'tis the gentleman.

Duke. Then have the poles met!

Vol. Oh, no, only two of the planets have jostled each other. Venus has had too much attraction for Mars.

Enter ROLANDO, *with* ZAMORA, *veiled.*

Count. Why, Captain!

Duke. Signor Rolando!

Rol. [*After they have laughed some time.*] Nay, 'tis a woman!
And one that has a soul too, I'll be bound for't.

Vol. He must be condemned to her for some offence, as a truant horse is tied to a log, or a great school-boy carries his own rod to the place of execution.

Rol. Laugh till your lungs crack, 'tis a woman still!

Count. I'll not believe it till I see her face.
Vol. It is some boy dress'd up to cozen us!
Rol. It was a boy, dress'd up to cozen me!
Suffice it, sirs, that being well convinc'd—
In what I lately was a stubborn sceptic—
That women may be reasonable creatures;
And finding that your grace, in one fair instance,
Has wrought a wondrous reformation in them,
I am resolv'd to marry [*They all laugh.*]—for 'tis odds
(Our joint endeavours lab'ring to that end)
That, in another century or two,
They may become endurable. What say you?
[*To the* DUKE.
Have I your free consent?
Duke. Most certainly.
Rol. Yours, sir? [*To the* COUNT.
Count. Most readily.
Rol. And yours? [*To* BALTHAZAR.
Balth. Most heartily.
Jaquez. He does not ask mine!
Rol. Add but your blessing, sir, and we are happy!—
What think you of my page!—
[ZAMORA *unveils, and kneels to* BALTHAZAR.
Vol. How!
Balth. Zamora!
Zam. Your daughter, sir; who, trembling at your feet——
Balth. Come to my heart!—
You knew how deeply you were rooted there,
Or scarce had ventur'd such a frolic.
Zam. That, sir,
Should have prevented me!
Balth. There; she is yours, sir,—
If you are still determin'd.
Rol. Fix'd as fate!
Nor in so doing do I change my mind;
I swore to wed no woman—she's an angel.

Vol. Ay, so are all women before marriage; and that's the reason their husbands so soon wish them in heaven afterwards.

Duke. Those who are tartly tongued: but our example
This truth shall manifest—A gentle wife
Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;
To fools a torment, but a lasting boon
To those who——wisely keep their honey moon.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END.